THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

50 CENTS APRIL 1966 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

TRUE

THE PENKOVSKIY PAPERS
A Red Spy's Shocking Story

MURDER IN THE AIR
Can Airline Bombings Be Stopped?

OUR POISONED RIVERS
New Hope for Nature's Balance

VEECK's CURE FOR BASEBALL
Bold Advice to the New Commissioner

DRAG RACING: AN EXPLOSIVE, 1000-HORSEPOWER

DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY THE FAMOUS OLD CROW DISTILLERY CO., FRANKFORT, KY.
OLD CROW
86 PROOF
OLD CROW
Kentucky
STRAIGHT BOURBON
WHISKEY
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY
W. A. Gaines
DIVISION OF
Yo-ho-ho and
a bottle of Crow!
Climb into the Crow's nest & look ahead to drinking pleasure. Straight, mixed or fancied-up, this is America's favorite Bourbon & you'll know why from your first sip ahoy! Historic smoothness, yes. But also a memorable deliciousness that perks up every drink. So, yo-ho-ho & make it Crow. Those who know, call for OLD CROW
Famous, Smooth, Mellow

"Look who's smiling now!"

"The department head's job had just been left vacant. When the boys in the office learned I was gunning for it, they gave me their widest grins. One thing they didn't know: I had made up my mind sometime back to take LaSalle training that would qualify me for a better job. My study paid off so fast it surprised even me—I was picked for that shiny promotion over everyone's head. Who wouldn't be smiling with a neat new $1,500 increase!"

LA SALLE'S FILES are filled with letters with this kind of story from LaSalle graduates who have rapidly climbed the ladder of success. You, too, can qualify for the career opportunity of your choice through LaSalle home study—without interfering with your present work—and by devoting only a little of your spare time.

LaSalle has been an acknowledged leader in home education for more than half a century. It has enrolled more than 1,000,000 ambitious men and women in its many types of training courses. LaSalle's distinguished faculty includes some of the country's foremost practicing specialists and instructors. That's why your training is in good, experienced hands . . . why your LaSalle diploma will be respected by employers.

Mailing the LaSalle coupon below may be the first step in getting a better job, higher pay, and all of the good things that go with success. Simply check the program in which you are most interested, and we will send you a valuable free booklet describing the opportunities in that field. Mail the coupon to LaSalle, 417 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois 60605.

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

A Correspondence Institution • **417 South Dearborn, Dept. 52-055, Chicago, Illinois 60605**

Please send me, without cost or obligation, FREE booklet and full information on the field I have checked below:

ACCOUNTING
- ☐ Complete Accounting with CPA Training
- ☐ General Accounting
- ☐ Income Tax
- ☐ Accounting Fundamentals
- ☐ Auditing
- ☐ Controllership
- ☐ CPA Training
- ☐ Modern Bookkeeping

BUSINESS MANAGEMENT
- ☐ Complete Business Management
- ☐ Credit and Collections
- ☐ Office Management
- ☐ Personnel Management
- ☐ Business Correspondence

LAW COURSES
- ☐ Bachelor of Laws Degree
- ☐ Business Law
- ☐ Insurance Law
- ☐ Claim Adjusting Law
- ☐ Law for Police Officers
- ☐ Law for Trust Officers

SALESMANSHIP
- ☐ Sales Management
- ☐ Complete Sales Training

DRAFTING
- ☐ Basic Drafting
- ☐ Aeronautical Drafting
- ☐ Architectural Drafting
- ☐ Electrical Drafting
- ☐ Mechanical Drafting
- ☐ Structural Drafting

REAL ESTATE
- ☐ Complete Real Estate
- ☐ Real Estate Brokerage
- ☐ Real Estate Management
- ☐ Real Estate Sales

TRAFFIC AND TRANSPORTATION
- ☐ Complete Traffic Mgt.
- ☐ Transportation Law
- ☐ Rates and Tariffs
- ☐ Agency and Services
- ☐ Motor Truck Traffic

STENOTYPE
- ☐ Machine Shorthand

TECHNICAL COURSES
- ☐ Mechanical Refrigeration
- ☐ Air Conditioning, Refrigeration and Heating
- ☐ Diesel

HIGH SCHOOL
- ☐ High School Diploma

CAREERS FOR WOMEN
- ☐ Interior Decorator
- ☐ Dental Assistant
- ☐ Secretarial
- ☐ Accounting
- ☐ Bookkeeping
- ☐ Real Estate

Name.....Age.....

Address.....County.....

City & State.....Zip No.....

Occupation.....Working Hours....A.M.....P.M.

331

TRUELY YOURS

tell it to TRUE
67 West 44th Street,
New York 36, N. Y.

Numbers Game

I must write in defense of Pfc. Lee Marvin, Serial #439673, because I think I can clear up the confusion about his having made 21 landings in the Pacific (True, October 65). I was an ex-Carlsen's Raider before I joined the 4th Marine Division—I made seven landings, and that is a lot of landings. I was Lee Marvin's Gunnery Sergeant with the 4th Marine Division Reconnaissance Company.

After the Kwajalein Atoll battle, our company was ordered to join the 22nd Marines for an assault on the Eniwetok Atoll. The Corps Reconnaissance and the 4th Division Reconnaissance Company were ordered to land on 21 small islands in the atoll, which we divided in half. Some had Japs and some did not. That's where the confusion came in about the 21 landings. Lee Marvin made three landings—Kwajalein, Eniwetok and Saipan, where he got hit.

—Capt. V. T. Maghakian, USMC (Ret.)
Las Vegas, Nev.

Brave Badges

I was extremely pleased to see your color pictorial spread on U.S. regimental crests. Why not make it a series, so that the beginning collector like myself would have a basic reference which he could compile. I need hardly point out that you have barely scratched the surface of a broad spectrum of grand old regiments. Of course, I would be more than pleased to see my own old outfit, the 32nd Infantry, included.

—R. D. Ramsey
Alberta, Canada

As a long time reader and admirer of True, I was surprised to find in your December issue the Merrill's Marauders listed as the 475th Regt. It should have been the 5307 Composite Regt. This Regt. (5307) known as Merrill's Marauders was made up of six combat teams: Red and White, 1st Battalion; Blue and Green, 2nd Battalion; Orange and Khaki, 3rd Battalion; Brig. Gen. Frank D. Merrill, Commander and Col. Charles N. Hunter, second-in-command.

Colonel Hunter's book *Galahad* explains all of this and about the 475th Regt., Mars Task Force, arriving at Myitkyina, Burma, after the air strip was taken by the Merrill's Marauders, the 5307 Composite Regt.

In the second campaign of Burma, the Mars Task Force (475th) had quite a few of the Merrill's Marauders in it. The purpose of this letter is not intended to take anything from the 475th, as they shared the many hardships of the Burma campaign. The Merrill's Marauders will hold the national 20th annual reunion in the Virginia or D.C. area Sept. 2, 3 and 4, 1966. Over the years a few of the 475th have attended these reunions to meet with old friends and buddies.

—George M. Rose
Portsmouth, Virginia

New Aficionado

What a collection of stars in your February issue—Bocca, Gehman, Trueblood, Gallico, Mannix et al—but in particular, I want to take my hat off to Barnaby Conrad. This master craftsman created a delightful emotional experience in his story, *Death of a Giant*. He "hooked" me beautifully into reading and enjoying a story about a man of whom I'd never heard and a subject that I am not generally interested in.

—A. W. Tanner
Snohomish, Wash.

Love Letter

I hate you, I hate you!

Having decided that books of fiction were sometimes acceptable in True (like *The Spy Who Came In from the Cold* August 64), I innocently started reading *Sarkhan*, in your February issue.

Then I find I must wait another month to get the rest of this great story!

Make the magazine twice as big, charge twice as much, but if you ever cut me off in the middle of a book as good as this one again, I will cancel my subscription.

—Maj. E. G. Larson
Penn Hills, Pa.

Glad you enjoyed *Sarkhan*, Major. You'll be a more patient Light Colonel before we split a book again—and we'll take our chances on your cancellation.

Political Potpourri

Well, you've done LBJ and you've done his sidekick, Hubert, but when are you going to get around to doing an article on a really fine American, Barry Goldwater? It seems to me that from what I've read of his hobbies, he's more a True-type reader than either Johnson or Humphrey.

—D. T. Dittman
New York, N. Y.

Where've you been? True's piece on Mr. Goldwater appeared way back in August, 1961.

[*Continued on page* 4]

TRUE is published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn.

ADDRESS ALL MAIL: Subscriptions, change of address, Form 3579 to Subscription Dept., Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn. 06830, and all editorial and advertising to Fawcett Publications, Inc. 67 W. 44th St., New York, N. Y. 10036.

Second-class postage paid at Greenwich, Conn., and at additional mailing offices. This issue published in national and separate editions.

EDITORIAL OFFICES: 67 W. 44th St., New York, N. Y. 10036. ADVERTISING OFFICES: 67 W. 44th St., New York, N. Y. 10036; 612 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611; 1532 Guardian Bldg., Detroit, Mich. 48226; 2978 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 220 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 123 S. Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19109; 1430 West Peachtree St. N.W., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; James B. Boynton, 370 Tequesta Dr., Jupiter, Fla.

Printed in U.S.A. Copyright © 1966 by Fawcett Publications, Inc.

Reprinting in whole or in part forbidden except by permission of the Publishers. Address manuscripts to N. Y. editorial office. Unacceptable contributions will be returned if accompanied by sufficient first class postage. Not responsible for lost manuscripts or photos.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: $5.00 a year in U.S., possessions and Canada. All other countries $7.00 a year. Foreign subscriptions and sales should be remitted by International Money Order in U.S. funds payable at Greenwich, Conn. 06830.

Printed by Fawcett-Haynes Printing Corp., Louisville, Ky.

Member of: Audit Bureau of Circulations ABC Magazine Publishers Association, Inc. MPA

©VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

For Sale: Vacation retreat.

One room. All steel exterior. Fiber glass insulation. Louvered, screened windows with drapes. Wood-panelled interior. Sleeps 2 adults, 2 children. Clothes closet. Linen closet. 5 storage cabinets plus pantry. Dinette, icebox, and water supply included. Price: $2,644* complete. Open for inspection at your Volkswagen dealer.

Have him show you through the Campmobile.

©VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.* SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE, EAST COAST P.O.E., LOCAL TAXES AND OTHER DEALER DELIVERY CHARGES, IF ANY, ADDITIONAL

[*Continued from page 2*]

The story, *The Secret World of LBJ,* (January TRUE) was most interesting and informative on the people who are the eyes and ears of our President.

However the author, Charles Rogers, has me worried. He states, "a former Senate aide, Mike Manatos, keeps tab on *all* 50 Senators." Idaho has two U.S. Senators, and I supposed the other 49 states had the same.

—J. D. Nicholson
Lewiston, Idaho

Maybe Mike just has to keep tabs on 50. Maybe the others are all honest, like our honest goof.

ISLAND INFORMATION

I have just read your article entitled, *Paradise—for $3 a Day,* and I thought it was one of the most interesting and best travel stories you have had in a long time. For us readers who are interested in the Seychelles, can you give an address where we can receive information about these islands?

—Roy Roberts
Chalfont, Pa.

Write to Dept. of Tourism and Information, PO Box 92, Victoria, Seychelles.

Before reading Joe Gores' very interesting article in the January issue about the Seychelles islands, I had already made arrangement to retire there in the near future. Now I'm wondering if there might be some other bachelors who might like to retire with me and take up residence there. What say?

—R. V. Lumsden
San Francisco, Calif.

We say: bring broads.

RECORD WRECKERS

I've been wondering, since the article appeared a year or two ago in TRUE, telling of the Pittsburgh Steelers training on booze, broads and late hours—how's their won-lost record been going?

—Walter Rossmier
Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.

If you mean on the field, they won seven, lost 21 during the last two seasons. Off the field we presume there's no change.

INFORMATION PLEAS

Since the appearance of my astrology piece in the November issue of TRUE, I've been getting a lot of mail, most of it requiring the same answer—the address of the American Federation of Astrologers. It would save me a lot of time and effort if you would list the address in your TRUEly Yours columns.

—Joe Goodavage
Flushing, N.Y.

Glad to oblige. The address is American Federation of Astrologers; 6 Library Court, S. E.; Washington, D. C. Paul Grell, Exec. Sec'y.

OPALESSON

In reference to *The Quest for Fiery Opals* in your January issue—the flashes of color in precious opal are not caused by tiny cracks. Until recently the cause of color flashes in opal has been nothing more than pure speculation.

Dr. J. V. Sanders of the Commonwealth Scientific and Industrial Research Organization, Melbourne, Australia, has discovered, with the use of an electron microscope, that the color play is caused by the internal structure acting on the principle of diffraction gratings. Secondly, precious opal facets beautifully. I have in my collection a brilliant cut, water-clear piece of precious opal from Opal Butte, central Oregon. I have seen faceted specimens of both red and water-clear precious opals from Mexico and Australia.

—Bruce E. Meyers
White Salmon, Wash.

SWAN SHOOTERS, UNITE

I'd like to congratulate Ed Park on his article in the November issue—*Shoot Swans? Why Not!*

This article should be required reading for those "bleeding hearts" who insist that the conservation of our wild life is to be achieved by a "no open season policy." It is further proof that many of our wild species can be preserved only if properly managed, and proper management means "cropping" by hunting.

More articles of this nature should be brought before the public. It is because the public is not informed that they rise up in indignation when an open season on one wild species or another is suggested.

—R. H. Ellsworth
Friday Harbor, Wash.

JAIL MAIL

Please accept our most sincere thanks for your kindness in sending us the copies of TRUE which we just received.

TRUE is probably the most popularly requested magazine from our library.

—Rev. Fr. P. F. Cronin, O.P.
Chaplain, Ohio Penitentiary

Maybe they like our crime stories, Father?

HIGH FLIERS

In reference to your January issue and your *Man to Man* comments about the World War I pilot falling out of and then back into his plane, I would like to cite the case of Capt. J. H. Hedley of Chicago. Here is the account from Hedley's logbook, authenticated by Lt. R. C. Purvis, Recording Officer of 20th Squadron, R.F.C.

"January 6, 1918. Mach. No. 7255. Height 15,000 feet. Lieutenant Makepeace, M.C., reports Capt J. H. Hedley accidentally thrown into air, afterwards alighted on tail, same machine, and rescued."

—Norman B. Keon
St. Louis, Mich.

. . . the late Gardiner Fiske was a friend of mine, and he was thrown out of his plane over Clermont, France, in 1918. He was caught by the plane's tail, and while the pilot throttled down, Fiske managed to break finger and toeholds in the fuselage fabric and work his way back into the observer's cockpit. I came back from France on the same ship with him in 1918 and heard the story from him.

—Clement Stodder
Brookline, Mass.

"My mother-in-law."

Here's a real TRUE man. He won't forget to send in his subscription to TRUE. Neither should you. Check one of the boxes below and place your order TODAY.

☐ One Year ....$ 5
☐ Two Years ....$ 9
☐ Three Years ..$12
} in U.S., Possessions and Canada
☐ One Year All Other Countries...$7

Send to.....

Address .....

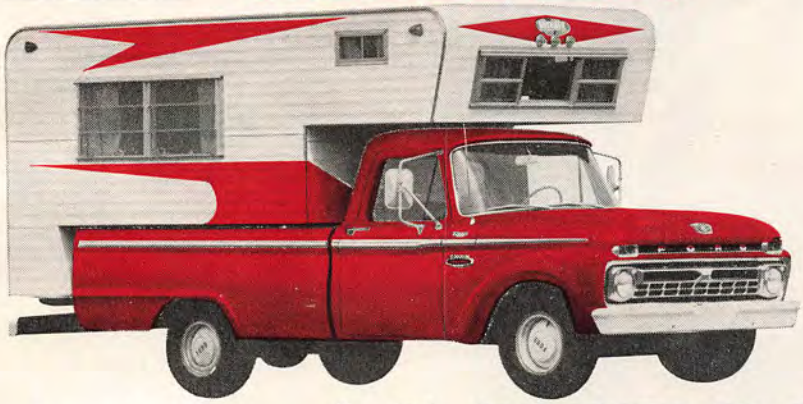
City .....State.....Zip.....

Mail your order to TRUE Magazine, Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. 06830
PLEASE INCLUDE YOUR ZIP CODE NUMBER

WIN THE TRIP OF YOUR LIFE

...an African safari ("SAFRIQUE," Beira, Mozambique)...a fishing trip in Argentina or Norway. Safaris by COUNT WENCKHEIM arranged by ***SAFARI OUTFITTERS, INC. (Chicago)***
...fishing and fun in the sun at fabulous ***MARCO BEACH RESORT*** *in Florida*
...exciting Canadian fishing at the internationally famous ***BARNEY'S BALL LAKE LODGE***
...a wing shooter's paradise, ***RIVER FOREST MANOR*** *at Belhaven, North Carolina*

AND A DREAMER CAMPER for a lifetime of outdoor fun !!!!



HUNDREDS OF EXCITING PRIZES FOR OUTDOORSMEN!

IN ZEBCO'S ☆☆☆ AMERICAN OUTDOORSMAN SWEEPSTAKES ☆☆☆

WIN ■ ***MFG 16' Beachcomber Boat*** *. . . the newest word in fishing convenience* ■ ***10 Mercury 110 Outboards*** *. . . the quietest 10-hp-class motor on the water* ■ ***2 MFG 12' Car Top Fishing Boats*** *. . . no trailer needed, fits atop any car* ■ ***25 Zebco Model 33 Reel/3366 Rod*** *closed-face spinning combinations* ■ ***25 Zebco Model 822 Reel/8300 Rod*** *open-face spinning combinations* ■ ***50 Red Head Ozark Sleeping Bags...comfort-engineered for all-weather protection*** ■ ***100 Turner Twin-Traveler Propane Camp Stoves*** *. . . no filling, spilling or priming* ■ ***100 Turner Propane Camp Lights*** *. . . the safe, clean way to light outdoor activities* ■ ***25 Pair of Weinbrenner Wood-N-Stream Strike Fishing Shoes*** *. . . angled for anglers.*

Win your once-in-a-lifetime outdoor adventure...a week of fishing or hunting for you and a companion with Jim Thomas, television's outdoors authority, as your guide. You'll choose your "dream trip" from an action-packed list of exciting locations. And that's not all! A Dreamer Camper on a deluxe Ford truck will be yours for a fun-filled future in the great outdoors. Your Dreamer Camper will have the comforts of home for convenience camping wherever you go!

ENTER NOW!
NOTHING TO BUY!
EVERY ENTRANT WINS
A COPY OF THE
"AMERICAN
OUTDOORSMAN
GUIDE"

A 36-page booklet packed full of valuable information for outdoorsmen...fishing, hunting and camping tips to improve your skills and make outdoor activities easier, safer and more fun. **GET YOUR SWEEPSTAKES ENTRY FORM WHEREVER ZEBCO / RED HEAD / DRYBAK OUTDOOR SPORTS PRODUCTS ARE SOLD!** Sweepstakes ends July 15, 1966. Void where prohibited by law.

ZEBCO | Drybak | RED HEAD Fishing, Hunting, Camping and Marine Safety Products

ZEBCO DIVISION BRUNSWICK CORPORATION • P.O. BOX 270 • TULSA, OKLAHOMA 74101

THERE'S A BIT OF THE HERO IN YOU!

That's why you read TRUE. And that's why you're a *natural* for Bacardi rum. Bacardi is a man's drink. It has flavor you can taste. It's dry and light-bodied to suit the new breed of bold-spirited men. It's *your* drink. Order a fistful of Bacardi—a highball or a double Bacardi on-the-rocks. And let the hero in you come out!

DRINK BACARDI® RUM - ENJOYABLE ALWAYS AND ALL WAYS

President
W. H. Fawcett, Jr.

General Manager
Roger Fawcett

Sec.-Treas.
Gordon Fawcett

Circulation Director
Roscoe K. Fawcett

Asst. General Manager
Donald P. Hanson

Vice President
Ralph Daigh

Advertising Director
Mortimer Berkowitz, Jr.

Production Director
George H. Carl

Production Manager
Annette C. Packer

Art Director
Al Allard

Assoc. Art Director
Ralph Mattison

EDITOR
Douglas S. Kennedy

EXECUTIVE EDITOR
Charles N. Barnard

MANAGING EDITOR
Howard Cohn

ART EDITOR
Norman P. Schoenfeld

ASST. MANAGING EDITOR
Andrew Mills

OUTDOORS EDITOR
Peter Barrett

PICTURE EDITOR
Patricia M. Graves

PRODUCTION EDITOR
Eleanor K. Kossack

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Lenwood H. Bowman
Clyde F. Newstrand
John Bender
Ron Butler
Norbert R. Darga
Brian St. Pierre
Norman Lewis Smith

ART ASSOCIATE
Bob Spitzer

RESEARCH EDITOR
Dorothy Van Dyke

RESEARCH ASSOCIATES
Rhea Finkelstein
Bridget Toolan

NATIONAL ADVERTISING MANAGER
Walter S. Ferrigan

PICTURE CREDITS

16—Wide World
18—Wide World
35-37—Carl Mansfield from FotoFile

For Mailing Addresses, see page 2.

THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

TRUE

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange—stranger than fiction.
BYRON

APRIL 1966

CONTENTS

BONUS BOOK CONDENSATION

OLEG PENKOVSKIY & FRANK GIBNEY **60** The Penkovskiy Papers

Col. Oleg Penkovskiy: Soviet war hero, senior officer in military intelligence—and dedicated spy for the West. His secret papers, smuggled out of Moscow after he was sentenced to death, provide the clearest picture yet of the Soviet power structure, and of the private, often dissolute lives of the key men in the Kremlin

IN THE NEWS

ROBERT GANNON **35** A Sick River Is Returned to Nature
MALCOLM W. BROWNE **38** "Sorry About That"
FRED McCLEMENT **40** Are We Insuring Murder on the Airlines?
BOB ABEL **43** Ireland's Proud Pubs: Fortresses of Manhood
BILL VEECK with ED LINN **58** Bill Veeck's Free Advice to the New Commissioner
DAVID ZINMAN **62** Who Killed the Kingfish?

TRUE'S WHO

ROBERT A. LISTON **16** Leroy Collins: The South's Most Hated Southerner

FISHING

DAN HOLLAND **64** Golden Gladiator

SPORTS

LEO LEVINE **48** The Wildest Eight Seconds in Sports

GUNS

JOHN S. TOMPKINS **54** Guns of Desperation

COLLECTION

JOHN E. BOYKIN **66** Spurs for Speed

FACT CRIME

GEOFFREY BOCCA **52** Manhunt in Marseilles

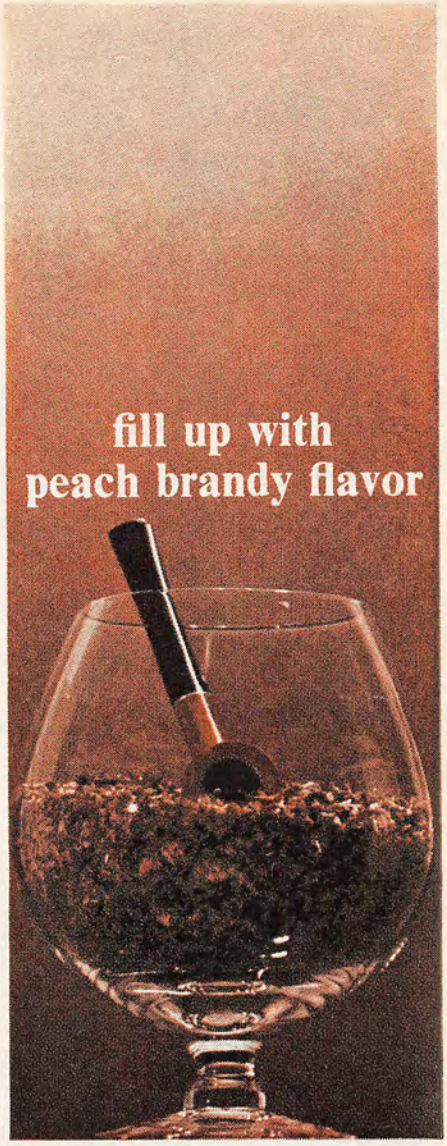
SHORT FEATURES

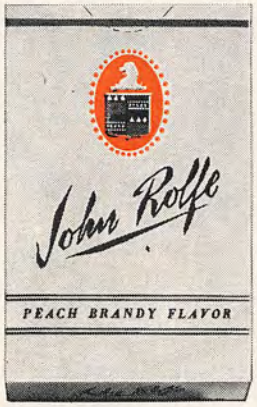
2 TRUEly Yours
14 TRUE Goes Shopping
11 TRUEviews
26 It Happened in Sports
30 It's a Man's World
68 Strange But TRUE
93 Man to Man Answers
130 This Funny Life

COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY IRV DOLIN

Permission hereby granted to quote from this issue of this magazine on radio or television, provided a total of not more than 1,000 words is quoted and credit is given to the title of the magazine and issue, as well as the statement, copyright 1966, by Fawcett Publications, Inc.

VOL. 47 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION NO. 347





John Rolfe Mixture

Here's peach brandy by the pipe bowlful. For John Rolfe Mixture weds finest tobaccos with exclusive peach brandy flavor and aroma. A pleasure break-through for smokers and everyone around them. For a free pack (one to a customer), send name, and address to John Rolfe, Dept. T, P.O. Box 3-AC, Richmond, Virginia 23208

FROM THE HOUSE OF Edgeworth

Larus & Brother Company, Inc., Richmond, Va.
Fine Tobacco Products Since 1877

"NOW THEY PAY YOU EVEN IF YOU STAY WELL!"

Extra money when you're in the hospital . . . you'll collect $100 a week tax-free cash.

New $100-a-week Extra Money Plan says you must collect — Sick or Well

■ Modern medical care works miracles, but these miracles often carry a staggering price tag. Today, when hit by serious illnesses or accidents, millions of Americans will find their health insurance falls far short of paying the bills.

Many families meet this problem by adding on to their insurance, using money they'd rather save for retirement years. Others choose to ignore the problem, risking years of debt and financial chaos in case of medical emergencies.

Stay healthy and you get money back...like having an extra savings account. Sick or well, you must collect.

Now there is a brand-new answer—a plan that adds vital cash dollars to your present health insurance, yet acts as a savings plan if you stay well and don't need it.

This unique $100-a-week Extra Money Hospital Plan actually *pays you for staying well.* But if you do get sick or hurt and wind up in any regular general hospital—you collect $100.00 each and every week—*tax free*—to use any way you wish.

You keep on collecting for as long as 100 weeks—up to $10,000 in all—for any sickness or accident originating after issue date excepting mental disturbances and normal childbirth.

You collect the $100 a week over and above any benefits you get from other policies, including your group insurance. And the policy is *guaranteed renewable* clear to age 65 at rates in effect on renewal dates.

Stay healthy, and you still get paid. At age 65, the time when Social Security and Medicare take over, you get a cash refund of all the annualized premiums that you've paid in.

In other words, with this remarkable plan, you can't lose . . . sick or well, you must collect. Ten thousand dollars of valuable extra-money protection when you need it most, extra cash for your savings if you stay well.

"Must collect" protection is the development of Bankers Life and Casualty Company of Chicago, whose White Cross policies already protect more than 6,000,000 Americans. The complete story of this new "Money Back" Policy (GR-779) is told in the "*Gold Book*," an interesting, informative booklet offered free by Bankers.

****NOTE: You may get a free copy of the Gold Book, the story of Bankers "Money Back" Extra Money Plan by using the postage-free air mail card next to this page. No cost or obligation for this service.*

APRIL—TRUE—N.E.
APRIL—TRUE—W.C.
—COPY A

MOVIES

THE SILENCERS. The movie opens with a pair of stripteases over the credits. Then Dean Martin takes a bath in a swimming-pool-size tub with a chick named Lovey Kravezit. Then he makes sure Daliah Lavi gets to bed early every night. Then he makes Stella Stevens get out of those wet clothes. Then he saves the world from atomic war by foiling an oriental plot. He's Matt Helm, America's answer to James Bond. In spite of all that laying down on the job he's efficient, rough, tough and funny.

DOCTOR ZHIVAGO. Those who said it couldn't be done may go to the head of the class. Director David Lean said that he wanted to film a love story against the backdrop of the Russian Revolution. He has done just that and it is not enough. This *Doctor* needs an injection—of drama. Julie Christie and Rod Steiger stand out in a large cast, which also includes Omar Sharif, Alec Guinness, Geraldine Chaplin and Tom Courtenay.

VIVA MARIA! Brigitte Bardot and Jeanne Moreau star in this nutty horse opera, inventing the striptease, starting a revolution in Central America and keeping all the men hopping. Bardot displays, among other things, a flair for comedy and Moreau is the prettiest straight man we have seen in years. The story is silly, but it's good fun.

HOW NOT TO ROB A DEPARTMENT STORE. A quartet of petty Parisian crooks and their moll decide to rob a big department store on Christmas Eve. Before it's over, they have committed an hilarious heist, run afoul of a gang of juvenile delinquents, some friendly cops and a bull, and washed and dried 100 million francs. Jean-Claude Brialy is the "brains" of the mob, and Marie Laforet is the, uh, well... brawn?

INSIDE DAISY CLOVER. The soggy saga of a Hollywood child star, from dreamy kid (15) to stardom and a producer's bed (16) to a nervous breakdown and independence (almost 17). There is only one good thing in this picture: Robert Redford, the most interesting actor since James Dean. Natalie Wood plays Daisy with all the skill and insight of a truant from a freshman acting class. The script is asinine, the direction is soporific, the... oh hell, forget it.

THE RARE BREED. James Stewart is his usual shucks-ma'am, girl-shy, ornery-cowpoke self. Maureen O'Hara is her usual God-fearing, recently-widowed, blushing self. The story is about the introduction of Hereford cattle to the West and whether they can survive and whether Jimmy will propose to Maureen, two questions with as much innate suspense as a taffy pull. If it weren't so noisy, it would be a sure cure for insomnia.

THE UGLY DACHSHUND. Like some gigantic cotton-candy machine gone berserk, Walt Disney keeps on pouring out sticky, Technicolored goo. This latest confection concerns a woman (Suzanne Pleshette), whose dachshund has pups, and her husband, (Dean Jones), who sneaks a newborn Great Dane into the litter. When these two boobs are out of sight, that is to say when the picture literally goes to the dogs, it's amusing; but that's not often enough.

THE CHASE. A man breaks out of jail and heads home, setting off a chain reaction of violence and death in a small Texas town. Director Arthur Penn and writer Lillian Hellman evidently tried to make this a melodrama with contemporary social significance, but forgot that too many plots spoil the stew. The only thing holding this muddle together is Marlon Brando's excellent portrayal of the town sheriff; it is his best performance in years. Angie Dickinson, Jane Fonda and Janice Rule stand out in a variety of ways.

BOOKS

THE DEVIL'S BRIGADE by George Walton and Robert Adleman. An account of the birth, violent life and death of the First Special Service Force in WW II, the brigade of wild and woolly men whose do-or-die spirit scared hell out of the Germans in Italy, whose success gave rise later to the green-bereted Special Forces, and whose exploits make good reading. *Chilton; $4.95.*

THE DARK by John McGahern. The author joins a celebrated band of good men with this novel: it's been banned in Ireland. In economical but eloquent prose, it tells the story of a boy's rise to dubious manhood. Crippled by his love-hate relationship with his father and his church, he becomes a loser who never

'How I catch big bass on the Hula Popper'

by DICK KOTIS, President
Fred Arbogast Co., Inc.

I like to fish the Hula Popper around lily pads and other cover. Cast the Hula Popper into a pocket, let it rest for a few minutes, then gently "twitch" it just enough to make it move. Movement of the bait in the water should be very slight; keep it in that pocket. Wham! Old bronze backs really hit it hard. This is my favorite way to fish the Hula Popper—slow and easy. Try it.

Hula Popper®—Combination of noise and Hula Skirt action gets hard strikes. All weights. With weedless hooks, $1.65. Standard trebles, $1.50.

NEW 'HOW TO CATCH FISH' RECORD (33⅓ rpm) by Dick Kotis. 2 sides. Personal instruction by Dick Kotis on his fish catching secrets. New 4-color Arbogast catalog included. Send 25¢ for record and catalog.

FRED ARBOGAST COMPANY, INC.
504 W. North St., Akron, Ohio 44303

got to the starting line. A sad, brilliant book. *Knopf; $3.95*

Z FOR ZABORRA by Eva-Lis Wuorio. A fat, fortyish, gone-to-seed woman is recruited as a spy, rejuvenated, and sent behind the Iron Curtain to find a neo-Nazi nut who's about to start WW III. Most of this well-written thriller concerns the suspenseful journey, which is fine. Unfortunately, the confrontation is a letdown. In this case, getting there is more than half the fun. *Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $3.50.*

INCUBUS by Giuseppe Berto. A breathless, 388-page, stream-of-consciousness monologue detailing the nightmarish life of an aging Roman writer. He is at once a hypochondriac, a sensualist and a flop. This serio-comic novel was a literary sensation in Italy. It's difficult, but rewarding. *Knopf; $5.95.*

THE BUSY BODY by Donald E. Westlake. When Charlie Brody is buried with $250,000 worth of heroin in his suit, it becomes mobster Aloysius Engel's job to dig him up (and bump off another guy while he's at it). Everything goes wrong, the corpse-to-be gets away and the corpse-that-is is gone. Pretty soon everybody's trying to make a corpse out of Aloysius and the chase is on. The perilous peregrinations of this crumpled hood make fast and funny reading. *Random House; $3.95*

McCORMICK OF CHICAGO by Frank C. Waldrop. The first full-length biography of Col. Robert R. McCormick, publisher of the Chicago *Tribune* and a public figure from 1914 to 1954. The author has been quite thorough; it is a very informative book. It is also very dull. *Prentice-Hall; $7.95.*

THE CUSTER WOLF by Roger Caras. The story of a wolf, whether as a "fictionalized biography" (which this is), or a factual account, is bound to have built-in interest, so this sentimentalized tale of a wolf who terrorized the Central Northwest 50 years ago isn't a total loss, but it comes quite close. The most interesting thing in it is the fact that the wolf may have beeen a renegade because he lacked a mate. Ah, the dangers of celibacy! *Little Brown; $4.95.*

THE WAR ON POWDER RIVER by Helena Huntington Smith. This account of a big range war in Wyoming in the early 1890's is long and detailed; it is also plodding. In spite of that, however, it is still a fairly interesting portrait of the real West, with its high-handed cattle barons, tough, quiet cowboys and loose justice. *McGraw-Hill; $8.95.*

RECORDS

THEN WAS THEN AND NOW IS NOW. Which is merely Peggy Lee's way of saying that, when she sings a song, it becomes something brand-new—and fine. Thus, forgotten songs like "They Say," "Leave It to Love" and "I'm Afraid the Masquerade Is Over" become unforgettable, while the current "Shadow of Your Smile" seems to have been composed just for her. She also wrote the title song; it's great. *Capitol.*

VIOLETS OF DAWN. The Mitchell Trio sings contemporary folk songs, which of course includes protest songs. On this record is a song called "The Sound of Protest Has Begun to Pay," reviling the commercialism of protest songs. Later, they sing another protest song, about injustice and war. What we like about this generation is its clear thinking. *Mercury.*

HAYDN: SYMPHONY NO. 59. This new recording fills a gap: it is the only one available of this work. In A Major, the "Fire Symphony" was apparently first composed as incidental music for a play, then reworked into a symphony; there is nothing "incidental" about it as such. On the other side, No. 81, in G Major, composed 20 years later, is joyous and full of life. Antal Dorati conducts the Festival Chamber Orchestra. *Mercury.*

DIETRICH IN LONDON. Marlene Dietrich is undoubtedly the world's most glamorous grandmother; she may also be one of its most accomplished performers. As a disembodied singer, however, she is only fitfully successful: Her thin voice is not always redeemed by its huskiness and the emotion she puts into a song often seems artificial. With songs like "Lili Marlene" and "Lola," included here, she more than holds her own, but can't do so on many more. *Columbia.*

THE DOWNTOWN SCENE. A dozen rock 'n' roll hit songs are rendered more than bearable, in fact quite enjoyable, thanks to lively Latin-jazz instrumental arrangements. The small orchestra on this record, spearheaded by a dexterous bongo player named Ninapinta, gets more mileage and has more fun out of the music than most of the wailing originators. *Decca.*

The 5-year/50,000-mile warranty on your 1966 Plymouth, Dodge, Chrysler and Imperial covers parts and labor.

HERE'S HOW CHRYSLER CORPORATION'S 5-YEAR/50,000-MILE ENGINE AND DRIVE TRAIN WARRANTY PROTECTS YOU: CHRYSLER CORPORATION WARRANTS FOR 5 YEARS OR 50,000 MILES, WHICHEVER COMES FIRST, AGAINST DEFECTS IN MATERIALS AND WORKMANSHIP AND WILL REPLACE OR REPAIR AT A CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION AUTHORIZED DEALER'S PLACE OF BUSINESS, WITHOUT CHARGE FOR REQUIRED PARTS AND LABOR, THE ENGINE BLOCK, HEAD AND INTERNAL PARTS, INTAKE MANIFOLD, WATER PUMP, TRANSMISSION CASE AND INTERNAL PARTS (EXCLUDING MANUAL CLUTCH), TORQUE CONVERTER, DRIVE SHAFT, UNIVERSAL JOINTS, REAR AXLE AND DIFFERENTIAL, AND REAR WHEEL BEARINGS OF ITS 1966 AUTOMOBILES, PROVIDED THE OWNER HAS THE ENGINE OIL CHANGED EVERY 3 MONTHS OR 4,000 MILES, WHICHEVER COMES FIRST, THE OIL FILTER REPLACED EVERY SECOND OIL CHANGE AND THE CARBURETOR AIR FILTER CLEANED EVERY 6 MONTHS AND REPLACED EVERY 2 YEARS, AND EVERY 6 MONTHS FURNISHES TO SUCH A DEALER EVIDENCE OF PERFORMANCE OF THE REQUIRED SERVICE, AND REQUESTS THE DEALER TO CERTIFY (1) RECEIPT OF SUCH EVIDENCE AND (2) THE CAR'S THEN CURRENT MILEAGE.

The warranty is good for 5 years or 50,000 miles. The repairs or replacements it covers are made without charge—parts *and* labor. It's the longest, strongest protection ever offered by any American car manufacturer. And because the warranty is transferable from owner to owner, it can mean more money when you trade. Expert craftsmanship and advanced safety features make Chrysler Corporation cars outstanding buys. All this and the exclusive warranty. Don't settle for less!

CHRYSLER CORPORATION

CAMPERS... TENTERS... TRAILERS...

THIS SIGN IS YOUR ASSURANCE OF CONSISTENTLY FINE QUALITY CAMPING FACILITIES IN AMERICA

. . . national in scope, uniform in facilities, where superior campsites are standard . . . KOA offers you the ultimate in camping convenience.

. . . watch for the distinctive highway signs and insignia as you travel—they indicate free hot showers, restrooms, coin-operated laundry, and store.

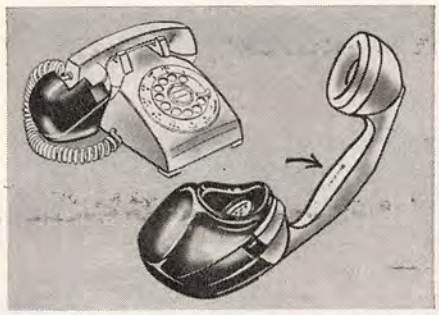
Write
Kampgrounds of America,
Dept. S for the latest KOA
Directory of Kampgrounds

Franchises still Available!

KAMPGROUNDS OF AMERICA, INC.
P. O. Box 1791, Billings, Montana 59103

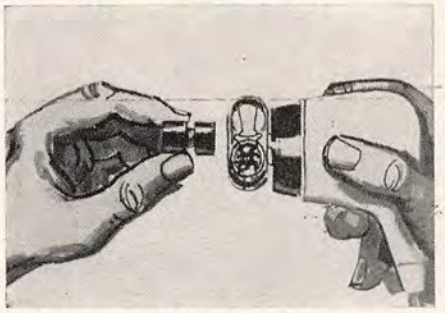
TRUE goes shopping

This department is not composed of paid advertising. Some of the products and services are new, some old, but all, we think, are interesting. Order what you want. Refunds are guaranteed (except on personalized items). Prices include postage unless otherwise specified.



HUSH-A-PHONE. Snap this ingenious device on phone mouthpiece and you can talk in complete privacy, even in a room full of people. Only person at other end can hear you. Shuts out background noise. Order by model number taken from inside receiver. In black, $12.95; gray, green, ivory, beige, $15.95. Reynolds Electronics, Dept. TR-4, 125 E. 41 St., New York 17, N. Y.

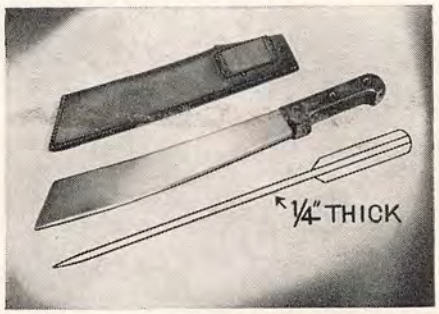
NEW FIRE WARNING SYSTEM. A self-contained system requiring no batteries or wiring. When the temperature reaches 160°, (fire danger point) alarm automatically sounds shriek heard up to ½ mile. Astro Fi-Larm could be the most important investment you ever made. No installation required. Order a few at $4.75 each. Astro Fi-Larm, Box 456-T, Troy, Mich. 48084.



NORELCO SHAVER OWNERS. If you don't always get a close, clean shave, it's because the rotary cutting blades need sharpening. The special rotary sharpener, designed exclusively for Norelco shavers, will do the trick. Use it just once a month. Specify regular or floating head shaver. $2.98. From Bramar, Inc., Dept. T-4, 945 Yonkers Ave., Yonkers, N. Y. 10704.

GREAT AMERICAN ADVENTURES are pictured on 24 U.S. Commemorative postage stamps. Some of the events depicted are discovering electricity, exploring Northwest Passage, The Alamo, Building Panama Canal. You also get a special stamp used by Admiral Byrd on his 1933 Antarctic Expedition. Complete package for 25¢. H. E. Harris, Dept. 123, Boston, Mass. 02117.

FOLD 'N CARRY FISHING CHAIR. Now enjoy the comfort and convenience of this ingenious combination. Tackle box and rod holders are attached to allow you to store and use all your fishing gear in one easy-to-carry unit. Adjustable, self-locking rod holders. Ruggedly built of zinc, steel and heavy canvas. 9½ lbs. $14.95+ $1.50 pp., hdlg. Lang's, 28 Magee Ave., Stamford, Conn.



SURPLUS FRENCH STEEL MACHETE has a solid hunk of steel for its 14" blade, weighs 2½ lbs., comes in heavy saddle-leather belt sheath, will fell a good sized tree, bush out a trail or clear a campsite. Made in France for army use in Africa. Brand new, you can order them for $3.95 each. Page Products, Dept. TR-4, Box 304, Gracie Station, New York 28, N. Y.

For more True Goes Shopping, turn to page 111

What's McCulloch got against overgrown outboards?

ALL SPECIFICATIONS & FEATURES SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE OR OBLIGATION.

a 75!

If you think you need an outboard bigger than McCulloch's 75 think again. Power? This great 75 gives you unequalled performance for its size. It'll pull a skier out of the water faster than a 100. Features? Now you can get what you want without going over 75 hp. And at no extra cost. Because on McCulloch's 75, everything is standard equipment. **Three in a row make it go!** Nothing takes off faster than a McCulloch! Big-bore, short-stroke cylinders give faster acceleration. Compact, 3-in-line design shaves off unnecessary pounds, for a trimmer silhouette. **Outstanding Economy!** At 196 lbs., McCulloch's 75 has a matchless power-to-weight ratio (.38 hp per lb.). This efficiency gives you all the power you pay for—plus outstanding fuel economy—up to ⅓ more than higher hp units. **ShalloWater Drive® remote power tilting.** Lets you run big boats in 6" shallows. Beach your boat, back it off—no prop damage. **Bail-a-matic® automatic bailing.** Keeps your boat and feet dry in any weather. Pumps water out faster than it comes in—up to 300 gal. per hr. **Spark Plugs last up to 10 times longer.** Exclusive surface gap plugs give real operating economy, operate 1,000° cooler than conventional types, last up to 800 hours without cleaning or adjusting. **Save up to 80% on oil consumption.** Only McCulloch's precision construction permits a 100:1 fuel/oil ratio. Just 6 oz. of McCulloch 100:1 oil is enough for 5 gal. of gas. Gives cleaner, smokeless operation. **Want an outboard smaller than 75 hp?** Here's good news. McCulloch's 45 has all the features of the 75. Main difference: it's one cylinder less, 45 lbs. lighter.

McCULLOCH
OUTBOARDS · CHAIN SAWS
LEADERSHIP THROUGH CREATIVE ENGINEERING
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90045

SEE THE 75 AND THE 45 AT YOUR McCULLOCH DEALER. WHILE THERE, CHECK THE OTHER 6 GREAT McCULLOCH OUTBOARDS.

BY ROBERT A. LISTON

THE SOUTH'S MOST HATED SOUTHERNER

When a former segregationist governor of Florida becomes one of the federal government's toughest fighters for civil rights, it figures that his Dixie friends will call him Judas

■ Visitors to the Capitol in Washington were surprised and delighted on July 9, 1964, by the sight of two august members of the United States Senate squared off in a Pier 6 brawl. Democrats Strom Thurmond of South Carolina and Ralph Yarborough of Texas laid into each other during a 10-minute "rasslin" match outside the Commerce Committee hearing rooms.

The two Senators grappled and swayed back and forth through the hallway applying assorted holds. They fell to the floor and rolled around, struggled to their feet and fell back down. Finally, the 170-pound Thurmond pinned the 200-pound Yarborough with a neat derriere-to-the-chest hold.

"Tell me to release you, Ralph, and I will," panted Thurmond.

Unwilling to holler this senatorial equivalent of "uncle," Yarborough struggled anew, but was unable to get free.

Ohio's Democratic Sen. Frank Lausche came up, looked shocked and said, "Get up before you both have heart attacks."

Thurmond was adamant: "I'll release him if he wants to be released."

Yarborough wouldn't give up.

Finally, Sen. Warren Magnuson of Washington, chairman of the Commerce Committee, burst out of the hearing room and hollered, in a style that would have done credit to an Irish cop, "Come on, you fellows, let's break this up." Thurmond finally yielded and all disappeared into the committee room.

This brawl, one of the less accomplished in Senate history, was over LeRoy Collins, ex-Florida governor whom President Johnson had just named to be director of the Community Relations Service, a new federal agency assigned to help towns work out race problems.

At committee hearings on the appointment a half-dozen senators had lavished praise on Collins. But Thurmond sailed into him with a vengeance, submitting him to a savage two-hour inquisition. Then Thurmond blocked Committee approval of Collins by demanding a quorum of the 17-member group. He barred a second vote a day later by staying away to prevent a quorum. On the third day he was again staying away when Senator Yarborough spotted him in the hall and sought to pull him into the committee room bodily.

Thurmond jerked his arm away and snapped, "I'll make a deal with you, Ralph. If I can keep you out, you won't go in, and if you can drag me in, I'll stay there." With that the Donnybrook began.

With Magnuson's help, Thurmond was "dragged" in and the vote taken—16 to 1 to confirm the appointment. The senatorial bout over Collins was fairly typical of the effect the dapper, urbane Floridian has had on people during much of his public life.

In over 30 years in politics Collins has been in or gotten others into one scrap after another. After a year as head of the Community Relations Service, he was promoted to his present post, Undersecretary of Commerce, a job giving him broad powers to improve Negro unemployment and economic conditions, and thus he continues to make ardent segregationists feel like putting up their dukes in Capitol corridors.

The effect he has on southerners surprises some people because Collins is no bearded radical, but a

Trying to stop violence at Selma, Collins presents White House views to Sheriff Jim Clark as protest march begins.

Collins talks to Negro leaders shortly before joining demonstration. He walked one mile with Civil Rights groups.

In civil rights showdowns Collins carried the ball for LBJ

southern gentleman in the classic sense. His voice drawls pure moonlight and magnolia. His hair is wavy and turning white. His dress is impeccable, his manners are courtly and he is an ostentatious respecter of *womanhood*. As befits a man who lives in a 145-year-old plantation mansion smack dab in the middle of the hush-puppy belt, Collins chokes up and gets moist-eyed whenever he hears "Dixie."

The reason southern segregationists get mad at the mere mention of Collins' name is that he is to them a Judas. Governor of Florida from 1955 to 1961, he was elected and served as a segregationist. After leaving office, he made such a thorough reversal on the race issue that he became the South's leading advocate of racial equality and the Johnson administration's chief civil rights troubleshooter.

In private conversations Collins makes it clear that he will soon increase the segregationists' consternation by leaving his federal post. He plans to return to Florida and prove at the polls that a man who has talked, worked and fought for Negro integration can be elected to the United States Senate from a Deep South state.

If Collins does make such a race in 1968, he will carry into it a record that wouldn't hurt him a bit if he were running in Harlem.

Collins walked the strife-torn streets of Selma, Alabama, and fought to protect Negro demonstrators from a Cossack-style charge by Alabama State Troopers. He jetted into Los Angeles last summer in the midst of rioting, burning and looting and suggested a compromise which reduced tensions and galvanized California's paralyzed officials into action.

As head of the Community Relations Service, he helped many southern towns resolve differences with Negroes. As chairman of a cabinet-level committee, he funneled millions in federal funds into a dozen major cities in 1965. The money went to improve housing, health and sanitation and thus avert the threatened long hot summer in the northern Negro ghettos. As Undersecretary of Commerce, his most recent federal job, Collins personally urged businessmen to hire Negro college graduates, to train unemployed Negroes and to grant franchises to Negro businessmen.

What's more, he has put his mouth where his deeds were, denouncing southern politicians—in a speech in Senator Thurmond's home state—as "extremists," "Claghorns" and "rabble-rousers." He accused them of hoodwinking the South into racial hatred for "personal political advantage." In speech after speech, all over the country, he has called for full participation of Negroes in American life.

For Collins to "point with pride" to such a record before a redneck audience in segregationist, "Florida Cracker" country around his native Tallahassee, would be like Nasser seeking the Jewish vote.

Yet that is what Collins apparently intends to do when he runs for the Senate. The election will be significant for, if Collins wins, [*Continued on page* 20]

APRIL—TRUE—

Deluxe Sportvan with 8 new safety features, including seat belts front and back. Buckle up for sure!

211 cubic feet of space; 230 cubic inches of engine.

(To get you there firstest, with the mostest)

There's enough in a Chevrolet Sportvan for just about everybody. Enough room to pack (double the load space of a regular station wagon). Enough power for pickup and passing (the 230-cu.-in. High Torque Six with 140 hp comes standard in the Deluxe model). Enough seats — both center and rear full-width seats are available. Enough windows, so nobody hogs the view. Enough doors (six, and when you open the two side ones a retractable step pops out to help you in or out). Enough special camping equipment your Chevrolet dealer can install, so you won't even have to skip your nightly raid on the ice box. And enough attention to the way it's all put together, so you'll enjoy it for years to come. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

SPORTVAN PERFORMS THE CHEVROLET WAY CHEVROLET

[*Continued from page* 18]

it will encourage other moderates and liberals to seek office in the South.

The consensus is that without the civil rights issue, Collins would win any race in a walk, for during his six years as governor he was the most popular and probably the ablest chief executive in Florida history. He encouraged tourism, courted industry and, in general, moved the state into the prosperous condition it enjoys today.

Then Collins deliberately chose to make himself a champion of Negro rights and all other issues scale downward from that. Nobody made him do it. If he couldn't with conscience remain a segregationist, he could have ducked or soft-pedaled the race question. No one compelled him to take the politically-suicidal course of embracing Negro integration into every phase of American life.

All his life Collins has been jumping joyfully into scraps most men would avoid. When his term as governor ended in 1961, he took a $75,000-a-year post as president of the National Association of Broadcasters. Far from a rich man, Collins seemed set for life in a high-pay, prestigious post. What did he do? He promptly told his bosses that television programming stunk, urged them to adopt a "very high level of programming" and to end the stress on violence.

The dust had hardly settled from that blast when Collins publicly called upon broadcasters to stop running cigarette advertising pegged to youth. He particularly assailed the use of "outstanding sports figures who permit their hero status to be prostituted" in cigarette commercials. Radio and television bigwigs, seeing $134 million annual revenue from cigarette advertising going up in smoke, roasted Collins privately. The tobacco industry felt a southerner had stabbed them in the back.

What the broadcasters probably didn't realize when they hired him was that Collins has been a thorn in the political rose bush all his life. In 1934, when he was a freshman state legislator from an obscure Tallahassee district, he took on the then governor and his entire political organization by fighting a bill to legalize slot machines. He lost and went to the people. A year later the slot machine law was repealed by public demand. He fought for state aid to education when it was a highly unpopular issue and as governor he built highways, launched atomic energy programs, taxed horse and dog racing, tightened the divorce law and tried to reapportion the state legislature years before the Supreme Court made such action mandatory.

Collins has also shown he can be tough when the action get rough. Perhaps his finest moment was in Selma. He arrived by Presidential jet on March 9, 1965, just 90 minutes before Negro and white civil rights demonstrators led by Dr. Martin Luther King were to attempt another march to Montgomery. Two days before, as a shocked world watched, similar marchers had been ridden down by whip-carrying troopers.

Collins' orders were to prevent repetition of the "Sunday massacre." He first met with Doctor King to see if the march could be postponed pending court action to legalize it. Doctor King, saying he was prepared to die on the streets of Alabama, said the march would go on.

Collins then asked, "Isn't it true that under the code of nonviolence of your group that you will not deliberately provoke violence?"

The Negro leader said that was true.

"Then if you met with a police force that barred your way to Montgomery, your group would stop and not try to force your way through?" Doctor King agreed that that was their intention.

With only minutes remaining, Collins met with Sheriff Jim Clark, who escorted him to the infamous bridge over the Alabama River, where Sunday's attack had taken place. There, State Police Col. Al Lingo had his men deployed to prevent another march. Lingo said the march was illegal and he was determined to stop it.

Collins stated his belief that the King group would march to a confrontation and then stop and demonstrate. He said, "It is expected at the highest levels of government that you will see to it there is no repeat of Sunday's police action. When this confrontation occurs you will permit the marchers to remain where they are, to pray, to sing, to clap their hands, to conduct any sort of demonstration they wish in order to dramatize their position. And you will set no time limit on this demonstration." (Only two minutes had been allowed on Sunday.)

A man who heard Collins that day said, "You know how he is, never loud or profane. He was just nice and friendly and reasonable. But he was firm, like carbon steel. There was no doubt that he spoke for the White House. Listening to him, there didn't seem to be any possible way to refuse him."

Lingo hesitated, then said stiffly, "That was our plan all along."

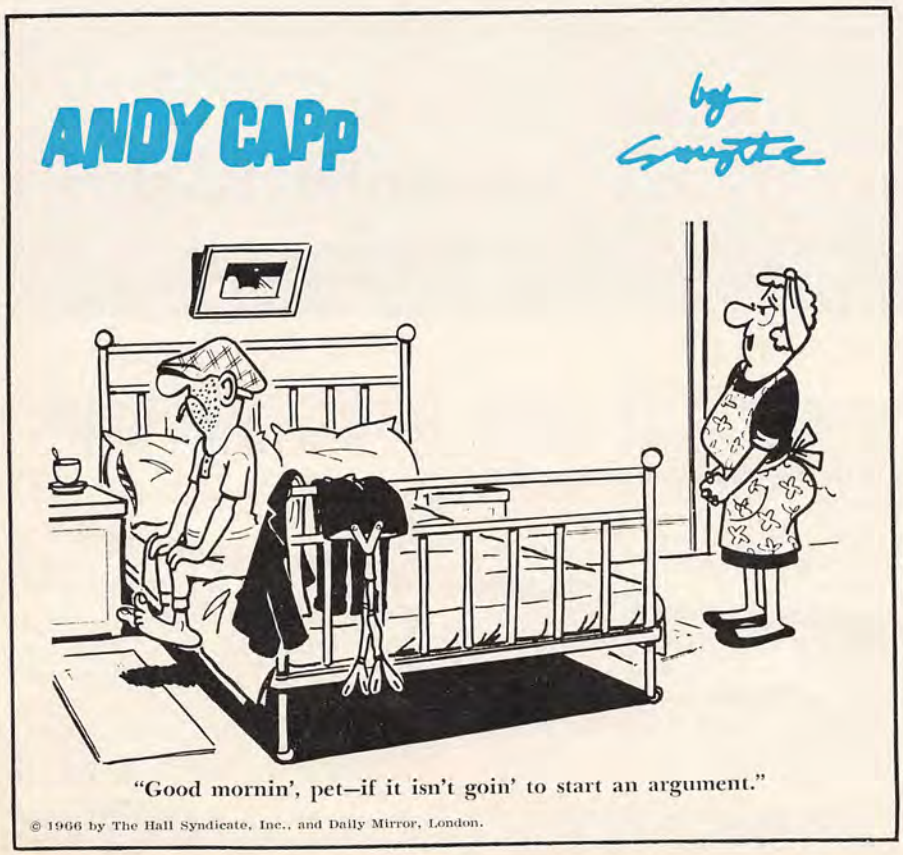
Shortly after noon, King's marchers came, a phalanx of men and women, white and Negro, ready to be slain in Selma. Across the road stood a cordon of troopers, unsmiling, immovable. Foot by foot the marchers came and then, perilously close, they stopped and knelt as Doctor King intoned a prayer. No cop lifted a whip.

Collins' presence and persuasion gave each side a reasonable, face-saving detour around disaster and the Negro revolution was helped to another peaceful step forward.

A strange thing about Collins is that, for a scrapper and arguer, he has surprisingly few personal enemies. Even those who have no utter use for his political, racial or other opinions, like him. He and Spessard Holland, Florida's senior Senator, are at opposite poles on the race question, yet Collins looks upon Holland as a friend, benefactor, advisor and father figure. He refused to run against Holland in 1964 even though he wanted to be a U.S. Senator.

The incongruity of a well-liked political gadfly is easy to accept once you meet Collins. I first met him when he emerged about 7 a.m. from his $250,000 home in the post Georgetown section of Washington. Tall, slender, immaculately garbed, he was handsome enough to be on television, which was precisely where he was going. An aide was driving him to the studio for an appearance on the NBC *Today* show.

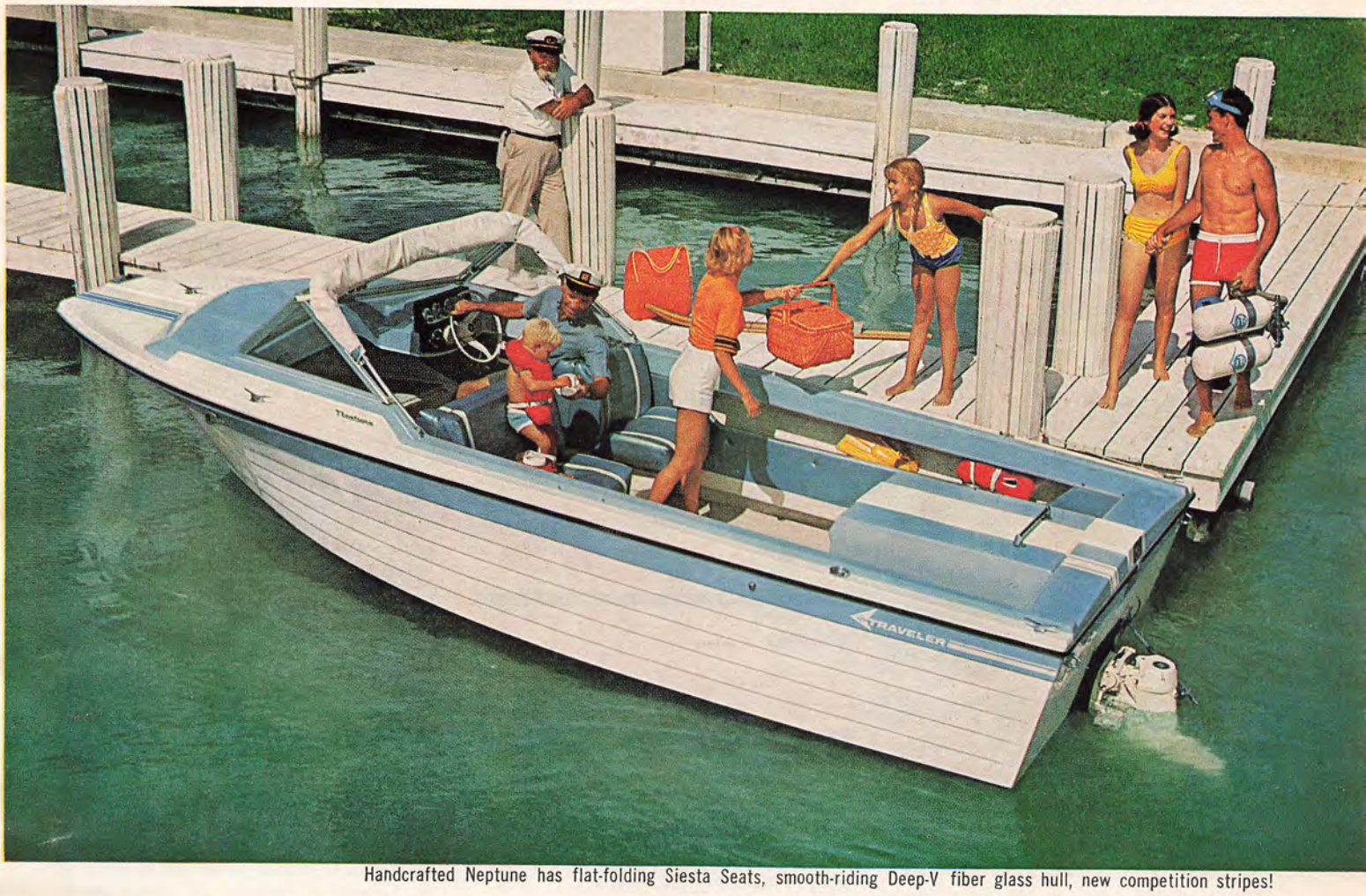
Collins was withdrawn and preoccupied until he arrived at the station. Then,



"Good mornin', pet—if it isn't goin' to start an argument."

© 1966 by The Hall Syndicate, Inc., and Daily Mirror, London.

TRAVELER VACATION SWEEPSTAKES !!



Handcrafted Neptune has flat-folding Siesta Seats, smooth-riding Deep-V fiber glass hull, new competition stripes!

WIN THIS TON OF FUN – PLUS 2-WEEK FAMILY VACATION AT FAMOUS RESORT

FIRST PRIZE! Imagine winning this luxurious Traveler 19′ Neptune cruiser complete with 150-hp I/O engine and matching trailer . . . a ton of fun worth over $5,000! Then climb aboard for two expense-free weeks for a family of five at any resort listed below.

TEN MORE FREE FAMILY VACATIONS AS SECOND PRIZES!

. . . including free use of a Traveler Boat. 20 models to choose from, handcrafted in fiber glass or aluminum.

Choose from these famous playgrounds:

★ **BLOCKADE RUNNER MOTOR HOTEL**—Wrightsville Beach, N. C.
★ **CRESCENT LAKE RESORT**—Crescent Lake, Oregon.
★ **FISH LAKE LODGE**—Fish Lake National Forest, Utah.
★ **GRAND LAKE LODGE**—Grand Lake, Colorado.
★ **JACK TAR ORANGE HOUSE**—Orange, Texas.
★ **JUG END IN THE BERKSHIRES**—S. Egremont, Mass.
★ **RUTTGER'S BIRCHMONT LODGE**—Bemidji, Minn.
★ **THE ABBEY ON LAKE GENEVA**—Fontana, Wisc.
★ **THE RED APPLE INN**—Eden Isle, Ark.
★ **TORREY PINES INN**—LaJolla, Calif.
★ **WINDJAMMER CRUISE**—Miami, Fla. (10 days)

EASY TO ENTER! Just mail entry coupon below—and also receive a free full-color catalog of the Handcrafted Traveler fleet for '66! Or obtain official Sweepstakes entry blank and complete details at your Traveler Boat Dealer. Find him in the Yellow Pages or phone Western Union by number and ask for Operator 25.

Entries must be postmarked by midnight, June 30, 1966. Winners selected by random drawing. You must be 18 or older. Void where prohibited or restricted by law.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

'66 TRAVELER

TRAVELER BOAT DIVISION / STANRAY CORPORATION
Dept. T-46, Box 320, Danville, Illinois 61832

Please enter me in the Traveler Vacation Sweepstakes and send free full-color catalog of 1966 Traveler boats.

NAME _____ PHONE NO. _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

suddenly, he was "on," chatting with secretaries and technicians and sitting down to coffee with newsman Sander Vanocur, who was to interview him.

Collins put on a peerless oral exhibition. He dominated the conversation without effort, weaving a silken skein of story, comment, anecdote, question and self-answer in a voice so smooth it was like molasses oozing out of a barrel and so low you had to strain yourself to hear him. Although there were several people listening to him over coffee, he seemed to be talking to each one individually, ensnaring him in a most intimate and personal way. Why he was considered such a good negotiator and compromiser was obvious.

Collins' finesse with words makes him sometimes appear to be the usual political fence straddler. In December, when he was considering running for governor (he decided not to) he said on the race question, "I hope it isn't the main issue of the gubernatorial campaign. Education, taxation, reform are the main problems of Florida. Bringing in civil rights will only divide the state and hamper the programs which need to be carried out." Then, in the next breath, he said, "But if civil rights does become the issue, I won't dodge it. I believe the people of Florida have come to the point where they realize what I have said and done are in the mainstream of American life today."

Collins doesn't pussyfoot around on the race issue. He willingly sounds off on the touchiest issues in race relations:

On the South's jury system: "It's horrible when a man is denied justice because of racial prejudice. The states must and should act. If they fail to, then the federal government must step in. An American is an American and if states don't protect a man's rights as an American, then the national government has to."

On boycotts of southern goods: "If a specific company has prejudicial practices in employment, a boycott might be in order. But to boycott products of an entire state such as Doctor King suggested be done in Mississippi is self-defeating. It hurts companies that employ Negroes as well as those that don't."

On Doctor King: "He has weakened his position as a Negro leader by spreading out into international matters such as our Viet Nam policy."

On racial intermarriage: "Laws should not, nor can they, regulate personal conduct. In their purely personal, private relationships, people should be allowed to associate with whomever they wish."

On preferential employment for Negroes: "Employment should be based on merit. But the Negro should be given preferential training to upgrade his merit."

This sort of talk, even if delivered in the most honeysuckle manner, has cost Collins dearly in the South. Many southerners have stated their belief that his abrupt change from segregationist state governor to integrationist federal official is not genuine. They see him, at best, as an opportunist seeking national prominence in Washington. Senator Thurmond got right to the point when he asked Collins if "you showed less enthusiasm for civil rights causes when you were in elective office in Florida than you do now that you are on the national level where it is more popular?" Collins hesitated, then replied, "I guess I have become more acquainted with the nation."

If Collins' sincerity is accepted, he is labeled a turncoat and traitor to the South. One Georgia editor wrote that Collins has "little regard for anything—man or beast—residing below the Mason-Dixon line." The Greenville, South Carolina, *News* spoke of Collins as a "sorry bird who will foul his own nest."

Distrust and denunciation of Collins extend even to his personal life. Boyhood friends and business partners have sworn never to speak to him because of his stand on the race question; his octogenarian mother fails to understand what has overcome her son, and his five brothers and sisters are in sharp disagreement with his attitude. Then there are the telephone diatribes which begin, almost unvaryingly, "If you like those nigger——so much, why don't you. . . ." Collins takes such calls in stride, except when his teenage daughter is listening on the extension phone.

COMING . . .

Cool views of a sizzling episode from "The Silencers"

DEAN MARTIN AS MATT HELM

The famed private eye sizes up a bouncing bevy of bold beauties

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

Friend and enemy, northerner and southerner, conservative and liberal alike ask one question about Collins: is he sincere in his racial metamorphosis?

The question is easily answered if you go to men likely to be Collins' most suspicious and harshest judges—Negroes. "I believe Governor Collins is sincere," says Roy Wilkins, executive secretary of the NAACP. "I was convinced before he went with the federal government. In December, 1963, when he was president of the broadcasters, he made a tremendous civil rights speech in Columbia, South Carolina. I submit there was no possible gain from that. He was not running for office. He was not doing the bidding of Kennedy or Johnson. As head of the broadcasters, he could have held on to his salary and job without saying one mumbling word about the subject. That he did and so strongly and at such risk to his job and his reputation was proof of his sincerity to me."

Another Negro who works for Collins in Washington and who sees him daily in routine situations says, "If he has any personal problems concerning acceptance of Negroes, he has done a helluva job hiding them. I've been to his house. We've had coffee and cake and been perfectly at home. Many times I've seen him in a party-type situation. He could have put me down very easily had he wanted to—but he has not once done it—and I've been put down by many a white northern liberal."

If Collins' sincerity is accepted, then one must ask how this lifelong segregationist leopard came to change his spots?

Spots they were. He was born in 1909 on the outskirts of Tallahassee and grew up under a system that considered Jim Crow and the Ku Klux Klan natural and inevitable. His education was hardly calculated to turn him into a flaming liberal. After high school he attended a year of business school and, following tepid attempts at the grocery and banking businesses, a one-year "poor boy's" law school at Lebanon, Tennessee.

The law was Collins' niche and he passed the Florida bar exam with what, at the time, was the second highest score in state history. His law business was bad, however, and since he had fallen in love with petite, winsome Mary Call Darby, he decided he better increase his income. He ran for county prosecutor because it paid $600 a month. He lost, but married Mary Call anyhow. This made him a member of one of the oldest families in the South. Mary Call's great-grandfather had twice been territorial governor of Florida and was the builder, in 1820, of "The Grove," a ramshackle, but once-glorious plantation mansion across the street from the Florida state house.

Soon after his marriage, Collins ran for the State House of Representatives and won. This launched a 20-year legislative career broken only by service as a Navy lawyer in World War II. Collins went from representative to state senator to Senate majority leader. His law career kept pace, eventually becoming one of the largest in the state. His personal finances improved, too, and he might have become wealthy except that he kept pouring money into restoration of "The Grove," which a Collins' aide calls "the biggest real estate white elephant in the country."

In 1953, Collins' close friend, Gov. Dan McCarty died in office. Collins was elected to serve the remainder of McCarty's term. Two years later, he won a full four-year term by the biggest margin in Florida history.

Collins does not attempt to deny that through all this political activity he was a segregationist defender of the "Southern Way of Life." He did little—his critics say nothing—to integrate Florida schools. So, what made him change?

Collins discussed his racial renaissance one day during a two-mile walk from his home in Washington to his office in the Department of Commerce. He walked at a pace worthy of a hunted antelope and mostly in a straight line, across streets, through red lights, past stop signs. At one point, he headed straight across eight lanes of morning rush hour traffic, oblivious to danger. An associate later explained, "Half of Washington is scared to death of hitting LeRoy Collins on his way to work. But actually it is safer to walk with him. He drives even worse than he walks."

"I know it would be easier to under-

What has a Self-Cleaning Hot Tip and sparks powerful ACtion?

Answer: AC Fire-Ring Spark Plugs

AC Spark Plug's exclusive Hot Tip Insulator burns away fouling deposits as you drive... helps boost engine pep and power. Next time you change insist on AC Fire-Ring Spark Plugs for continuing powerful ACtion!

AC
FIRE-RING
SPARK PLUGS

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

AC Spark Plugs are installed on every new Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick and Cadillac car—and on every gasoline-powered Chevrolet and GMC truck. When you replace, insist on AC quality. It costs no more.

stand," Collins told me, as a car slowed to avoid hitting him, "if I said I suddenly woke up one morning and found I was an integrationist. But it didn't happen that way. I just gradually became aware that a problem existed and that injustice was being done to our Negro citizens.

"There were many factors. In the legislature I was always chairman of the education committee. Not even a blind man could believe, once he'd visited a few schools, that separate Negro and white schools were equal. While at that time I saw nothing wrong in segregated classes, I became convinced an injustice was being done to Negro children when they attended inferior schools. As a legislator I tried to correct that injustice.

"I was elected governor in 1954, the year the Supreme Court outlawed school segregation. I did not like the decision. I did not agree with it, but to me, as a lawyer and public official, the law was the law and had to be obeyed. I certainly could not agree with the efforts underway in many southern states to disband the public school system rather than desegregate. As governor I fought such efforts and Florida remained one state that did not try to circumvent the Supreme Court decision by legislation."

Collins, now absorbed in his narrative, started to step off a curb in front of a car and had to be held back. He continued, "When I was governor, one of my duties was to sit on the Board of Pardon and Parole. Investigating the facts of criminal cases, the evidence was rather overwhelming that Negro defendants were not getting the same justice that white men did and that Negro citizens lived in social and economic conditions which fostered their criminality. Simple justice required the correction of those conditions.

"As governor I got around the state more and saw housing and sanitation conditions. I talked with Negro citizens. I read our history. As president of the broadcasters I visited many northern cities and saw conditions there. My education has continued in my service with the federal government. Out of it has come a realization that segregation of the races is wrong and that the injustice being done to Negroes must be righted."

Those who believe Collins' racial change of heart is pure political opportunism point out that in his waning days as governor, he had a few brief hours in the national spotlight as chairman of the Southern Governors Conference and then as the permanent chairman of the Democratic National Convention that nominated John F. Kennedy. When he took the job with the broadcasters, his political spotlight flicked off, until President Johnson asked him in July, 1964, to head the Community Relations Service.

One Florida politician put the matter coldly, "Roy had a taste of national fame and he liked it. The only way he can keep it is to be an integrationist, so that's what he is."

Collins' admirers have a ready answer. Jerome K. Heilbroner, Arkansan by birth, grandson of a Confederate soldier, who worked for Collins in the Community Relations Service, says, "Great progress in racial understanding is being made in the South, but the fact remains that for a politician to come out for integration is political suicide. If Governor Collins were interested only in feathering his political nest, his stand on Negro rights is not the way to do it."

But he is doing it and, oddly, Collins is one of that rare breed who makes political dissent pay off. John Perry, former Tampa political reporter who 10 years ago became Collins' right-hand man, put it this way, "He is a highly successful politician who violates every rule in the book. He is a political freak. But he gets away with it."

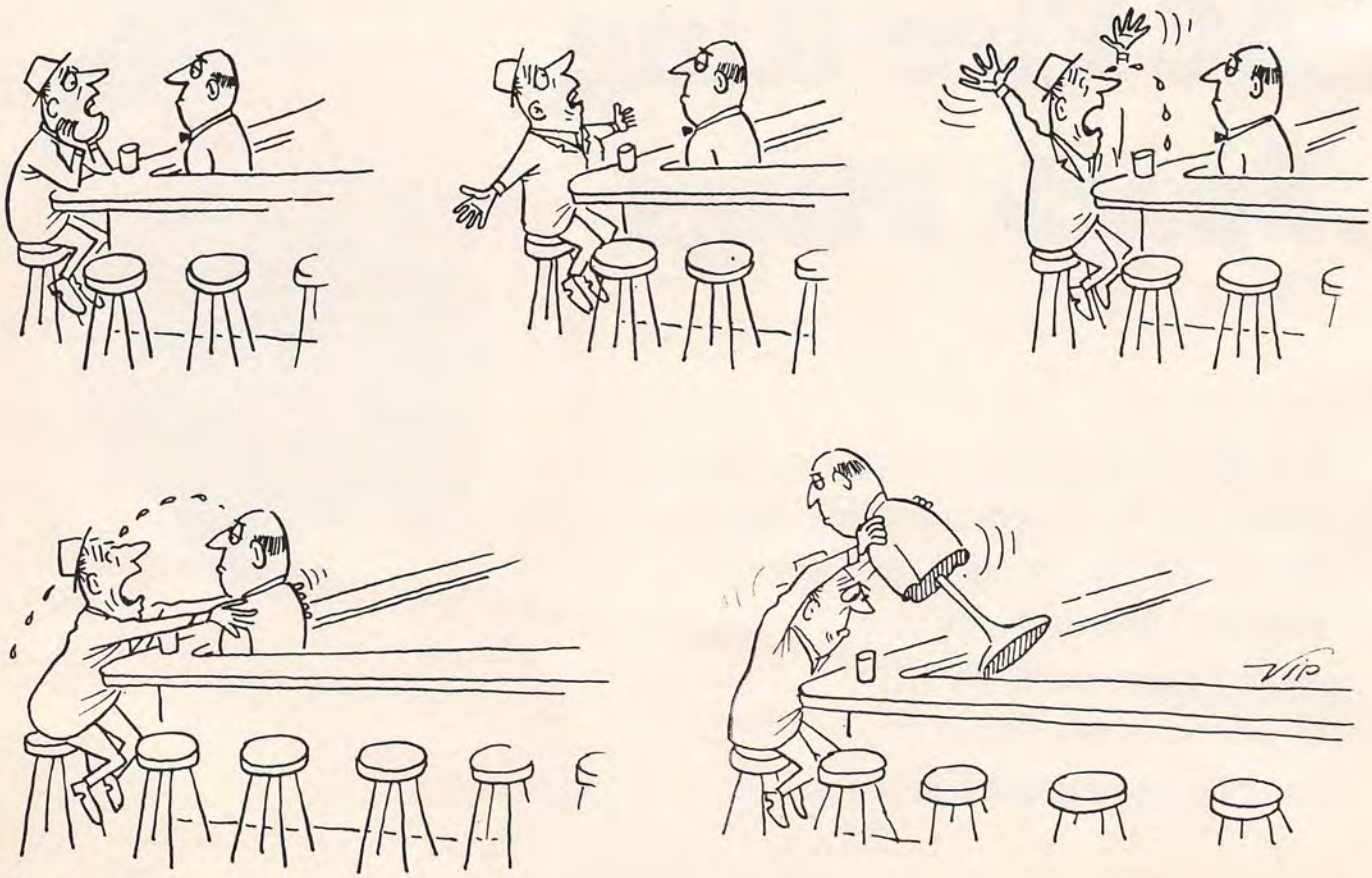
Indeed he does. Now he proposes to break the rule that says southern Senators must be segregationist. Is the rule correct? Florida is undergoing great industrial and population changes. Industry, labor, business, tourism, retired citizens, all coming from the North, are performing political plastic surgery on the face of the state. Reapportionment, voting rights legislation and a strong man in the White House may be transforming Collins from a political suicide into a political surfer riding the wave of the future.

Collins intends to find out by sinking or surfing in an attempt to be the first integrationist U.S. Senator from the South. He feels he could lead the South to sanity and progress, but the big question is whether the South wants to be led in that direction.

Collins has an aphorism he loves to quote: "If a man wants to lead, he has to be out in front. But not too far. Then, he's over the horizon and out of sight."

—Robert A. Liston

TRUE



the case for the folding motor

2-year warranty: For 24 months after purchase, Evinrude Motors will replace without cost to the original purchaser any part of its manufacture which upon inspection proves to have failed in normal use due to faulty material or workmanship.

Stows like a traveling case.

Folds like a jack knife.

Ready for action in seconds.

If the only place you can find to park an outboard motor is the front hall closet, you've got a problem.

But we've solved it.

If you've tried to squeeze a long-handled motor into a compact car trunk after your wife's bags are in — forget it.

Only a folding motor will do it.

If you're a camper and don't have an outboard, you're missing half the fun. But you can make a choice.

Leave one of the kids at home.

Or get an Evinrude folding motor.

The 3 hp Lightwin is a problem solver. It fits into a clean, compact traveling case.

It's easy to carry and handy to stow in car trunk, closet, or camp trailer.

The way people stop on the dock to stare when you unfold it, you'd think it was the biggest thing that ever happened to fishing.

Maybe it is.

See the new folding motors at your Evinrude dealer (listed in the Yellow Pages). Catalog free. Write Evinrude Motors, 4256 N. 27th Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53216.

EVINRUDE

first in outboards

DIVISION OF OUTBOARD MARINE CORP.

IN PAPERBACK AT LAST

m868

THE YEAR'S TOP FICTION BESTSELLER

42 WEEKS ON THE NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLER LIST

WINNER OF THE NATIONAL BOOK AWARD

$10,000 INTERNATIONAL LITERARY PRIZE

"A MASTERPIECE"
—*The New York Times*

"The most fully achieved work of our best novelist . . . a literary event of the first importance." —*Newsweek*

"HERZOG reinforces my conviction that Bellow is the leading figure in American fiction today."
—*Granville Hicks, Saturday Review*

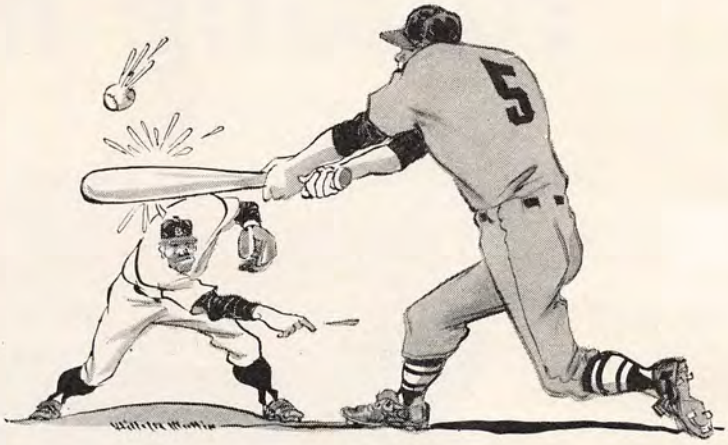
WHEREVER PAPERBACKS ARE SOLD

Only 95¢

Buy this Crest Book from your paperback bookseller. If sold out, send only price of book plus 10¢ for postage and handling to Crest Books, P.O. Box 1014, Greenwich, Connecticut. If order is for five or more books, no postage or handling charge is necessary. Please order by number and title. No Canadian orders.

IT HAPPENED IN SPORTS

By Ron Smith



SAD SAGA OF THE SPITBALL SPECIALIST

Big-league pitchers who use the spitball have been called everything from unsanitary to un-American. But there was a time when it was perfectly legal to slobber on the stitches before sticking the ball in the batter's ear.

The last of the licensed droolers was terrible-tempered Burleigh Grimes, a guy with the disposition of a top sergeant wearing tight shoes. With a two-day stubble on his chin, eyes burning with hate and yellow fangs bared, old Boily was an awesome sight as he drooled or pretended to drool into his cupped paws. He won 270 games with his soggy serves and earned a place in the Hall of Fame.

There was a brief period, though, when Grimes had trouble getting anybody out. That was in 1923 when Burleigh was a Brooklyn Dodger. For four years he had been a fearsome hurler. Now, suddenly, hitters were treating him like it was batting practice. They seemed to know exactly when Burleigh was loading up a dewdrop. They waited for the spitter and swung from the heels. Grimes lost five games in a row.

To Burleigh, losing games was worse than losing money. Once, after a defeat, he rumbled into the clubhouse, whipped off his uniform and tore it into shreds. Not satisfied with that, he ripped up a teammate's uniform with the startled player still inside it.

Uncle Wilbert Robinson, the Brooklyn manager, had to do something. "Maybe they're stealing your signs," he told Zack Taylor, the catcher. Two days later Burleigh went out to pitch against the Philadelphia Phillies and Taylor covered up the signs so well even Burleigh had trouble seeing them.

It didn't help. The Phillies kept slapping Burleigh's spitter whenever he threw it. Between innings Robinson told Taylor to change the signs. The signs changed but the results didn't. The Phillies pounded away. Robinson studied his pitcher carefully.

Suddenly, in the midst of the carnage, a light came into the manager's eyes. He leaped from the dugout, called time and hurried toward the mound. "Boily! Boily!" he shouted. "I know whatcha been doin' wrong."

Robinson had figured it out. On every pitch Burleigh held the ball in front of his mouth, hiding it from the batter with his glove while he spat on the sphere or pretended to spit. But when he worked his jowls to dredge up saliva for a genuine spitter, the muscles in his head made his hat bob up and down. On fake spitters, the hat stayed still. By watching Burleigh's hat the hitters could always tell when a lubricated delivery was coming.

Burleigh was thunderstruck. He stalked to the dugout. "Gimme a bigger hat," he howled, and somebody threw him one that hung down around his ears. He went back to the mound and stood the Phillies upside down the rest of the way.

Burleigh's slobbering stayed secret after that. He was the only player in the league who had a 6⅞ head and wore a size 7½ hat.

A tailgate that turns into a door...

a door that turns into a tailgate...

FOREGROUND, MERCURY COLONY PARK; REAR, MERCURY COMET VILLAGER.

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION Ford

...in Mercury's elegant move-ahead wagons

Mercury could have won the station wagon game on looks alone. You can see that in the classic distinction of the Colony Park's sweeping lines. And in the youthful spirit of the Comet Villager. Also, in the rich simulated walnut paneling that warms them both. But Mercury didn't stop with beauty. You also get a great idea: it's called the Dual-Action Tailgate. You can drop it down, like tailgates have always opened. Or, swing it wide like a door. That makes entering easier for people. The Dual-Action Tailgate is standard on Mercury wagons and the Comet Villager. Mercury wagons also have Channel-Aire, to keep dust, snow and dirt off the rear window. No wonder Mercury is considered America's wagon master.

the move-ahead cars from

Mercury

LOOK WHAT'S NEW FROM

NOW YOU CAN OWN A CHRYSLER BOAT—A CHRYSLER OUTBOARD —A CHRYSLER I/O OR INBOARD ENGINE . . . EVEN A CHRYSLER BOAT TRAILER . . . AND THERE ARE PLENTY OF REASONS YOU SHOULD!

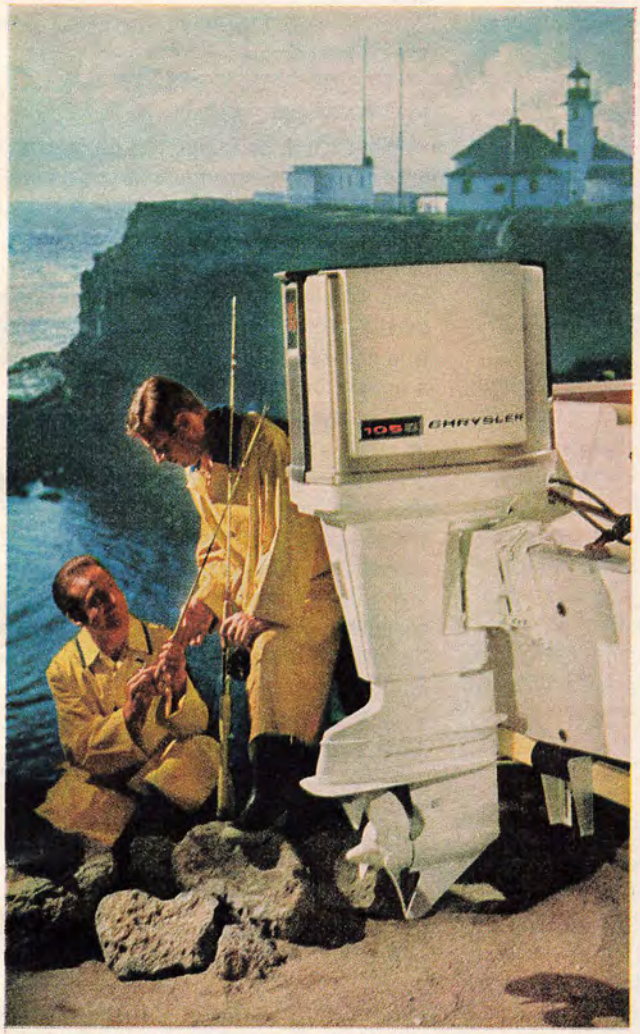
If you're boat-minded (and who isn't!), here's terrific news. The Chrysler Crew has taken to the water, bringing you the greatest line of boats, outboards and engines ever floated. And every one of them is backed by the Chrysler name and reputation for fine products you know and trust.

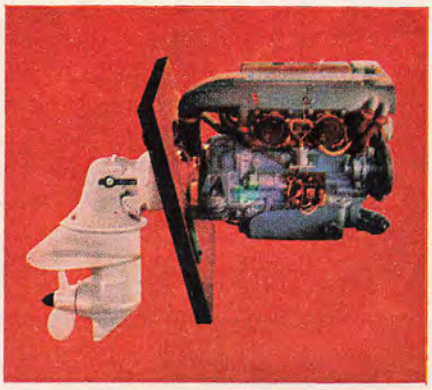
Boats? Chrysler's Lone Star line offers nineteen beauties. Sporty runabouts and luxury cruisers, from 12 to 24 feet, in marine aluminum or fiberglass with a variety of hulls designed for speed, maneuverability and safety. Sailboats? Two sloop-rigged 13 and 16 footers, designed for fun and racing. Fishing boats? Six different models—one ideal for you.

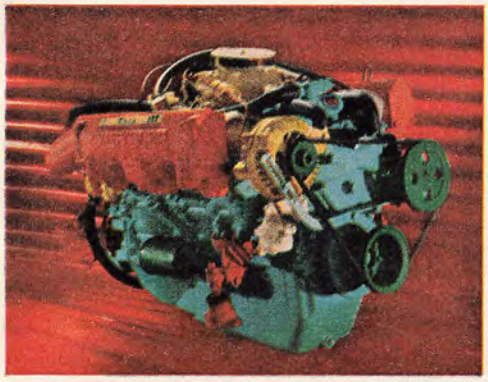
Chrysler Outboards in gleaming white and gold give you both style and power. Horsepower ratings from 3.5 up to a mighty 105, with 21 different models to choose from. Many electric-start models, including Chrysler's brand-new 9.2- and 20-hp. Autolectrics. Other horsepower ratings: 6, 35, 45, 50 and 75.

Chrysler Inboards and Inboard-Outdrives offer you an unexcelled choice of power. I/O's begin with the spectacular new Chrysler 80, range up through 110, 145, 150, 175, 190 and 210 hp., to the mighty Chrysler

THE CHRYSLER CREW!







Fury 235. Eleven models in all. Rugged, dependable inboards include ten horsepower ratings, from 125 to 325 hp., backed by 38 years of Chrysler know-how.

Whether it's a boat, outboard, I/O, or an inboard engine, if it's built by Chrysler, it's BUILT. And you can get a *boat trailer* that matches the boat and helps keep it young.

Don't go near the water without looking at what the Chrysler Crew has for you. See your Chrysler Boat, Outboard or Marine Engine Dealer, today! He's in the Yellow Pages.

MARINE PRODUCTS GROUP **CHRYSLER CORPORATION**

CHRYSLER MARINE PRODUCTS—BOATS, TRAILERS, OUTBOARDS, INBOARDS AND INBOARD-OUTDRIVES

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

A monthly commentary by TRUE's editors to keep you entertained and informed—and to keep the little woman firmly in her place

BEES AND BOOZE

Schools we attended in our youth never laced our milk with sherry or gave courses in necking, and you have only to look about you to see the fearsome results. Today's kids will have it better if educators have their way. A plan to provide sex education in the schools, beginning at kindergarten level, has been authorized by the Illinois Sex Education Advisory Board. A Harvard psychiatrist, Dr. Morris Chafetz, advises that grade school children be given weak drinks to gain practice in social drinking. The sight of a hung over kindergartner unable to pile one block on another should certainly deter his classmates from overindulgence. Nothing builds character like a set of standards instilled early in life, and we kind of wish we were starting school all over again.

STICKY BUSINESS

Churlish things we have said about trading stamps have offended some companies that vend them, and we make room on the podium for the defendants. Morris Wattenberg of the King Korn Stamp Company has sent us a Labor Department study showing that trading stamps, from 1947 when they were little used, until 1962, had little effect on the Consumer Price Index. The CPI is a yardstick of inflation and we guess trading stamps aren't very inflationary. Still, stamps cost money, and the report says that grocers in one survey recovered their stamp costs in one or more ways: 27 percent increased prices, 43 percent used fewer lower-priced specials, 38 percent reduced advertising. At about the same time a reader sent us a real horror story. A fellow in suburban Dallas collected about a thousand stamp books, bought many from relatives, and turned them in for a handsome premium, a car. He didn't get the car, or his stamps back either, and sued. A judge decided the company hadn't waived its small-print rights to forbid purchase or exchange of stamps, so the claimant got nothing. As for the claim that stamps are free and never increase prices, plaintiff calls a single witness, Secretary of Commerce John Connor, who told a convention of businessmen that he could explain the whole of economics in one sentence: "There's no such thing as a free lunch."

TRUE'S TOP TV TEN

We were astonished, in fact tickled pink, by the fact that more than 2,000 TRUE readers responded to our invitation to vote for their favorite TV shows. Here are the 10 television programs that TRUE men tune in of their own choice, in order of preference.

1. Gunsmoke
2. The Man From Uncle
3. Red Skelton Show*
4. Walt Disney
5. I Spy
6. Bonanza*
7. Perry Mason
8. Dick Van Dyke*
9. Dean Martin Show
10. Lawrence Welk

The results tend to confirm our suspicion that the TV shows most enjoyed by men aren't necessarily the same ones that lead the commercial ratings. As we go to press, seven male-choice shows aren't listed at all in the national top 10. Only the three marked with an asterisk (*). This doesn't prove that national ratings are haywire, but it does suggest that men constitute a rather special TV audience. The 2,000-odd TRUE readers who voted must have had strong feelings about TV. They had to find an envelope and pay the postage and won no prizes. But they didn't have to enclose a box top. Thanks, men.

PUTTING ON SIDE

What's left for fashion to do in exalting the female bosom? Artifices of projection, cleavage, peepage, inflation and toplessness seem to have run the gamut. But not quite. Publicity poop for a short-lived Broadway play, *Malcolm*, informed us that Willa Kim, a costume designer who presses hard for effects, concocted a unique bra for actress Jennifer West. The garment exerts horizontal squeeze in such a way that extrusions are described as "bubbles under the arms." Is this humane? We hold to the middle of the road and won't take sides, but as of now it's safe to say that bubbles are the last word in shelf alterations and that designers will be pushing the possibilities of lateral mammary excursion to the limit.

AWARDS OF HONOR

Dwight D. Eisenhower is a member of the Order of the Queen of Sheba, by courtesy of the Ethiopian government. This little-known fact leaped out at us from the pages of "Orders and Decorations of All Nations," a handsome book published by the Quaker Press of Washington, D.C., which tells all anybody would want to know about the medals of nations. Egypt's Order of Sports is not bestowed on oglers of belly dancers but on persons who raise the standards of athletics in the United Arab Republic. Such an Order would be superfluous in the U.S. where athletic standards are incredibly high—several hundred thousand bucks for signing a pro football contract. We were strangely attracted by the Order of Rejuvenation, until we found that it is awarded to pilots of the Chinese Nationalist Air Force who have shot down nine enemy airplanes, been on 300 missions, and served 900 hours flight time. Not all medals are as worthy of high respect as the Victoria Cross and the U.S. Congressional Medal of Honor. Tiny countries are pretty busy in the medal business. Prince Rainier of Monaco recently cooked up a couple of new decorations, one of which, the Order of Grimaldi, honors the ruling family, of which, by coincidence, he is a member. Russia and Iron Curtain countries

(Continued on page 32)

Old Grand-Dad's been made one way for 84 years.

Before you cry "old hat," consider the reason.

Back in 1882, it set a standard no other Bourbon has managed to match. And we're not about to change that.

We still use more of the costly small grains to make our mash. They push up the price, but smooth out the flavor.

We double-distill a dram at a time, instead of taking the faster big batch way.

We make our own ageing barrels, with heartland white oak selected as carefully as the cherry flitch used by a cabinetmaker.

And we char the barrel inside 3/22", to obtain the marriage of body and flavor that is ours alone.

84 years may seem a long time to be of one mind.

But where our Bourbon is concerned another 84 years can pass–and then another–before we'll change it.

Kentucky straight Bourbon whiskeys. 86 proof and 100 proof bottled in bond. Distilled and bottled at the Forks of the Elkhorn by the Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, Ky.

This is a single-minded whiskey.

Old Grand-Dad

Head of the Bourbon Family

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

(Continued from page 30)

splurge on medals that entitle the recipient to be called "Hero." A Russian soldier can win the Order of Glory in several ways: personally account for the death of 10 to 50 enemy soldiers; save the life of his commander in battle at risk of his own; disable two enemy tanks with antitank weapons or one to three tanks with hand grenades. There are "Mother Heroines" too—first class if they raised 10 children, second class for eight or nine, third class for seven.

Handing out medals is tricky business, as Charles de Gaulle discovered during a goodwill tour of Ecuador when he made four members of the ruling military Junta Grand Officers of the Legion of Honor. The boys were tickled pink until they found out that de Gaulle had pinned a more effulgent medal, the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, on heads of other nations. The generals flipped their lids over the insult, returned the medals and told de Gaulle where he could put them, and outraged supporters hurled a window-busting bomb at the French Embassy in Quito in January, 1965. To a suggestion that France should have given one Grand Cross to the junta as a whole, the Paris newspaper *El Figaro* had an answer. "How," it asked, "do you get one ribbon of the Grand Cross around four men without making them look like a bunch of radishes?"

MUST HUSBANDS SUFFER?

Untold suffering is in store for the husband who doesn't know how to deal with a pregnant wife. Obstetrician George Schaefer of Columbia University Medical College has some great advice, distilled from years of experience as a deliveryman, on how to treat her considerately but firmly. "A few women," he says, "feel they are doing society in general and their husbands in particular a great favor by bearing children, and make unreasonable demands." Forget 'em. A husband must not let his wife force him to do things he would not ordinarily do. It's all right to pamper her a little, "but getting up at all hours of the night to bring a pregnant wife special snacks is not advisable. If a man was in the habit of spending one night a week with the boys before his wife's pregnancy, he should continue to do so." Some women are so proud of pregnancy that they lord it over their wombless husbands. For men who are foolishly depressed by their gestational inferiority, Doctor Schaefer has a story to put steel into their backbones and restore masculine pride. He tells them about sea horses. The female sea horse deposits eggs in the male's abdominal pouch, where they are fertilized as they enter, and from then on Mr. Sea Horse is in full charge of pregnancy, labor and delivery. And we bet he doesn't make unreasonable demands on the little woman.

CANINE SENTRIES

Got a German Shepherd dog you'd like to sell for $150 or donate for defense of your country? The Department of Defense hopes to recruit, or enlist, at least 2,000 dogs for sentry duty in Viet Nam. You can't beat trained German Shepherds for smelling out guerrillas and tearing them limb from limb. Abilities of the dogs, attested to by the American Veterinary Medical Association, are enough to scare the pants off a Viet Cong saboteur or anybody else. The average animal has a bite of 700 pounds per square inch and if sufficiently annoyed can rip off a man's arm. The dogs smell up to 10 million times better than men—detect a scent, that is—and hear at least 20 times better. A German Shepherd has an IQ comparable to that of a 7-year-old child and can learn about 100 commands. We know some kids who haven't learned a command yet. For military duty, German Shepherds must be 1 to 5 years old and weigh 55 pounds or more. If you're interested, contact the Sentry Dog Procurement and Training Center, Lackland Air Force Base, Texas.

COURSE IN INVENTION

It takes genius to be an inventor? Well, out at Purdue University Prof. Joe Liston deliberately cranks up the inventive process in ordinary engineering students. He thinks that inventiveness can be taught as well as anything to many men. And this unique course in "Creative Engineering Synthesis" seems to prove it. This year one-third of his students have invented devices which justify a patent search. Some of them you might have invented yourself if you had the idea and developed it: A boat propeller that works like a fishtail. An automatic feed for soldering guns. A variable intensity brake light that shows the driver behind how urgently you're jamming the pedal. A pressure sensitive coating for obstetrical forceps to warn the doctor that the instrument is pressing too hard on a baby's head. A miles-per-gallon indicator for vehicles. A device to improve cold weather starting. A new racing car suspension. A carbon monoxide warning device. And a lot of others. Joe Liston is no slouch of an inventor himself. So far he has made 59 invention disclosures of his own. So his techniques of teaching inventiveness should stimulate any man who yearns to create a million-dollar mouse trap. First, the student picks a project. It may take a month to discover a need, find out what's been invented before, and dream up an improvement. Students work anywhere they please, consult anybody, report twice a month on what they've been doing and plan to do next. Liston listens, encourages, but insists that the budding inventor do the thinking and planning. Motivation is vital. The most powerful motivation is money, a whiff of the green stuff, the prospect that an invention will tap a good market. Men who can't attend Liston's classes but are curious about step-by-step procedures of profitable inventing will find them spelled out in his book *Creative Product Evolvement*, co-author Paul E. Stanley, put out by Balt Publishers, West Lafayette, Indiana.

DEPT. OF ODD INFORMATION

The West African nation of Sierra Leone has found a new way to make money. They sell ads on the back of postage stamps. It's the advertiser who gets licked.

Three gorillas in the Albuquerque, New Mexico, Zoo pay for their own keep. They do water color paintings which sell for as much as $1,000.

Pretty soon women will have to wear wigs made from artificial fibers or go without. The government has banned the import of wigs created from human hair and manufactured in China. It's Red hair.

—THE EDITORS

Want a fishing engine that's little, light, lively and loaded with big motor features? Answer: the new Sea-Horse 6

The new Sea-Horse 6 demonstrates beautifully just how much you can put into a 51-pound powerpack. Literally, every big-motor feature that makes sense on an engine of this size is standard equipment on this super deluxe, super light, new 6. Full gear shift and twist-grip throttle. Fixed high-speed carburetor jets factory-set for peak efficiency. A high-capacity fuel pump with an integral filter. Full range silencing. Thermostatic cooling to lengthen engine life. You name it, the new Sea-Horse 6 has it.

3 still more compact Compacts. There are three Sea-Horse engines smaller than the new 6. The strong, new 5. Two new 3's (one High-Thrust model, one that's a tiger in heavy weeds). All are economy motors—as simple and light and low-priced as an engine can be and still be all Sea-Horse. Like all 16 new Johnson motors, these sip sparingly of regular grade fuels. Each thrives on a 50 to 1 gas-oil diet to cut oil costs in half. For the right engine to fit your boating needs, see your Johnson dealer. Check your Yellow Pages. Check your will power at the door. P.S. Johnson also makes a full line of Johnson Boats and the new Johnson Skee-Horse snowmobiles.

From 3 to 100hp, every '66 Johnson features:

- Famous 2-year warranty*
- Full corrosion protection
- 50 to 1 gas-oil mix

*For 24 months after purchase, Johnson Motors will replace, without cost to the original purchaser, any part of its manufacture which upon inspection proves to have failed in normal use due to faulty material or workmanship.

Johnson Motors, 2147 Pershing Road, Waukegan Ill. Division Outboard Marine Corporation

first in dependability

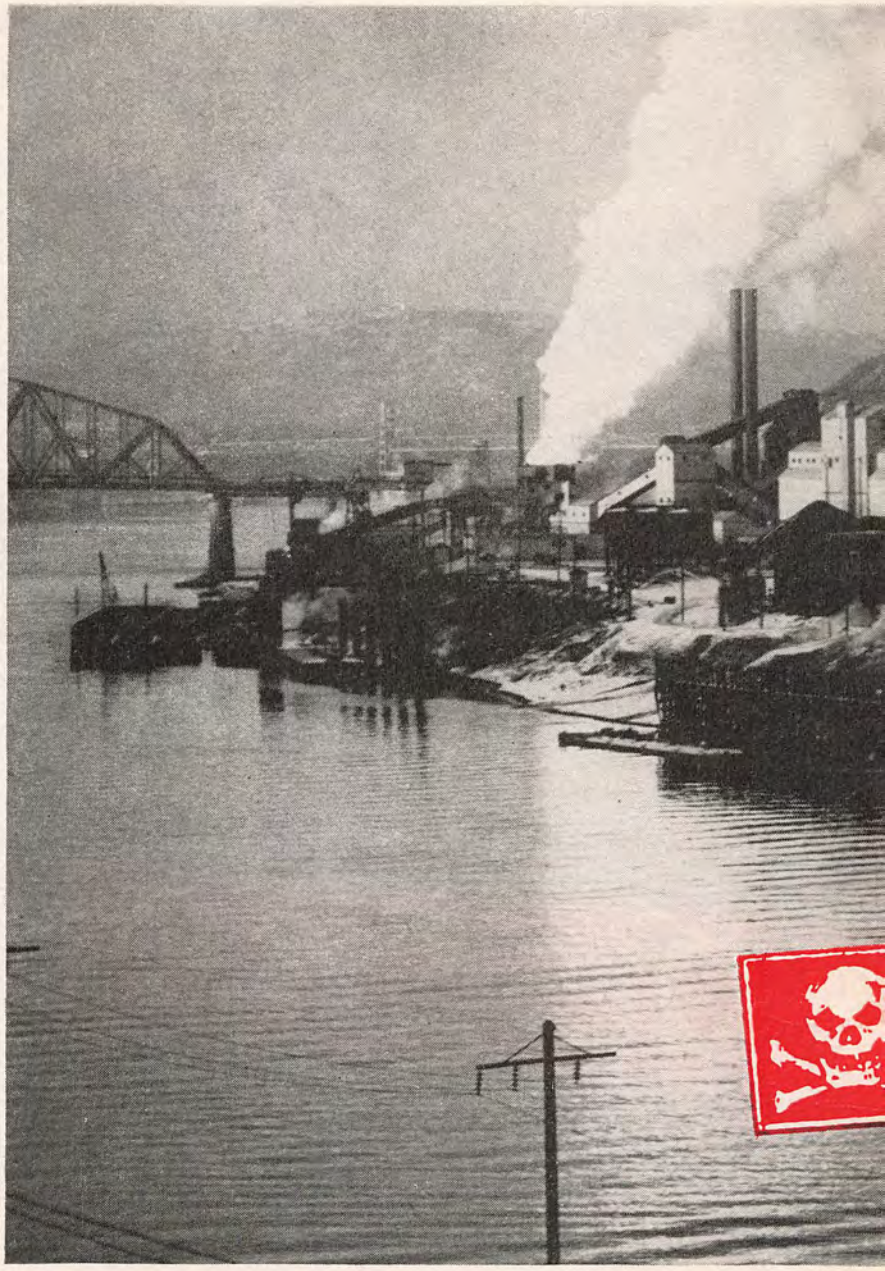
Johnson

Product of The American Tobacco Company © A. T. Co.

America's #1 pipe tobacco cigarette

Get a pocketful of great taste and rich aroma. Pipe tobacco in a filter cigarette.

(You'll like 'em fine... and that's putting it mildly!)



A SICK RIVER IS RETURNED TO NATURE

Like many another major river in this country, the North Platte was seriously polluted. Then the State of Wyoming and a man named Art Williamson showed the rest of the U. S. what could be done to put a stop to a disgrace

BY ROBERT GANNON

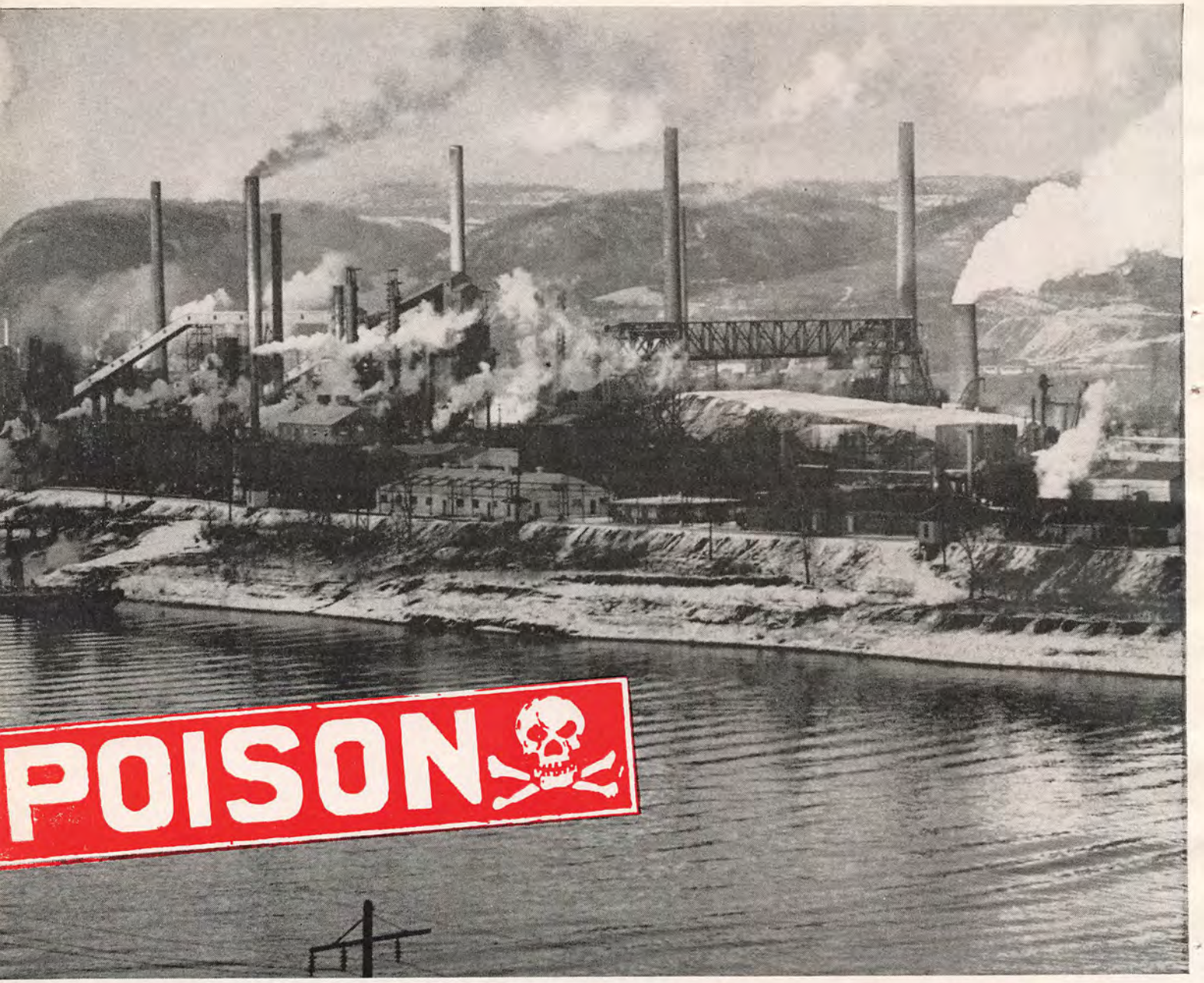
CASPER, WYOMING

■ In a broad path winding through the center of Cleveland, Ohio, the Cuyahoga River flows north to Lake Erie. It's a torpid swath of gray sludge pockmarked by pools of iridescence and contains slowly churning masses of oily goo.

New York State's beautiful Hudson River is a fetid dumping ground for 217 major sources of waste. The filth has decimated the fish population and wiped out all the shellfish.

Atlanta's once dogwood-lined Chattahoochee River is now bordered by surrealistic saplings anchored in filth-strewn mud reeking of decay. The river is the main source of water for Atlanta yet, at the city's intake, the once crystalline water now is the color of coffee with cream.

Across the land rivers once sweet and unsullied now are so polluted they're good for little more than carrying away the human and industrial wastes that made them that way. "Except



Like most of our major rivers, the Ohio is heavily polluted. Near Steubenville, factories contribute significantly to the problem.

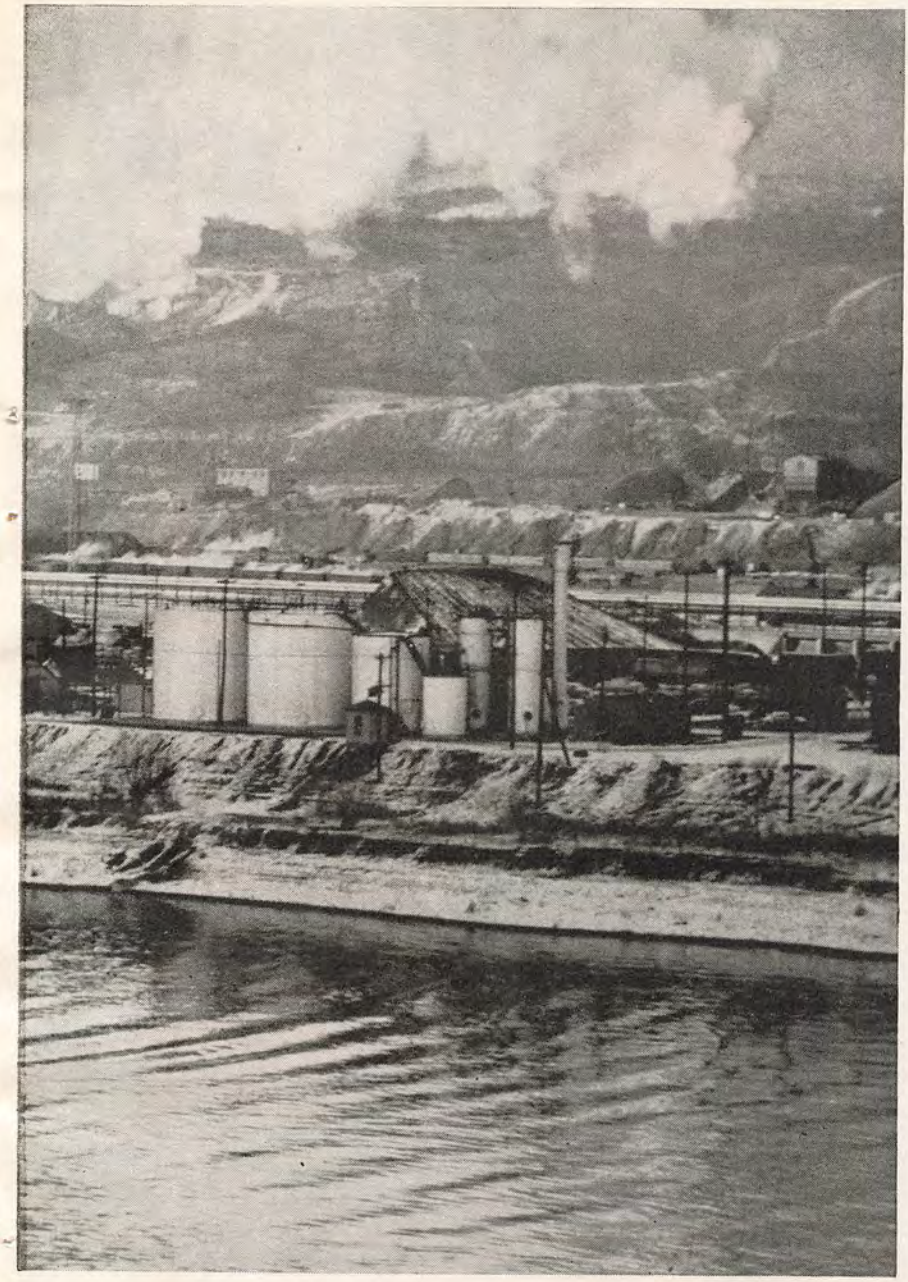
for headwaters," says one Public Health Service waterway expert, "virtually all of the nation's major rivers are seriously polluted."

The poisoning of our rivers has not escaped the attention of the architects of the Great Society. In his recent State of the Union Message to Congress, President Johnson called it "wasteful and degrading" and urged a cooperative effort to make our rivers "a source of pleasure and beauty for all of our people."

Pessimists and penny pinchers cry that this is impossible. The pollution process has gone so far, they say, that it can no longer be reversed. Filthy water is an unfortunate but necessary consequence of advancing industrial civilization. We'll just have to learn to live with it.

A gloomy forecast. But it may be wrong. There are cases, not many, to be sure, where sick rivers have been cured. Take, for example, the North Platte River, largest in Wyoming and a prime feeder of the Missouri and the Mississippi. The North Platte rises from springs and melting snow, clear and clean, high in the mountains of northern Colorado. Then it splashes northward into Wyoming. In a great arc, like a leftward-leaning question mark, it turns southeast to churn through the broad Wyoming grasslands toward Nebraska.

Today for virtually all of its 600 miles (before it crosses into Nebraska), the river swarms with fish: perch, channel cat, sunfish, pike and German brown trout. Boy scouts canoe on it and, despite its iciness, swim in it. Tourists camp by its side and water ski behind the big dams. Some towns along its bank tap



"I recommend that Congress attack the wasteful and degrading poisoning of our rivers...."

LBJ'S STATE OF THE UNION MESSAGE

it in dry spells. The water is pure. But it wasn't ever so. In 1948, a report of the U.S. Public Health Service about the 150-mile section from Casper to the state line said: "This stretch of the North Platte River is so grossly polluted that it is doubtful if recovery can ever be obtained."

Larry Peterson, District Fisheries Manager of the Wyoming Game and Fish Commission, thinks back and says, "What I remember most about the river in those days was the smell. In the spring of the year when the water was released from the dams for irrigation, it picked up the human sewage and refinery wastes that had accumulated over the winter and carried them downstream. That slug of stuff eliminated not only all the fish along the way, but the bottom food as well. You could smell it for three, four miles away. Just drive along the highway and when you hit that odor you'd know you were close to the river."

Today a fisherman can plop himself down on a five-gallon oil can, flick his line over a broken slat in the wooden Mystery Bridge three miles south of Casper and, a couple hours later, have a string of 18-inch cutthroats. In Wyoming, the river has come back to life.

The North Platte, in fact, is the *only* large river in the U.S. ever to be cleaned up after having been polluted in a variety of ways. The very few other rivers that have been de-polluted suffered from only one or two major problems. Pennsylvania's Schuylkill River, for example, polluted by coal dust, cleared up when the mines were sealed; Louisiana's Ouachita River, salty from oil drilling, freshened when the state clamped down on offenders; [*Continued on page* 82]

KILROY WAS HERE!
Madem oiselle from Armen tieres
Get with it, men. This is 1966 and we're fighting "CHARLIE," chasing lovely "CO-DEPS," drinking "BAMOUIBA" and, above all, being "SORRY ABOUT THAT."
Velde

"SORRY ABOUT THAT"

This is the best-known phrase in a new GI lingo that's more sophisticated—and cynical—than the old soldier talk of World Wars I and II

BY MALCOLM W. BROWNE

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT VELDE

■ *"There'll be an O1F over you in two zero. Give him some smoke when you have him in sight so he'll see you as friendlies. The fac will be calling veenaf tacair on Charlie about one click south of you. This could be a little hairy. How's your ammo and charlies?"*

The U.S. serviceman has always come up with a special jargon of his own, and the campaign in Viet Nam is no exception. As in the past it's a clever, inventive, descriptive lingo. But so many new words and phrases have been added that veterans of World War II, the father's of today's GI's, would be baffled by the language used—and their doughboy grandfathers of World War I would be completely confused.

Nowadays in Viet Nam the above paragraph in italics, translates to mean:

"There'll be a light, single-engine spotter plane over you in 20 minutes. Throw out a smoke signal grenade when you see him so he can identify you. The forward air controller (fac) will be directing Vietnamese Air Force (VNAF, pronounced 'veenaf') tactical air power (tacair) fighter-bombers on the Viet Cong ('Charlie' in this case means the enemy who can also be 'Victor Charlie') about one kilometer south of you. This could be a bit dangerous. How are your ammunition and food ('charlies' now denoting C-rations) holding up?"

To further illustrate the complexities of today's jargon, the radio conversation between headquarters and outpost might continue as follows:

"We still have our *basic loads* the (ammunition we started with) and sufficient charlies for tonight, but we're running out of *music* (water). Can you get some in by *huey* (helicopter) pretty soon?"

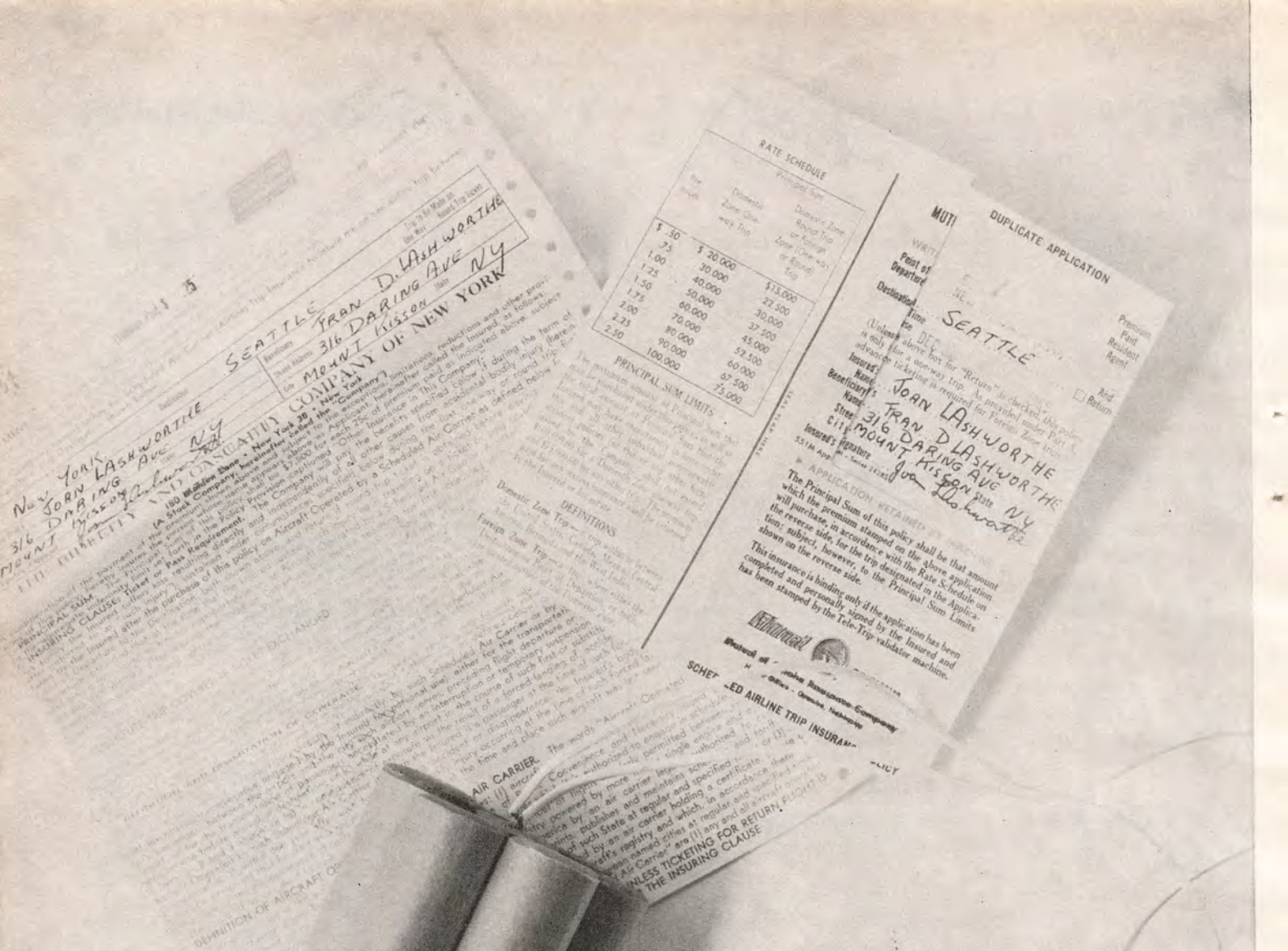
"Roger. Do you require *dustoff* (a helicopter ambulance)?"

"Negative, but the *pucker factor* (degree of fear) *would be lower* (we'd breathe easier) if he could *orbit* (fly around our area) for awhile. *Incoming small arms from a whisky romeo 247389 is picking up* (small arms fire is increasing from the direction marked on the map by the coordinates WR247389), and Charlie might be planning to knock off our *OP* (outpost). Is dustoff airborne?"

"*That's affirm* (yes, it is), and *wilco on the orbit* (will comply with your request to stay in the air). *Out* (end of transmission)."

All this, of course, is just part of the GI talk as it has evolved up to and including Viet Nam. Few of the richly colorful phrases of World War II have survived. The weapon that used to be called a bazooka is now merely a rocket launcher. Gone also are the days when second lieutenants were "shavetails" or "ninety-day wonders." You may be told to "shove it," but no longer to "blow it out your barracks bag." For breakfast, mess halls still serve "unmentionable on shingles," and GI's down on their luck are still advised to have the chaplain punch their "TS cards." But the big changes have been from words to numbers and abbreviations, the increased use of deliberately involved language, and the introduction of Vietnamese words, often mispronounced.

Since the Korean War a vast new family of weapons has been poured into the American arsenal, and all of them have tricky letter-number combinations. There are, for instance, the M-1 and M-2 carbines, the AR-15 and M-16 automatic rifles, the M-39 and M-60 machine guns, and the [*Continued on page* 96]



■ Last December, Capt. James Foy, president of the powerful International Federation of Air Line Pilots, served notice that a vital safety issue which for years has troubled pilots and passengers alike—only to be discussed privately in the most hush-hush terms—was at last to be brought out into the open. The issue is air sabotage: the fear born of past tragedies, that a sinister crackpot can plant a bomb in a plane and blow everyone to bits high in the skies. "We are living in an enlightened era yet experiencing the greatest mass murders since the Middle Ages and our regulating agencies are doing almost nothing about it except fool around with bomb-detecting gimmicks that so far have proven to be useless," says Captain Foy. "Our pilots have been awaiting some firm action from our governments and nothing has been done. Now it's our turn. Air travel insurance bought in terminals is a one-way ticket to sabotage and oblivion. We no longer intend to [*Continued on page* 42]

are we insuring murder on the airlines?

BY FRED McCLEMENT

Pilots think one aspect of the bomb menace has been hushed up too long. Quickie airport insurance makes mass murder seem easy and profitable they say—and if something isn't done about it, the men who fly the big planes may just walk out in a worldwide strike

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY BEN SOMOROFF

risk our lives nor the lives of our passengers for some wild-eyed nut who can buy huge amounts of insurance from a machine or from a good-looking doll at an airport counter and then destroy himself and everyone else on the aircraft."

Specifically, if Captain Foy has his way, the airlines' pilots federation will vote for a worldwide strike to take effect in April this year unless world governments support their demand for action. Inasmuch as the federation consists of 26,000 members from 49 countries (17,000 members in the U.S. alone) the effectiveness of a strike would be total. Foy says overwhelming support for such a strike already exists among the pilots.

Charles Ruby, president of the U.S. Air Line Pilots Association, adds his endorsement of Foy's position. "The airline pilot's responsibility is to remove every possible exposure which could induce or contribute to the desire on the part of any individual to sabotage any aircraft. The insurance companies, the Congress and all those associated with the carrier industry have a very direct responsibility to see that easily accessible trip insurance is withdrawn from public purchase. Pilots do not propose the elimination of insurance as such, but must insist that scrutiny and surveillance of prospective purchasers is a necessary adjunct prior to the sale of such insurance in order to adequately protect the public."

The ALPA has been battling for years in the halls of the Congress and the Senate to get legislation on the books that will stop air terminal insurance sales, without success. A bill to amend the Federal Aviation Act of 1958 was introduced in the Senate on August 17, 1965, to nullify and make unenforceable any insurance purchased for any specified trip, one way or return. It was read twice and then referred to the Committee on Commerce where it is dying of old age. Sen. Mike Monroney of Oklahoma, a member of the committee has this to say: "In general, I believe we should permit the sale of air trip insurance in airports although I would be agreeable to the elimination of sales through vending machines."

The Federal Aviation Agency and the Civil Aeronautics Board are not opposed to the sale of insurance at airport terminals. These agencies point out that insurance has not always been the motivating force for sabotage.

Air terminal operators and U.S. airline managements generally do not side with the pilots either.

Naturally, insurance companies believe travelers have a right to insure themselves. They believe travelers feel more assured when covered by an accident policy. They point out that many families would have been destitute after an air disaster had it not been for flight insurance. They argue that most air travelers like the idea of trip insurance, that many executives of leading firms are automatically covered by their companies.

Canadian Pacific Airlines has had two planes go down from insurance bombing. On July 8, 1965, a bomb in a rear lavatory blew up a DC-6B over the Canadian Rockies, plunging 52 persons to their deaths. Gamblers are a suspect group when air sabotage occurs and one of the victims, it was noted at the inquest, was a 42-year-old gambler who bought two airport flight insurance policies totalling $125,000, leaving them to his wife and seven-year-old daughter.

On September 9, 1949, another Canadian Pacific Airlines DC-3 blew up a few minutes out of Quebec City. Nineteen passengers and four crewmen died as a result of a carefully planned murder plot. Quebec jewelry salesman Albert Guay wanted to get rid of his wife Rita so he could legitimate his mistress. He persuaded his wife to take a business trip for him. Then he took out $30,000 insurance on her life, of which $10,000 was purchased at a Quebec airport machine for 50 cents. Then he had a bomb created and placed on the plane. Guay went to the gallows for his act. So did the woman who delivered the bomb to the airport and so did the jeweler who made the device.

How does C.P.A. feel about airport insurance after these two appalling disasters and the loss of 75 innocent passengers and crew members? "The present method of unrestricted counter sales of insurance at airports tends to encourage compulsive and unbalanced acts such as have been proved responsible for a number of disasters," says J. P. Gilmer, president of the airline. "I believe that air travel insurance should be readily available to the public. Perhaps the risks involved could be minimized by putting in a cooling-off period to eliminate the last minute or impulsive purchase."

Since 1933, there have been nine fatal airline bombings in the U.S. and Canada killing 292 passengers and crew. There has also been one case where a bomb exploded in the aircraft just before its intended takeoff. There has been at least one instance of a private plane being sabotaged and there are many more unexplained disasters in both commercial and private planes that have occurred over the ocean for which no probable cause could be found—disasters that have happened so suddenly that pilots have been unable to shout a clue.

The first recorded case of sabotage was on October 10, 1933, near the city of McCool, Indiana. A twin-engine transport en route from Chicago to New York blew up, killing seven persons. This was in the days before federal investigation, but the smell of explosives in the torn wreckage and the report of witnesses together with pathological probing tagged the culprit as a bomb. Next came the C.P.A. disaster at Quebec with 23 killed in 1949. On April 17, 1950, a bomb [*Continued on page* 78]

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY MARVIN LICHTNER

IRELAND'S PROUD PUBS ♣♣♣♣♣♣♣♣♣♣ FORTRESSES OF MANHOOD

By honored tradition few women enter these dark, pungent sanctuaries where blunt Anglo-Saxon talk and good Irish booze blend to create a mellow fellowship

BY BOB ABEL

DUBLIN, IRELAND

■ In the grand city of Dublin there is a 2,000-year-old manuscript in Gaelic —the ancient language of the Irish—that enumerates certain highly deplorable deficiencies of womankind. Among the first, if not the foremost, character chink listed is that "they are mournful when drinking." By the dictates of Irish logic, therefore, a man's place *is* in the pub, and a woman's, as that other old saying has always maintained, *is* in the home. So if you ever go across the sea to Ireland (which is a smashing good idea) and you're intent on some serious pub-crawling (another good idea), best think about sending your lady to the theater or someplace where she's entirely welcome.

Oh, I'm *sure* she's a darlin' girl and all that, but the Irish pub is essentially

still a stronghold and refuge for men-type people. If your bride insists on coming along, as she probably will, she may have to stay in the snugs, those aptly-named alcoves formerly used for strictly private drinking, or you'll be expected to sit with her in the lounge, if the pub has one. Apart from some of the much-traveled pubs in the larger cities, the men's bar is just that—and she'll be an intruder.

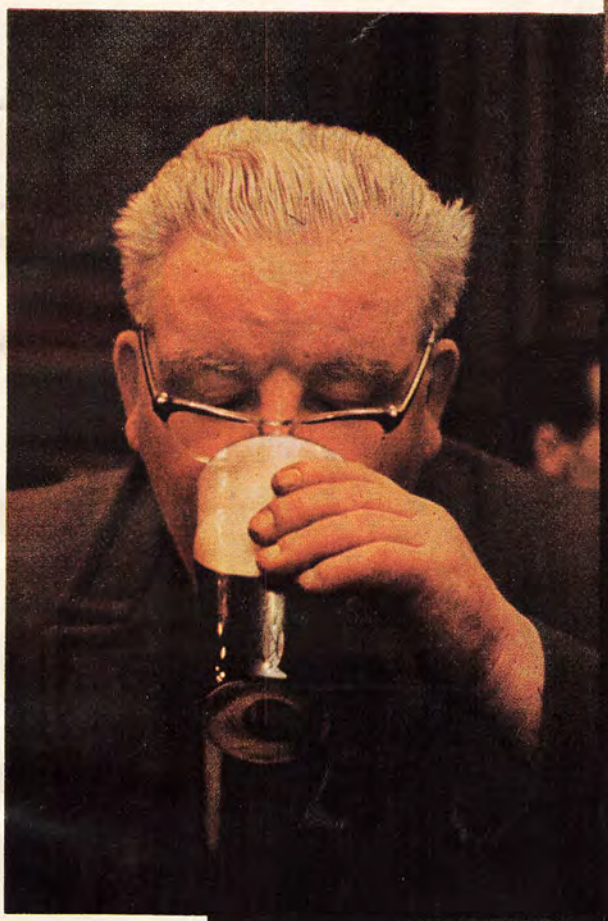
Even in Dublin, it's only in the more famous pubs that you'll find women in the public bar, as opposed to the lounge. At Neary's, a watering hole for theater folk dating from the Victorian era, you will find lots of ladies, but this is about as close as you can come in all of Ireland to drinking in the style of London pubs—where the ladies have long been welcome. Walk along the River Liffey, which divides the city, and you'll seldom see a female face in the large, rowdy pubs—some of them former haunts of Brendan Behan—that border the river front on both sides. Visit nearby Mulligan's, mentioned prominently in James Joyce's *Ulysses,* and you'll find it exactly as it has always been—looking old, and somewhat grim and populated by working men hoisting pints of dark stout. Not far away but in the opposite direction, Dolan's on Marlborough Street, which used to be a sailors' bar, has been tidied up somewhat and is a respectable enough place to drink. The sign, "For Men Only," is no longer there, and there's a lounge upstairs—but the gals you'll find there aren't exactly the housewife type. *Some* traditions die harder than others.

Wherever else you may go in the Shamrock Isle the story is the same with only minor gradations, dependent on the language and hospitality of the host. "We *prefer* women to remain in the snugs, but we don't stop them," says the genial proprietor of Doolan's, a classic old pub in Waterford. The accent here is on "*prefer;*" custom and hard-nosed tradition make a strong unwritten law of such "preferences."

During a long day-and-night's pub crawl through Limerick, Ireland's third largest city at 50,000, a research-minded American couple started at a popular pub named South's. No sooner did they enter than an old man marched them, via a no-nonsense motion of his arm, into a large rear room. It was quite pleasant in back—all pine panels and a large skylight in the ceiling—but no one

At Mulligan's, celebrated in James Joyce's Ulysses, *the brews are drawn from giant taps.*

In 14,000 pubs men lift a glass in Irish splendor



deigned to be aware of their existence apart from the publican himself, who served them two rounds of Guinness with polite compliance. Later, at a very gracious pub called Michael Collins', the publican taught them the proper imbibing of Irish whisky (no ice, just cool water). But it was obvious he was merely extending trans-Atlantic courtesy, since most other couples proceeded directly into the room marked "Lounge." At nearby Cronin's, they encountered curiosity and coolness. They could sense the whole of the pub wondering, Sure and who *is* this brazen creature (a scarlet woman, no doubt) in our midst? All of which left the female half of the courageous team feeling a little foolish—even rude, perhaps—at having gone where Irish angels fear to tread.

"It's only in the last four or five years that women are accepted in the public bar at all," I was told by an acquaintance in Cork. He was speaking of pubs in general, and certainly not of Kealy's, the pub we were in. Kealy's is a large plain place with sawdust on the floor (sawdust is hard to procure these days, but fortunately the boys are not as much given to [*Continued on page* 103]

If an Irishman ever stops talking, he starts singing

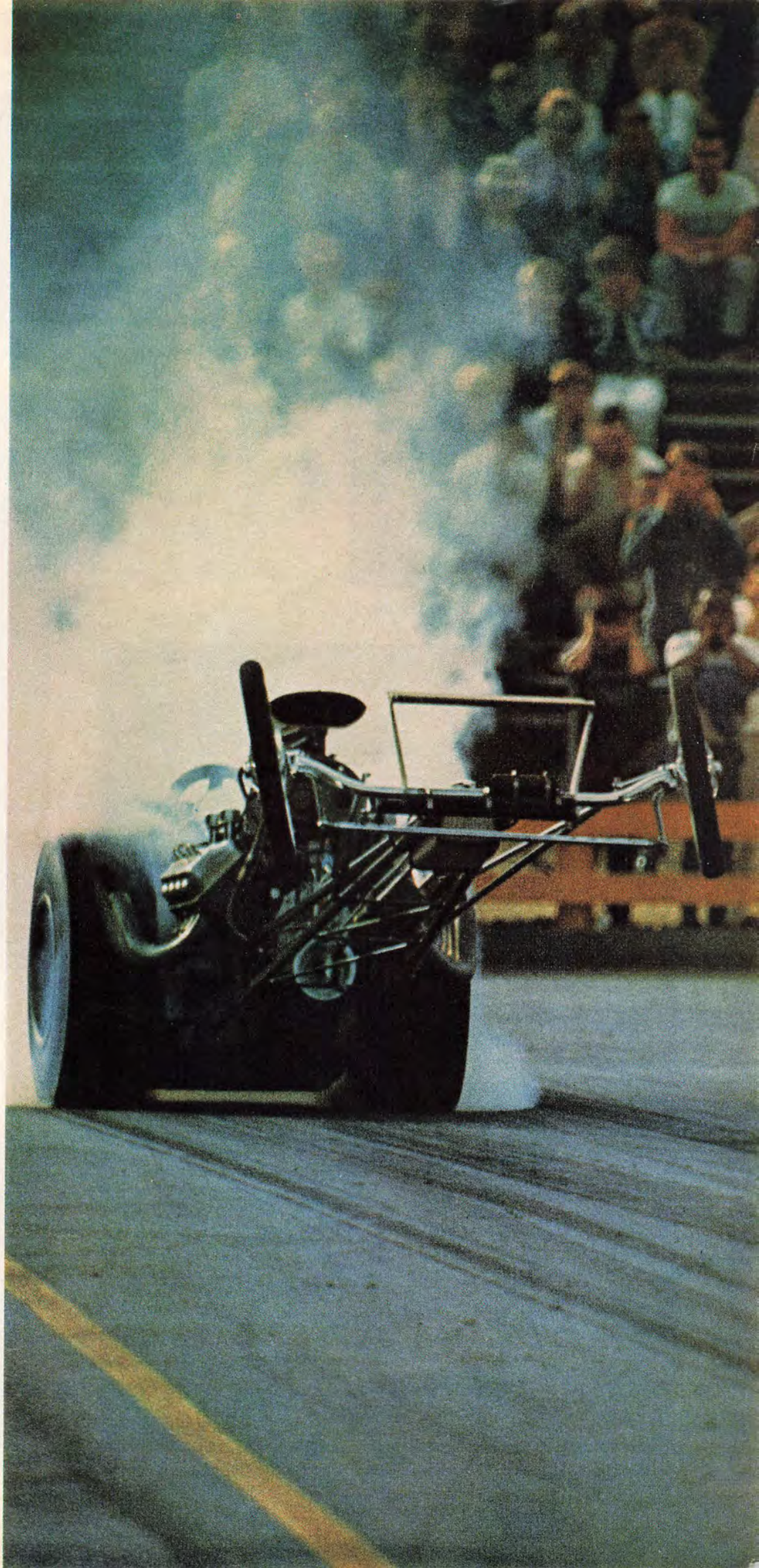
The Long Hall in Dublin has rare Victorian decor. Some plainer pubs double as grocery stores and even funeral parlors.

Drag racing's masked marvels blast from zero to over 200 mph in a quarter mile. It is

THE WILDEST EIGHT SECONDS IN SPORT

Like knights in a fiery tournament, drivers wear the armor of their trade: helmets, goggles, flameproof masks.

Obscene with power, a slingshot paws the air in a show-off maneuver called a wheelstand.



BY LEO LEVINE

■ The early March winds blowing down the San Joaquin Valley came from the Sierra Nevadas to the east and from the El Diablo range on the other side and on this day they brought rain, so everyone waited.

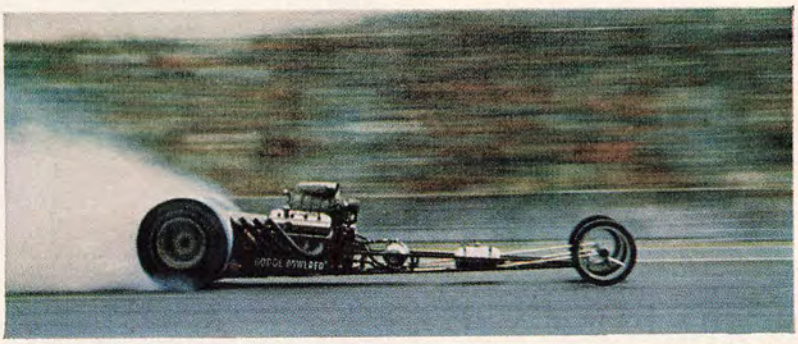
The promoter waited, the men from Detroit waited, the girls with their teased hairdos and bare midriffs waited, and the drivers and their crews tinkered with the machinery. One man of less than medium height, wiry, with black hair and black eyes, waited with extraordinary patience. His name was Don Garlits. He had been waiting six years for this day—for a chance to win the world series of American drag racing.

This place was Bakersfield, California, in 1965. For 51 weeks of the year it is merely the seat of government for California's Kern County and a place where they plant crops. But this week Bakersfield was the hub of the drag racing world, a place where competitors from all over the U.S. lay down great black streaks of rubber on the asphalt of the Famosa airport strip as they try to drive a quarter mile quicker than anyone else in the world of wheels.

A drag strip (there are 450 of them all across the U.S. now) is a concrete or asphalt roadway wide enough for two cars to run side by side at speeds up to 215

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY IRV DOLIN

Don Garlits is the Big Daddy of the sport.



Garlits is enveloped in smoke from tortured tires as his car accelerates.

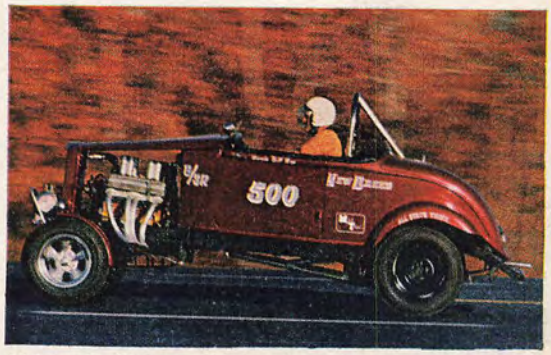
Not all dragsters are rails nor all fans male.

In the tense moments before blast-off, driver has this view of the track.

It looks absurd, but it probably goes like stink.

A SPORT OF CARNIVALS AND COURAGE

Cockpits are often Spartan.



Old body hides a V8 bomb and unguessed speed.

mph. In addition to the measured quarter mile, there is another stretch of track for slowing down. The biggest, fastest cars use drag parachutes to help in deceleration.

Once a year the strip at Bakersfield becomes The Place—the meeting ground for the nation's top touring professionals. They come in tow trucks with their race car on a trailer behind. It may be a stock car, a sports car, a highly modified production car —or a true dragster, custom built for nothing but this sport. Whatever they are carrying, the trailers roll in from everywhere —from the wintry northeast, from New York and Pennsylvania and Ohio; up from Texas, down from Seattle and over the low mountain ranges from Los Angeles, 100 miles away. The distance doesn't matter, because whoever is first across the finish line on Bakersfield's final run will win $5,000—and can command an extra $500 an appearance for the rest of the year. The total cash purse here is $30,000 and there's as much again in accessory prizes.

Garlits has made the trip from Tampa. He is looking for the money but he is seeking more than that. In the last 15 years he has won every major title drag racing has to offer except this one. He is Big Daddy—the best, the [*Continued on page* 88]

So who cares how the air gets in anyway?

The shattering roar makes hands meet.

Curled into his mechanical womb, a slingshot pilot must aim 1,500 hp. like a missile.

MANHUNT IN MARSEILLES

BY GEOFFREY BOCCA

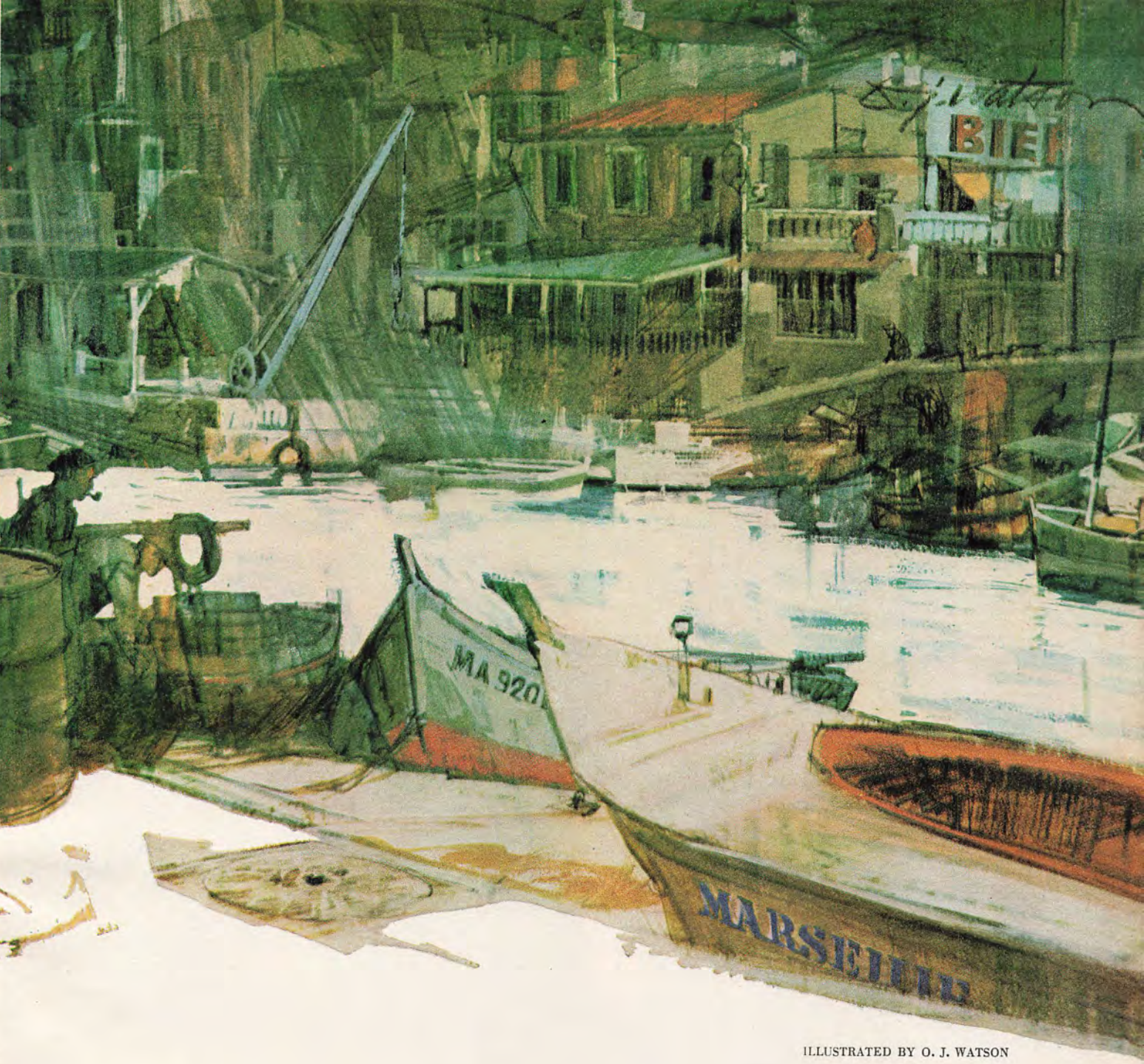
The police knew who the narcotics king was. The problem—how to trap him

■ The Marseilles night express to Paris leaves Gare Saint Charles at 10:30 p.m. On October 3, 1963, a small, elderly man in a first-class compartment passed the night in uncertain sleep, snoring, then awaking fitfully to stare at the pair of heavy suitcases in the rack above him. The two other men in the compartment did not sleep at all, and they, too, found the suitcases of absorbing interest. As the train was sliding into Gare Saint Lazare in Paris, at 7 the following morning, they addressed their fellow traveler:

"Are you Mathieu Franceschi?" they asked.

The old man began to tremble, and his face twitched.

"We are from the *Police Judiciaire*, Marseilles,"



ILLUSTRATED BY O. J. WATSON

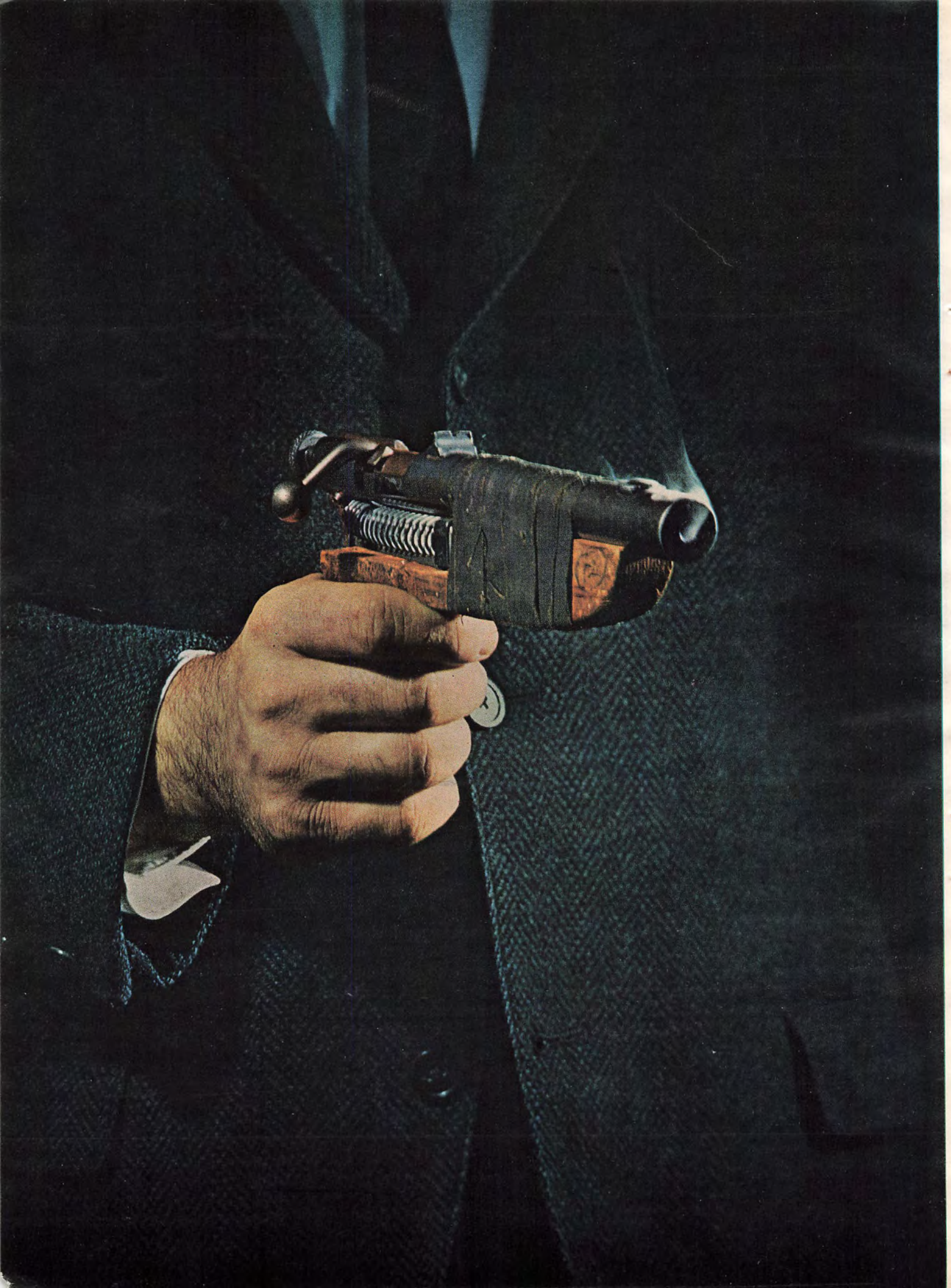
said one. "Come with us." They obligingly lifted the suitcases down, and brought them, with their owner, to police headquarters on the Quai des Orfèvres. There, inside the bags, they found 66 pounds of pure heroin.

It was the haul of the year. Just how huge it was can be appreciated by this fact: in all of 1963, United States Customs seized only 91 pounds of heroin. In Marseilles, at word of the arrest, Chief Inspector Louis Lavalette nodded his head in a sense of accomplishment, and hoped his men had discovered, not only the heroin, but a source of important information.

But Franceschi, when questioned, said he did not know who gave him the drug. He did not know its destination in Paris. He knew only that the cases were to have been taken from him by a stranger, and that he would be paid.

It was always the same story. The messengers and the pushers were never aware of the identity of the big shots, the caids—chiefs—of the French underworld. It is almost an axiom of European police forces that in the narcotics racket only the small-time operators are ever caught.

Inspector Lavalette, with the reports on Franceschi in front of him, leaned back in his swivel chair and thought. He knew that the capture of such a great amount of heroin must have rocked the underworld badly. The question was, how to take the maximum advantage of [*Continued on page* 97]



BY JOHN S. TOMPKINS

Whenever there has been an urgent need—legal or not—men have contrived firearms from crude material, often with devastating results

GUNS OF DESPERATION

■ A few months ago, three prisoners in Pittsburgh's Western State Penitentiary tried to blast their way to freedom armed with homemade pistols and a bomb. The convicts had spent weeks carefully manufacturing the pistols from pieces of pipe mounted in wooden handles. Having no ammunition, they borrowed an idea from teenage home-rocket builders: the pistols were loaded with crushed match heads. Fired with a crude percussion cap made from another match head, these prison-made guns were capable of doing considerable damage at close range. They could fire metal scraps and gravel. Not pretty, but effective.

Armed with their pistols and a pipe fitting filled with match heads as a crude bomb, the three convicts managed to seize two guards as hostages. They holed up on the second floor of the prison hospital and threatened to kill the two guards unless the warden agreed to their demands. But Warden James Maroney is a tough man. "They wanted to make a deal," he said later. "I refuse to make deals at any time. Therefore I didn't listen, and I don't know what the deal was about."

In desperation, the trio fired their homemade pistols at the tower guards on the prison wall. The fire was returned and, under cover of a tear-gas barrage, guards rushed the hospital and captured the convicts. In the fight a prisoner named Richard Mayberry was injured when the match-head bomb he was holding exploded prematurely.

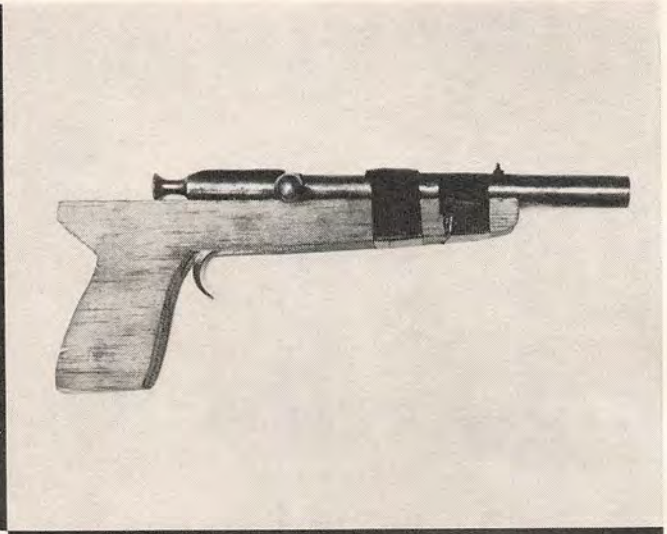
An offbeat case, you might think. Not at all. Whenever there has been an urgent need for guns —legal or otherwise—desperate men from spies to soldiers to street fighters to prisoners of all kinds have obtained them. Or made them.

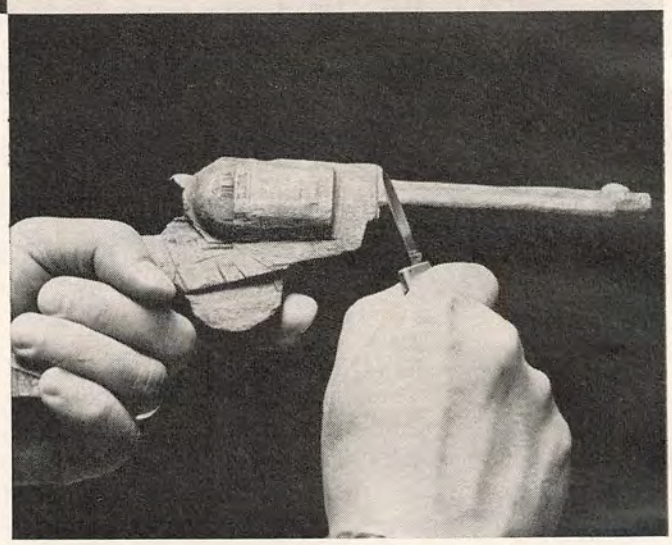
And laws intended to eliminate such activities have proved worthless.

Right now our own soldiers are facing desperate Viet Cong guerrillas who are sometimes armed with crude, homemade weapons. A favorite is a single-shot copy of the French 7.5mm. M-1936 MAS rifle. The barrel is made out of pipe. The simple bolt is hand hammered out of iron and filed down to fit. The stock is hand carved. Put together, it is a workable weapon that looks very much like a French army rifle from a few feet away. Actually, the workmanship lavished on some of these guerrilla rifles indicates that they were meant for prolonged use and not simply to kill an enemy soldier for his weapon.

With the stepping up of the war in Viet Nam, more modern factory-made weapons have appeared. The guerrilla-mades are apt to be special-purpose gadgets, like the tripod-mounted "rifles" designed to fire captured U.S. .50 caliber cartridges. Much has been said about the Viet Cong being mainly supplied with captured American guns. But the origin of guns from this country that find their way into guerrilla hands is often

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY SID LATHAM





Above, New York zip gun made from cap pistol with piece of auto aerial for barrel. Above right, a single-shot .22 rifle has been converted into crude pistol. Right, this partly whittled wood gun was found in a shakedown of prison cells in an eastern penitentiary recently.

Guns of desperation are often crude; some are for pure bluff

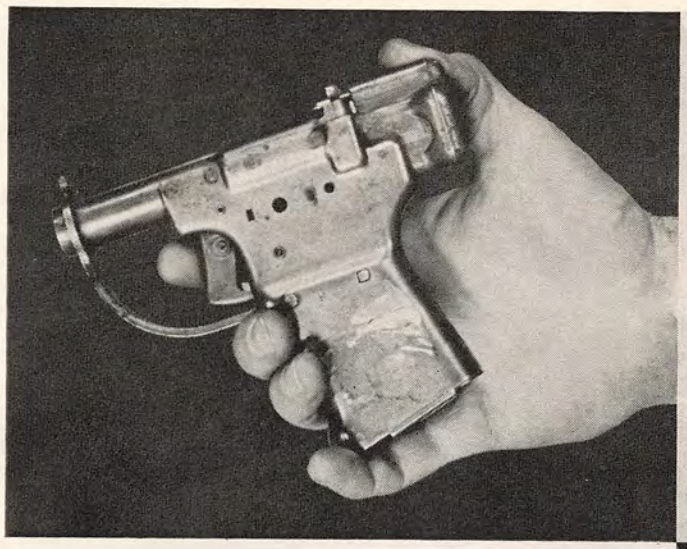
devious. Some are, true enough, captured from South Vietnamese units. But others were taken from the French who got them from this country shortly after World War II. Still more have come south from China where the Reds originally took them from the U.S.-supplied armies of Chiang Kai-Shek. Some M-1 Garand rifles have shown up that have been passed from hand to hand so long and shot so often that their barrels are worn smooth. They're about as accurate as a shotgun.

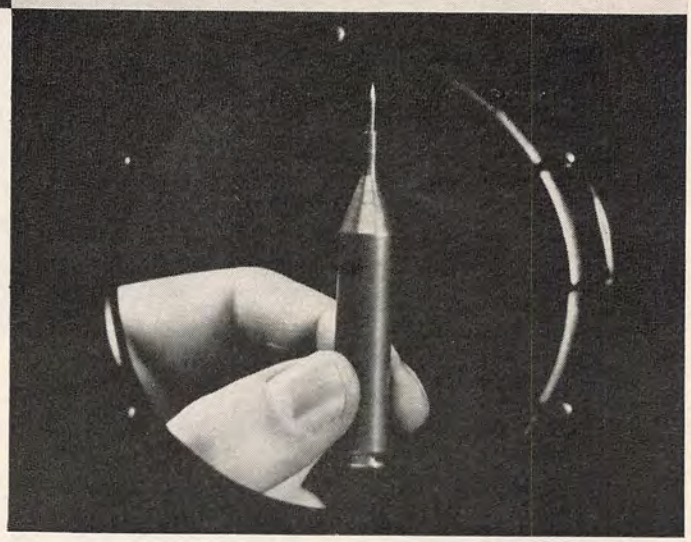
But guns are rare in the more underdeveloped parts of the world where few are ever scrapped or thrown away. During the civil war in the Congo some natives used smoothbore flintlock muskets with homemade black powder and a charge of nails. Steel nails won't do the barrel of a musket any good, but they won't do an enemy any good either.

Ancient muskets are still found being used by men desperate for guns in India, which with China has long been a center for careful, handmade copies of modern weapons. The so-called Khyber pistols—named for the northwest frontier area where they were made—are collector's items. Dating from the days of British rule, when native tribes were not permitted to have such things, craftsmen would carefully copy captured British Webley revolvers. These copies were exact in every respect—except that they were made out of low-grade iron, and dangerous to shoot.

The Chinese have also been excellent weapon copiers. After all, the phrase "Chinese copy" means just what it says. And an occasional example shows up in this country—mostly copies dating from many years ago. One of the favorite guns copied back in the Chinese war-lord days of the 1920's was the German Mauser 7.63mm. automatic pistol. Usually the big wooden holster stock was also copied. More recently, exact Chinese duplicates of the Thompson submachine gun have come to light.

When you think about it, anyone competent with a lathe and a milling machine could turn out an exact copy of any gun as long as he had an original





Above, World War II Liberator pistol was .45 caliber, cost under $2. Above right, a "gun" for bluffing guards was made in a prisoner-of-war camp from melted rubber heels. Right, espionage cartridge fires a poisoned needle. Case has no powder but gets power from primer in its base.

model to go by. But the Khyber pistols and many of the Chinese copies of guns were made by hand with files and hammers and hand drills. This takes an oriental patience when other guns are available. But if no guns were available and the need was great enough, many men might find they could make their own.

Our Special Forces soldiers, trained to fight guerrillas at their own game behind enemy lines, are truly a breed of desperate men. Part of their training is to become familiar with the rifles, pistols and machine guns of all major armies. They not only practice firing them, but must be able to strip them down and make repairs. This sort of training is only partly designed to equip Special Forces men to use enemy guns they might capture; a more important reason is that when dropped into enemy territory they are often supplied with enemy (or neutral country) equipment so their origin won't be too obvious.

While Special Forces men aren't trained to make their own guns, they are taught how to make explosives for mines and grenades from ordinary materials. Using the proper combination of such things as used crankcase oil, antifreeze, sugar, sawdust, chemical fertilizer, cornstarch and battery acid, a Special Forces man can turn out home-brewed products that work as well as dynamite. The idea, of course, is that Special Forces teams might be operating in an area where parachute supply drops would be difficult, but where "harmless" ingredients for explosives could easily be obtained.

Obviously, men ingenious and desperate enough to make their own explosives and bombs, would not be stopped by the lack of guns. But the day might come when our Special Forces would be cooperating with large underground resistance groups and would need guns in huge quantities. It has been suggested that we revive a gun designed during World War II for just such a purpose.

At that time the Army came up with what has been called the Liberator [*Continued on page* 101]

The game is sick warns baseball's most highly qualified critic and it's going to take strong medicine to save it. If General Eckert is listening, here's what Veeck suggests

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HUEHNERGARTH

AS TOLD TO ED LINN

Bill Veeck's Free Advice to the New Commissioner

■ In welcoming you to your new and difficult job—the word challenging is obligatory here—I have a few suggestions, broad hints and words of advice. Advice, Mr. Commissioner, is the one commodity you will find in plentiful supply. The job, you will find, is as difficult as you want to make it. My first admonition is to make it as difficult as possible.

As commissioner, you should look upon yourself as the top executive of a giant corporation, utilizing all the glittering tools of modern public relations, plus all the newest merchandising, market and testing techniques. The commissioner's office should be a fountainhead of ideas and a font of information. The atmosphere should be crackling with activity. There should be a radio-TV department and a bureau of statistics, a public relations department with at least six full-time members: a contact man for newspapermen, a contact man for magazine writers, an advance man, a speech writer and two promotion men, plus half-a-dozen part-time troubleshooters.

The owners are not really bad men. Being businessmen, they have this thing about looking out for themselves—a vice, to be sure, which they share with a good many other members of the human race. You alone represent the interests of the game and the fans. It is you, therefore, who must have the wide vision and the long view.

Still, the first public-relations goal, after establishing yourself as a benevolent despot, must be to refurbish the image of the owners as honorable and reputable men, a program in which they should not be reluctant to cooperate. In the process, you will be solving a few of baseball's most pressing problems. They run all over the place with your first specific task, Mr. Commissioner, to get baseball out of the courts.

1. MILWAUKEE. The biggest difficulty facing baseball, as you take office, is the court battle over the flight of the Braves from Milwaukee, the last flowering of a decade of franchise-hopping. (Baseball has always been seasonal. It is only in the past decade that it has become migratory.) Too much time has already passed without action from your office. It is absolutely essential that you get a strong hold on the situation and deal with it forcefully. The only way you can deal with it forcefully is by solving the problem.

Since it is unthinkable that Milwaukee, which has supported the team so well, should lose big-league baseball, the obvious way to solve it is to promise the city a new team by 1967. You cannot give Milwaukee a team any earlier, because as soon as you add one new team, you need four new teams, two in each league. Since 12-team leagues are somewhat unwieldy, you will divide both leagues into four six-team divisions, an eastern and western division in each league. You now have four pennant races plus two league play-offs to whet the baseball fans' appetite for the climactic World Series.

See what you have done here? By giving Milwaukee its new team, you are bringing on the second, and inevitable, round of expansion. As a final bonus, you are closing off the escape routes for any other owners who might be thinking longingly about new territory and fresh money.

The Milwaukee situation, then, can be looked upon as a blessing in [*Continued on page* 106]

THE PENKOVSKIY PAPERS

Col. Oleg Penkovskiy: Soviet war hero, senior officer in military intelligence—and dedicated spy for the West. His secret papers, smuggled out of Moscow after he was sentenced to death, provide the clearest picture yet of the Soviet power structure, and of the private, often dissolute lives of the key men in the Kremlin

BY OLEG PENKOVSKIY
edited by FRANK GIBNEY

Condensed from *The Penkovskiy Papers*, copyright © 1965 by Doubleday & Co. Published by Doubleday & Co., Inc.

INTRODUCTION BY FRANK GIBNEY

On April 12, 1961, at an unobtrusive meeting in Moscow, a high Russian official quietly handed a double-wrapped, double-sealed envelope to an English acquaintance. He asked that it be given to "interested parties" in the West. Later that same month, the Russian said, he would himself be in London. He wanted to talk to people in the West—"to tell them what conditions in the Soviet Union are really like." Time was short, he said, and it was a critical time.

With this action Col. Oleg Penkovskiy, Russian war hero, senior officer in Soviet military intelligence, graduate of the staff college and the missile academy, friend and confidant of Soviet marshals and generals, began his secret career as a volunteer spy for the West.

Greville Wynne, the British businessman to whom Penkovskiy entrusted his message, knew Penkovskiy only in his capacity as an official of the Soviet State Committee for Coordination of Scientific Research, the huge subministry in charge of all Soviet business and technical exchanges with foreigners. He had then little idea of Penkovskiy's true function and the importance of his action to the West. For Penkovskiy's work as deputy chief of the Committee's foreign department was merely a cover for his function as a General Staff intelligence officer. And as a former aide and confidant to the chief of the Soviet tactical missile forces, Marshal Sergei Varentsov, Penkovskiy was privy to the most intimate details of high Russion military and political planning.

For the next 16 months Penkovskiy conducted the most amazing single-handed campaign of espionage in modern history. He rocked Nikita Khrushchev's policy to its foundations. For 1961 and 1962, the two years in which Penkovskiy worked for British and American intelligence, marked the freezing point of the Cold War. In June, 1961, Khrushchev risked war with his decision to force an Allied retreat in Berlin. In August he put up the Berlin Wall. In September, 1961, he commenced nuclear testing, breaking previous agreements with the U.S. His missile buildup of 1962 climaxed in the Cuban confrontation with the United States, when Khrushchev almost threw the world into total war.

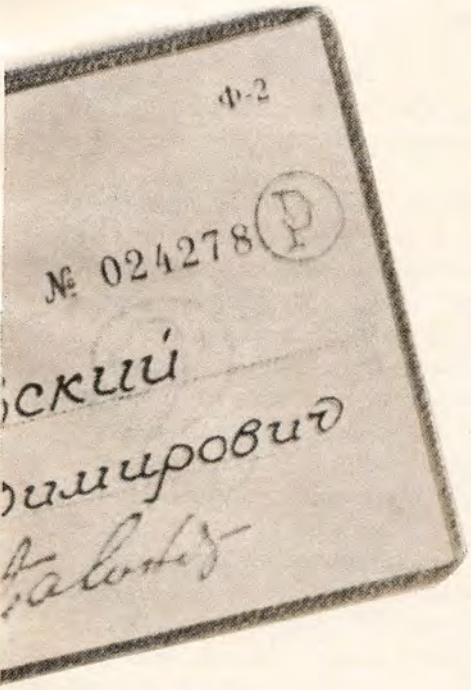
Throughout this time Penkovskiy furnished the West with current, high-priority information on Soviet missile strength, Soviet nuclear capabilities and the Soviet plans for a localized shooting war in Germany. Ultimately he was a key factor in our ability to identify so swiftly the configurations of Soviet missile installations on Cuban soil. He also prepared U.S. intelligence for Khrushchev's decision to use them.

Three times Penkovskiy made his way to London and Paris, ironically using his confidential Soviet intelligence assignments as a cover for his real espionage work with U.S. and British officers. Three times he went back to Moscow to get further information. In October, 1962, he was finally detected and arrested by the Soviet secret police, the State Security.

How badly he hurt Moscow's plans for an aggressive breakthrough against the West in those two critical years can be gathered from the public aftermath of his arrest: one chief marshal of the Soviet Union demoted and disgraced, the chief of Soviet military intelligence, Gen. Ivan Serov (the "hangman of Hungary" in 1956) demoted; some 300 Soviet intelligence officers abroad immediately recalled to Moscow from their foreign posts. Penkovskiy had exposed them all. Soviet military intelligence has not yet recovered from the blow.

The recapitulation of matters covered in Soviet charges against Penkovskiy suggests the extent of his intelligence achievement: "Top secret information . . . documents of great value . . . of an economic, political and military nature . . . Soviet space secrets . . . material on Soviet troops in the German Democratic Republic . . . new Soviet war material . . . command personnel of the antiaircraft defenses . . . [material on] atomic energy and rocket technology. . . ."

The trial of Colonel Penkovskiy and his [*Continued on page* 115]



One of several top-security passes Penkovskiy carried. This card admitted him to buildings of the military General Staff and Ministry of Defense.

When Huey Long was shot, officials of his private police state claimed he was the victim of an unprovoked attack. But the bullet was never found—and now there is evidence that some other facts are missing too

BY DAVID ZINMAN
ILLUSTRATED BY BERNARD PERLIN

Who Killed the Kingfish?

■ Huey Pierce Long, U.S. Senator, Dixie dictator, strutted purposefully down the palatial halls of Louisiana's capitol in Baton Rouge. A platoon of bodyguards trailed him, their heels clattering on the polished stone floor.

He barged through a reception room into the office of the governor, O. K. Allen. "Get the boys out," Long bellowed. O.K., the most aptly named of Huey's cronies, knew what the command meant—assemble the political cohorts of the state's unquestioned ruler. Huey said he wanted to air matters at a caucus the next morning, and breezed off.

It was 9:19 p.m. on Sunday, September 8, 1935. In the next seconds Long's dreams of still greater powers, as President, vanished—suddenly and violently. And a mystery was born which is not yet resolved: who did kill Huey Long?

A few blocks away and a few minutes earlier, Dr. Carl Austin Weiss picked up his medical bag, kissed his wife a casual good-bye, and walked without excitement out of the house—to do whatever his intended business was that night.

No one will ever know whether Doctor Weiss had a sick call to make. No one can say certainly that he had quite a different purpose in mind than saving human life. When he got into his car, there was a small automatic, wrapped in a cotton sock, lying in the glove compartment. It was not unusual in Louisiana, at that time, for a man traveling at night to have a gun handy for defense, and Weiss was slight of build—132 pounds, 5 feet 10, bespectacled.

To the best of anyone's knowledge, Long and Weiss had never met. They were to meet that evening.

Long was 42, a ruthless politician. He had been governor of Louisiana before becoming Senator. No demagogue in any state had ever held so much power. "I am the Constitution," he asserted, when the charge was made that he had violated the state charter.

He crowned himself the "pore folks'" champion. With virulent tongue he declared war on millionaires and monopolies, Wall Street and Standard Oil, on "thieves, scalawags, looters, moral lepers, lice, plundering highbinders and blackguards in full dress."

His homespun oratory, heard over the radio, tickled the masses. He had a way of getting an audience:

"This is Huey P. Long speakin', ladies and ge'men. Now before I start my speech, I want each of you . . . to . . . ring up a half-dozen of your friends. Tell 'em Huey Long is on the air. . . . I'm going to tell you the God's truth, so help me. . . ."

His appearance was as homespun as his words. He was a compact man with wide mouth, dewlap jowls, and an upturned bulbous nose. He had crisp, curly, ginger-colored hair with a forelock that tumbled wildly, and a habit of scratching his rear end.

Starting as an ambitious farm boy with a yen for power, Huey passed the bar exam only eight months after he entered Tulane Law School in 1915. He served 10 years as state railroad commissioner before he became, at 34, the youngest governor Louisiana had ever had.

He began to build. First [*Continued on page* 70]

BY DAN HOLLAND

Gorgeous is the word for the Parana River of South America. It is a freewheeling dream in full color and a huge one, being three miles wide almost 800 miles up from where it enters the sea through the Plate River at Buenos Aires. Sparkling under the semitropical sun, it contrasts sharply with the ribbons of green jungle along its flat shores and an enormous blue sky overhead. At dawn and again at dusk, monkeys on the Paraguayan shore sing with a soft, throbbing hum, like gusting wind through guitar strings. On the Parana flows, softly.

Beneath its placid surface, however, an unending battle rages among a wild and weird assortment of fish ranging from schools of the notorious piranha—said to be able to strip a cow to its bare bones in minutes—to the giant suribi. Oil slicks reeking of fish continually rise to the surface wherever a school of sabalo has been torn to shreds and devoured by dorados, followed by piranhas and other hangers-on. No one swims nor wades in the Parana River.

Of the 13 kinds catchable in the Parana, one in particular had attracted me. That was the dorado. Many years ago when I was a junior editor on a national sporting magazine, a South American reader sent in a black-and-white photo of a jumping dorado. The photo wasn't so great, but the fish was. From what

Golden Gladiator

Clobber a fish with a length of iron pipe before landing it? That's what South Americans do to the dorado—a hellion so rugged it treats even the strongest tackle with contempt

I could see, it had all the fighting qualities a top game fish could possess. At that moment, gazing at the photo of this wild-looking stranger, I made up my mind that someday, somehow, I would see one of them on the end of my line. But dorados being somewhat less handy than bass, pike and long-eared sunfish, I was about 25 years getting around to it.

When I finally arrived in Buenos Aires recently, loaded with tackle and high purposes, I was informed that the dorado was a seasonal fish and—you guessed it—that I was here at the wrong season. But having got that far, I wasn't about to be put off by such a mere trifle.

Fortunately, through George Smith, Buenos Aires manager for Panagra Airways, I met the right Argentine fisherman in one Laddy Buchanan and I pestered the hell out of him because he had caught as many dorados as any man. We hunted together, and we talked about trout, politics and the price of potatoes, and each time I managed to get around to the subject of the dorado. Even though it was the wrong season, I knew eventually I had him hooked. It was he who finally suggested we go to Paso de la Patria on the Alto Parana to find out if there might not be a dorado or two in the mood to hit. Meanwhile he had hooked and landed two of his fishing [*Continued on page* 109]

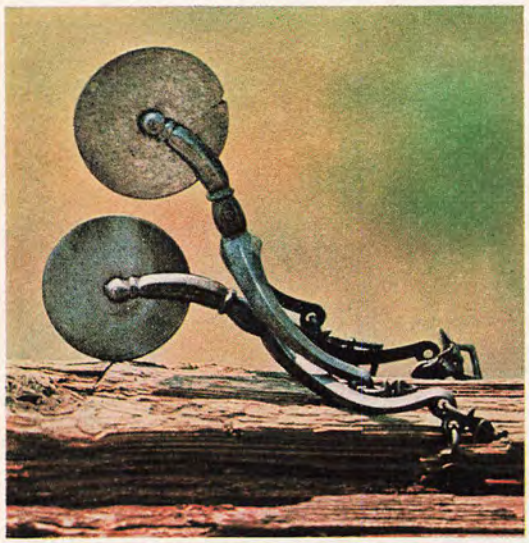
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY THE AUTHOR

A dorado fights with vigor of a fish at least twice its actual weight. Here a 35-pounder is subdued and admired.

SPURS FOR SPEED

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY JOHN E. BOYKIN

Pancho Villa's heavy iron spurs weigh two pounds each.



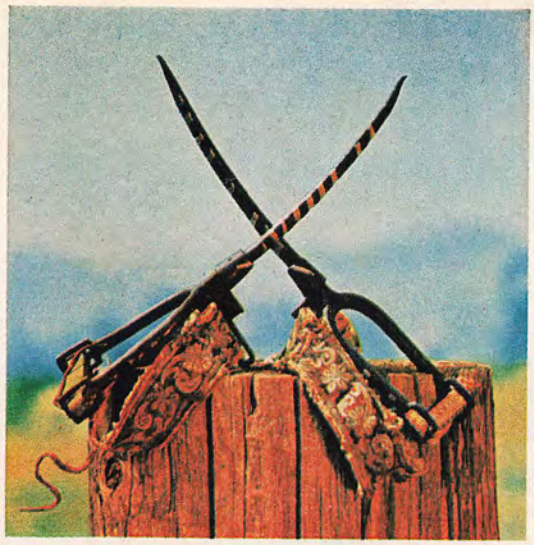
Spikeless rowel spurs date from 14th-century Spain.

Legendary rocs as decoration are typical of designs popular in 13th-century Europe.

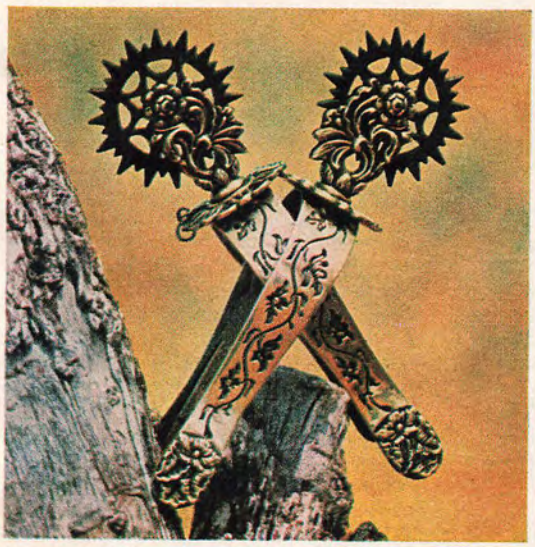
■ From simple goads devised to urge a tame mount to speed, spurs quickly became a badge of manhood as well. By the Middle Ages to earn your spurs meant to attain knighthood. And the importance of spurs as symbols of courage is reflected in the high degree of craftsmanship that traditionally has gone into their making. The first spurs were probably wooden ones worn by early Europeans, but soon Romans and Saxons were goading animals on with iron spikes, called "prycks," that the riders strapped to their heels. Then came the most radical change in spur design: the wheel or rowel-type introduced in the early Middle Ages. The new spurs ranged in style from simple rowels with no points, such as those on the left, to ornate pieces of craftsmanship.

With the passing years, spurs grew more extravagant in size and form to match the increasingly elegant dress and armor of the nobility. No two knights would be caught dead wearing the same spurs, so skilled metalworkers labored long over the forge to produce such masterpieces as the daggerlike 13th-century pair, above, and the handsome Moorish-influenced spurs, opposite. Gunpowder changed things. Armored men and horses passed into history, and spurs generally became smaller. But while the ones worn by the cowboys of the last century tended to be simpler than those of an earlier age, many a horseman let people know he was special by the spurs he wore.

The spurs shown on these pages are from the extensive collection of Joe Kovatch of San Fernando, California. They evoke the romance of past eras—of knights jousting, of a notorious Mexican bandit and even of ancient camel riders trekking across the desert wastes.

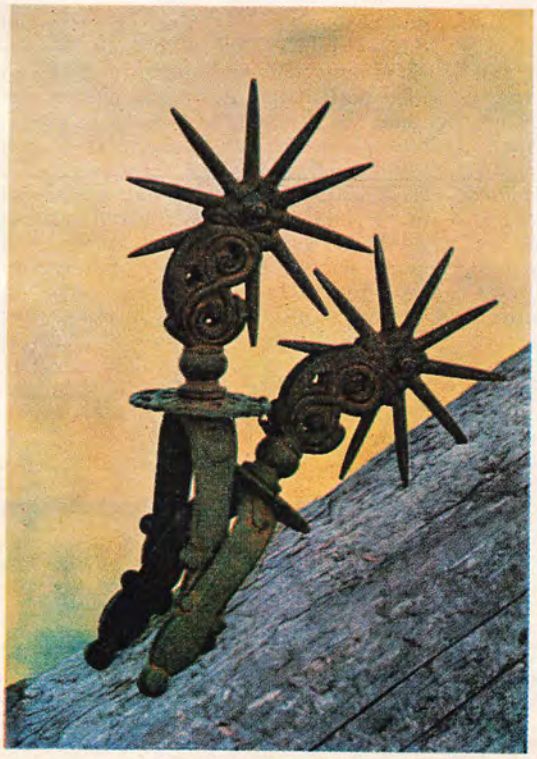


Foot-long spikes were used by Arabian camel riders.



Elaborate 15th-century pair shows Moorish influence.

Grapevine design on spur-equipped Saxon armor suggests a wine-loving knight.



Fierce-looking Spanish spurs have long spiked rowels.

STRANGE BUT TRUE

By George R. Martin

Well-wrapped women are the rule in Mohammedan countries, as is well known; almost unknown, however, is a rare exception that can be startling. The Teda, a nomadic people of the central Sahara highlands, allow their women substantial rights. One such right is the expectation that a wife shall not be insulted or humiliated by her husband in public. If he forgets this, her reaction can be devastating. Custom permits her to take off all her clothing then and there, throw it down, and walk nude past the onlookers to her tent, to sulk there in silence. As a recognized form of protest, it precludes the acutely shamed husband from exercising his ordinary privilege of walloping her in private. Usually it costs him an expensive present to get her clothed again. *By William Shanley, Erie, Pa.*

Congress took to drinking at an early age as the nation's legislative body, and it appropriated funds for a steady supply of its favorite beverage. This was an alcoholic version of "switchel," a distinctively American homemade soft drink popular a century and a half ago. Switchel consisted of water, molasses and ginger or sometimes vinegar—a taste-blend of sweet and tart. Farmers especially found the mixture refreshing in hot-weather work like haymaking. For the arduous labor of lawmaking, Congress spiked its switchel generously with the finest Jamaica rum. The Senate and the House each had a huge bowl of the fragrant nectar centrally tabled for the members' convenience, with a dispensing official in charge. As business went on, members would saunter up, get a glass filled, and return to their seats, sipping thoughtfully. During long and heated debates, the bowl had to be replenished frequently. It was not unknown for some of the thirstier members' speeches to become somewhat incoherent. Around 1830—the date is not recorded—Congress gave up its switchel-swigging. An antiliquor movement was spreading in the country, and in 1833 crusading clergymen succeeded in forming a Congressional Temperance Society that induced a fair number of representatives to sign the pledge. It marked the end of free liquor, and legislators thereafter did their drinking outside the halls of Congress. *By M. Sisson, Salem, Va.*

Tortoises' backs present a surface that has evoked diverse notions in the human mind. A number of primitive groups around the world have a creation-myth that the earth is made of mud accumulated on the back of a great turtle afloat in a universal ocean. Natives of Madagascar believe their land tortoises are semidivine beings who, when encountered, should be given a small offering placed on top of their shell. An American country practice occasionally is to carve one's initials and year on the shell of a long-lived woods tortoise, for the wonderment it may bring to some future observer. Probably the most attractive use of tortoises occurred in Turkey. Well-to-do Turkish tulip-fanciers a century or so ago staged gala garden parties at night, illuminated by many tortoises with lighted candles on their backs ambling slowly through the brightly colored flower beds.

Easter's glad tiding received probably its most vigorous expression in a curious custom that for centuries flourished in Merrie England. Neither the Church nor the people saw anything irreverent in a form of boisterous roughhouse, called "heaving," which signified symbolically that Christ had risen from the dead. Easter, according to religious belief then, called for sportive rejoicing. Heaving was proper fun; four or more persons grabbed the arms and legs of a person to be heaved, held him horizontally, and then with loud huzzas lifted him high three times. The person thus "resurrected" paid a small forfeit for charity. On Easter Monday, men went about in groups, heaving women—who, if without money, paid with kisses; on Easter Tuesday, the women heaved the men. In the old days nobody, high or low, was exempt; King Edward I in the year 1290 was tapped for £14 when heaved by his court ladies. Of course, it ruffled a few people; Henry IV in 1409 had to proclaim that heavers were not to be resisted in their activity anywhere, indoors or out. But by 1784 the *Gentleman's Magazine* was complaining stuffily that heaving was a "rude, indecent and dangerous" diversion practiced chiefly by the lower classes. The old Easter custom lasted almost another 100 years, however, in smaller English towns before it finally died out. *By Leo Rostini, Lansing, Mich.*

The longest pants ever worn by any men except circus stilt walkers flourished three centuries ago on the legs of aristocrats of Japan, a nation of people then as now notably short of stature. Among strict rules regulating national life, a *shogun* or military governor of Japan decreed that upperclassmen at court must wear a prescribed formal garb. It was a fantastic affair. The upper half, a kind of jacket called *kamishimo,* had lapels flaring so wide that they roofed the shoulders and stuck out six inches at each side. The lower half, the trousers called *nagabakama,* were cut very full—almost a divided skirt—and about 12 inches longer than the legs. Since they covered the feet and trailed behind, the wearer could move only by holding his pants up with both hands. Why this bizarre costume was chosen is not now known. Historians can only offer guesses: a man could stand at ease and yet appear to be respectfully kneeling; truculent *samurai* or warriors with their hands full of pants would be unlikely to start brawls. The queer court garb endured for several generations. It can be seen today in Tokyo's traditional *kabuki* theater, worn by the musicians, who stay seated, and by actors playing historical roles, who handle their outsized pants with statuesque dignity. *By A. K. Ennis, San Francisco, Calif.*

For acceptable Strange But True paragraphs, accurately and briefly written, TRUE will pay $25 each on publication. Readers must state their sources of information when sending contributions. None can be returned. Address George R. Martin, TRUE, 67 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y. 10036

Solid funpower!
New 'Jeep' V-6!

Nobody makes 'em like this one. It's solid all the way through—solid build, solid looks, solid performance. Choose hot new V-6 engine or world-famous 'Hurricane' 4. You really 'fly' down the highway with that 160 h.p. 'Jeep' V-6—that's why we call it the Flying 'Jeep' Universal. Rough road? No road? It just adds to the fun. Take your pick: familiar "little guy" or jaunty 'Jeep' Tuxedo Park Mark IV. Both offer 81" or 101" wheelbases, choice of tops, new colors, even bucket seats. You've got to drive it to believe it. See your 'Jeep' dealer. Look him up in the Yellow Pages.

The Flying 'Jeep' Universal
with 4-wheel drive

KAISER Jeep CORPORATION
TOLEDO 1, OHIO

WHO KILLED THE KINGFISH?
[*Continued from page 62*]

he built a crack political machine. Then he built bridges and charity hospitals. He gave the people welfare and old-age payments. He abolished the poll tax. He did more for Louisiana than any governor had before.

But his price was high: political servitude. He got the power to appoint and recall all mayors, all police chiefs, all schoolteachers. In the end, he controlled virtually every public job down to that of dogcatcher. He controlled the state.

He boasted that he bought legislators "like sacks of potatoes, shuffled 'em like a deck of cards." He dubbed himself "Kingfish" (after the Amos 'n Andy radio character). "This is the Kingfish speakin'," he thundered into the phone.

In 1929 his enemies tried to impeach him. But Huey beat them—by one vote. The lawmakers who did not join against him were amply rewarded.

In 1932, after four years as governor, he became a U.S. Senator, though he still ran the state through his henchmen. His rip-roaring politics irritated so many old hands in Washington that a dozen or more Senators walked out whenever he spoke. That didn't faze him. The Kingfish rose at every opportunity, quoting the Bible, outlining the shape of things to come "when I'm in the White House."

His "Share the Wealth—Every Man a King" plan would have confiscated personal fortunes of more than $1 million. It promised every family up to $5,000 for the purchase of a home, a car and a radio, and every worker an income of not less than $2,500 a year. Even the elderly were remembered with pensions of $30 a month. The plan caught up the longings of Depression-poor millions.

Huey was so sure he'd be elected President some day that he wrote a book called *My First Days in the White House*. A secret poll taken for Franklin D. Roosevelt during his first term showed that Long commanded 4 million votes. That wasn't enough for Huey to win in 1936—but it could have given him the impetus to become a real contender in 1940.

Yet all Huey's color and pie-in-the-sky schemes couldn't hide his darker qualities. He was an impudent braggart. Hoodlums clustered about him. Brutality was a source of his strength. Revenge and personal humiliation of his enemies were never far from his thoughts.

Dr. Carl Weiss, whose path was fatally to cross Huey's, was a scholarly man of 29. He had no interest in politics. He had never even taken the trouble to walk the two blocks from his house to the capitol. Weiss's life revolved around his medical practice, his family and his religion.

Even as a child, Carl had been of scrawny build. But he was fearless. When the gang roughhoused, a boyhood pal remembers, Carl would step in with flashing temper if he thought a smaller boy was being bullied.

He had blue-gray eyes, an olive complexion, a shock of dark hair, and a long straight nose. Thick-lensed glasses gave him an owlish look.

He graduated from high school at 15 and went first to Louisiana State University in Baton Rouge, then to Tulane in New Orleans. At 21 he was a doctor.

Weiss continued his studies abroad before interning at Bellevue Hospital in New York. When he returned to share his father's practice in 1932, the doctors of Baton Rouge remarked on his medical ability.

One day that summer, a tall, dark-haired graduate student named Yvonne Pavy came to the Weiss office to get treatment for her eyes. She was the daughter of a judge in Louisiana's Cajun country. Young Doctor Weiss began seeing her, and they were married in 1933.

Two years later, at the early service on a sultry September Sunday, the Weisses attended Mass at St. Joseph's Catholic Church in downtown Baton Rouge. For Carl Weiss it was the beginning of a pleasant day off.

There was a big midday dinner at his parents' home. In the afternoon, they all drove to the family's summer cabin on the Amite River. Carl and Yvonne went for a swim while his father and mother tended three-months-old Carl, Jr. Later the elder Weiss, a former president of the state medical society, discussed medicine with his son. Death seemed as far away as it ever is to a doctor.

Returning to town, Carl and his wife went to their own home, a frame cottage two blocks from the capitol. While Mrs. Weiss put the baby to bed, he telephoned another doctor to check the time of a

Being "first" is contagious at Starcraft.

Sea Scamp and Starmaster Deluxe Camping Trailer

The engineering and design "firsts", long the hallmark of Starcraft boats, are now found in our camping trailers. They have patented features like the winch and cable telescoping system on the Starmaster Deluxe. One person can gently raise the roof in seconds. Underneath there's room for eight on four double size bunks and a complete kitchen. ☐ Starcraft boats are still America's most popular . . . Sea Scamp and Super Star being two good reasons why. Their riveted, lapstrake aluminum hulls are easily maintained; take toughest punishment in stride. The new flatter bottom on Super Star gives even greater stability. Sea Scamp's compact size and light weight makes it easily portable. ☐ Whatever's "first" on your list SEE YOUR STARCRAFT DEALER . . . HE HAS WHAT IT TAKES TO BE FIRST. *Cruisers, Runabouts, Fishing Boats, Canoes and Sailboats . . . Camping Trailers, too.*

Super Star

STARCRAFT
AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR BOATS

Dealers listed under "Boats" in Yellow Pages. For 1966 Catalog send name and address to: Starcraft Boat Division, T-4, Goshen, Indiana.

tonsillectomy scheduled for the morning.

After supper, he showered and dressed in a white linen suit, black shoes, and Panama hat. Mrs. Weiss was absorbed in the Sunday paper when he kissed her good-bye, as usual. She thought he said, "I'm making arrangements for an operation tomorrow."

Weiss drove through the shadows into Capitol Drive, and parked before the statehouse. He climbed the capitol's symbolic 48 steps and passed through the massive doorway with its 50-foot bronze doors. Ahead of him, somewhere, was Huey Long.

About 10 days before, some surgeons gathered in a hospital amphitheater had talked politics. Several called Huey's regime oppressive. One of the surgeons recalled later: "Weiss said nothing. But great tears were rolling down his cheeks. He got up and walked out of the room."

Weiss might have been thinking of his wife's family. Judge Benjamin Pavy, Yvonne's father, was anti-Long. So Huey was gerrymandering the judge out of office with a state bill to change the judicial district. Yvonne's sister had been fired from her teaching post. Judge Pavy's brother was losing his job as a high school principal.

The story was to come out afterward that Long had been threatening to accuse the Pavy family of possessing "nigger blood." The racial slur would have ostracized the Weisses as well.

Now, this Sunday night, Carl Weiss walked into Louisiana's 34-story capitol. The legislative world of Baton Rouge had been shaken out of its usual Sabbath indolence because the Kingfish was down from Washington. Huey had called another special session, the seventh in a little more than a year, and it had been convened as soon as the lawmakers arrived from over the state.

Speaker Allen J. Ellender (today a U.S. Senator) had slammed his gavel down and called Louisiana's House of Representatives to order. Its job was to pass 39 bills Huey wanted.

Huey ambled into the legislative chamber, with his bodyguards, members of the State Bureau of Criminal Investigation and Identification, swaggering behind him. Among them was Murphy Roden, Huey's chauffeur and a crack shot. Huey walked up and down the aisles, chatting with the representatives.

COMING . . .

His private life makes his TV role cry, "U.N.C.L.E."

TRUE'S WHO: ROBERT VAUGHN

He dabbles in health foods, politics, astrology, strange philosophies and high education with one hand and battles Birchers with the other

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

If a child can operate the Shakespeare 1766 Deluxe WonderFlyte

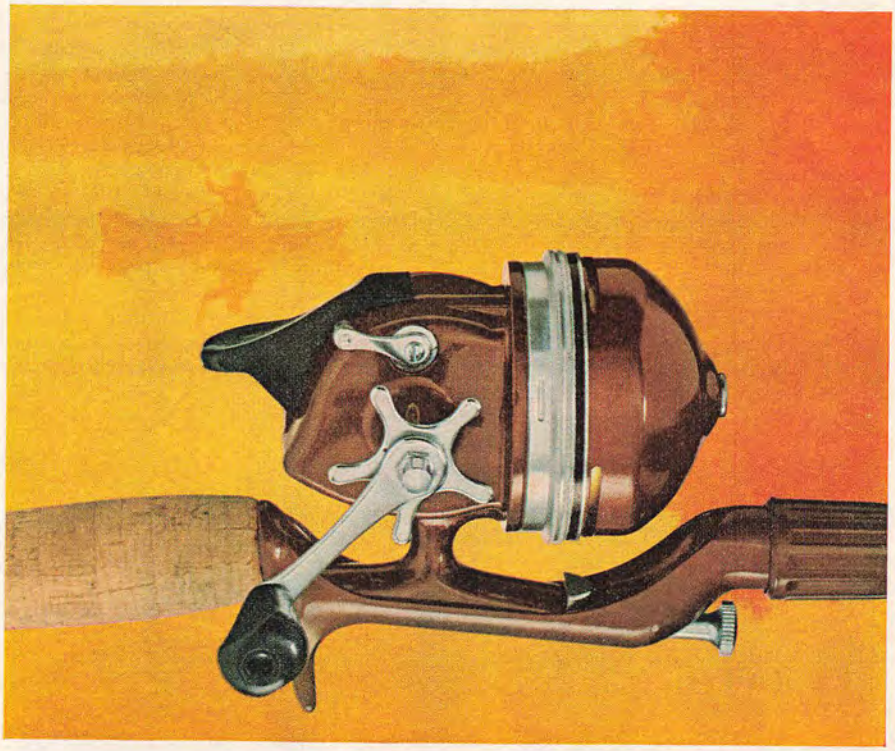
think what you can do on a day like this

Go ahead. Grip the rod and reel like a pistol. Thumb down on the push button. Rod back. Cast. Thumb up. That's all. Push the button to stop your cast where you want it. Perfect. No backlash!

Behind the ease of casting the 1766 Deluxe WonderFlyte are the working features that make it the fisherman's favorite. The star drag that prevents line twist and can be tightened or loosened at a touch; that signals you with sound so you can hear your fish hit or run. A new pick-up pin that works like a roller; puts far less wear on your line. An "On-Off" non-reverse lever that gives you a choice of ways to play your fish. Gears with 4-to-1 retrieve ratio—plenty of power and durability for light- or heavy-duty fishing on 4- to 15-pound mono. And the 1766 sits lower on the rod (companion Wonderod PB 350); has a new offset contoured thumb button to fit any hand comfortably. **Go ahead.** See your Shakespeare dealer. Get your 1766 now. Comes with two spools. 8-pound mono installed plus extra spool with 15-pound mono: $22.50*.

Shakespeare

Fishing • Golf / Archery



*Not represented to be usual or customary retail prices, priced competitively by dealers everywhere.†*Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corp.

FREE CATALOG. Like to see more? Shakespeare reels, Fiberglas† Wonderods®, Wonderline plus tips and techniques for all kinds of fishing. Send us the coupon. **Shakespeare Company, Dept. T-60410, Kalamazoo, Michigan, 49001.** We'll send you our 1966 64-page color tackle catalog FREE.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

shaking hands, swapping jokes. There was little heed paid to the business at hand.

As the session droned on, Long wandered up to the dais and plopped down next to Ellender. Everything was going like clockwork.

When Ellender finally signaled him that the House was about to adjourn, Huey walked swiftly out of the chamber. He went directly to the governor's office to issue his command:

"Get the boys out early. And have them *all* there."

Whirling back into the corridor, Long walked to a knot of men—bodyguards and politicians—waiting at the center of the hallway. Witnesses said a man in a white suit walked into the group from behind a pillar.

What happened then has been told only by those in the group around Huey, all his bodyguards or friends.

"Huey was coming toward me and I noticed his eyes were popping like saucers," said John B. Fournet, then a Huey protégé and now chief justice of Louisiana's supreme court. "I saw a man in a linen suit with dark-rimmed glasses. And I saw that little black automatic."

A muffled explosion echoed down the hallway. Blood stained Huey's white shirt about six inches above the waist. He grabbed the right side of his abdomen. His eyes dilated and his knees sagged, but he did not fall.

"When Huey was shot, he spun around, made one outcry—'Ohhhhhhh!'—and ran down the hall," Fournet recalled. "He ran like a scared deer. I dropped my hat. I was about to grab him [Doctor Weiss] when I . . . got a crick in my back. I couldn't move."

Bodyguard Roden then came at Weiss. "I put my left hand over the gun," Roden said, "and we struggled and fell to the floor and came up again. At first, I thought it was a free-for-all, and I knew I had the man who had shot the Senator. I jerked loose, pulled my gun."

The other bodyguards sprang forward, pistols drawn. Doctor Weiss staggered back, trying to regain his balance. He looked up.

"I shot 10 times," Roden said.

He had a .38 caliber Colt super automatic. It fired as fast as he could pull the trigger. At the same instant the rest of Huey's bodyguard opened up.

"After the second shot," Fournet said, "there was no cessation in the shooting. It . . . sounded as fast as a machine gun."

There was a deafening roar. Steel-jacketed slugs ricocheted along the corridor, spattered against the marble walls. Gunsmoke drifted off in streamers.

Fred C. Dent of Baton Rouge, whose wife was state land register, ducked into a passageway. The chief of the State Highway Patrol, Col. E. P. Roy, peered from behind a door frame.

"What the hell's going on out there?" Roy asked.

"You're head of the Highway Patrol, Colonel," Dent said. "You get out there and see."

In the House, Speaker Ellender dismissed the noise as "firecrackers."

Weiss crumpled slowly forward. As his knees struck the floor, his right arm bent as if to ward off the barrage. Bullet after bullet pounded into his shuddering body. The doctor groaned once, the last sound of his life.

Still the guns thundered, until there were no bullets left.

Blood flowed from 61 wounds.

In a recent interview, Roden, who was later to become public safety director of Louisiana, said Weiss had covered his gun with his hat as he walked toward Long. At first, Roden had thought the small pistol was a toy. When it fired, he grabbed Weiss, hit the automatic and knocked the doctor's arm down.

Authorities believed Weiss's gun jammed at this point, either because its firing mechanism was faulty, or because in grabbing it Roden had prevented the empty shell from ejecting.

The body lay unidentified until Dr. Thomas R. Bird, the coroner, arrived. He had known Doctor Weiss for several years.

In the dead man's pockets the coroner found a wallet with six dollars, a fountain pen, keys, a medical society card, a bone-handled pocketknife, a physician's license, a business card and a city tax receipt. Weiss's wristwatch stopped at 9:20.

Examining the body, Doctor Bird found it so riddled that he couldn't distinguish between wounds of entry and wounds of exit. When it was lifted onto a stretcher, so many bullets dropped to the floor that someone was reminded of a hailstorm. The coroner noted that a seven-round, .32 caliber Belgian Browning automatic was picked up next to the body.

Meanwhile, the Kingfish, clutching his side, had run downstairs to the basement.

"Kingfish, what's the matter?" asked young James P. O'Connor, who later became a New Orleans judge.

"Jimmy, my boy, I'm shot," Huey gasped, reeling out of the stairwell. He spit blood on O'Connor's jacket.

O'Connor recalled afterward, "The blood came gushing out of his mouth. At first, I thought he had been shot in the mouth. Later, in the hospital, I saw that a membrane had been cut inside his lower lip."

O'Connor helped Huey out a rear door, spotted a waiting sedan, and ordered the driver to rush to Our Lady of the Lake Sanitarium, a Catholic hospital a quarter mile away. Long climbed in and slumped back silently, pressing his hand to his side.

"Only once did he say anything," O'Connor was to state. "And that was to ask, 'I wonder why he shot me?' "

In the emergency room, Dr. Arthur Vidrine, a country doctor Huey had made head of huge Charity Hospital in New Orleans, started cleaning the wound.

A minor point was raised by Vidrine. It was to figure importantly in the aftermath of the case. Jewel O'Neal, a 20-year-old student nurse, was standing behind the doctor preparing a hypodermic. She heard him ask Huey, "How about this place on your lip?"

The nurse looked up. She noticed a cut on Huey's lower lip and handed Vidrine a towel.

"That's where he hit me," Huey said. Long did not mention who "he" was, but Long and Vidrine had previously been discussing the shooting. Miss O'Neal made a mental note of the remark and went about her business.

In the operating room, doctors grouped around Long like shrouded ghosts. Several of his heavy-footed political lieutenants had rushed in, and some of them were pressing against the operating table in their anxiety.

The 39-year-old Vidrine had called two outstanding New Orleans surgeons, but they were delayed by an accident. Vidrine decided to go ahead himself.

As the surgery proceeded, Long's henchmen kept asking, "How's he doing, Doc?" Then one of them brought up a specific point: "Did you find the bullet?"

Vidrine said there was no bullet to find. The slug had gone out Long's back at about the same level it had entered the front.

The hours passed. Huey lingered through five blood transfusions, drift-

TRUE

"She's ready for another tune-up, doc."

Today Ford is a lot more than cars...
it's a Control Center for astronauts circling
the earth...an electronic machine
that reads 36,000 zip-coded addresses an hour.
The Mariner IV antenna sending back
the first pictures from Mars...
a laser beam that creates 10 million volts
out of thin air...Philco refrigerators...
medical research...guided missiles.
It's a company that goes where good ideas take it.

"And to think I started all that."

EXPLORE

When you don't know what's ahead, go Mercury... world's most dependable outboard

With a new Mercury on your stern, you've got a lot more ruggedness to depend on. Designed to be more impact-proof. Mercury's exclusive shearproof propeller, cushioned in rubber, gives slightly on impact, then springs back in place. (No anxious intermissions trying to replace a shear or drive pin.) Hydraulic shock absorbers control motor kickup. Driveshaft and lower unit housings are one piece to assure alignment and sturdiness. And Mercury's small-bore, short-stroke, in-line design keeps your engine running smoothly and reduces wear. There's even more dependability for '66 with new Lake X-proved crankshaft and connecting rods, plus new reed blocks for stronger main bearing support. This is Mercury's way of keeping you going when you don't know what's ahead. See the world's most dependable, best performing outboards at your Mercury dealer: 3.9, 6, 9.8, 20, 35, 50, 65, 95, 110 hp.

MERCURY

KIEKHAEFER MERCURY

FIRST IN MARINE PROPULSION

Kiekhaefer Corporation, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin and Kiekhaefer Mercury of Canada, Ltd., Subsidiary of Brunswick Corporation

ing in and out of consciousness. Through it all, he clung to his irascible ways. When Governor Allen heard him stir and tiptoed over, the Kingfish blustered, "Move over, Oscar, and give me some air."

As the end neared, a nurse agreed to blink the lights as a signal to relatives on a nearby porch. At 4:06 a.m. on Tuesday, September 10, the lights in his room flickered. Huey did not see them. Death had come 30 hours and 44 minutes after he was shot.

Mrs. Long refused to permit an autopsy, and details of the operation were not made public at the time.

The only authentic report came years later from a doctor who was not there that night. In a professional article done in 1948, Dr. Frank L. Loria of New Orleans wrote that the medical evidence pointed to death from uncontrolled internal bleeding.

In the course of his investigation, Loria had met with a cool reception. Vidrine, he said, had been "unable" to give him access to the hospital record and discussed the case with no enthusiasm.

Surgeons studying the facts Doctor Loria was able to gather believe Vidrine failed to discover an injury to the right kidney. In the excitement, a preoperative urine examination—which could have disclosed kidney damage—seemingly had not been made. Vidrine operated from the front. Apparently the serious damage was in the back. The blood welled up unseen behind the rear abdominal wall. Long had slowly bled to death.

Dr. Russell Stone, an eminent New Orleans surgeon, arrived a few hours after the operation, to confer with Vidrine, who was finally suspecting kidney damage. Huey was too weak for further surgery. Stone asked whether Vidrine had seen the kidney.

"No," said Vidrine, "but I felt it."

A heated discussion followed on the necessity of taking surgical precautions. Vidrine finally suggested that Stone go look at Long for himself. But Stone wanted no part of such medical procedure and went back to New Orleans without examining Huey.

To the rest of the nation, Long's slaying was a case solved with the killing of Weiss. But many in Louisiana never fully accepted the bodyguards' story. People still ask, 30 years after the affair, "Who really shot the Kingfish?"

Why? No one has turned up a motive strong enough to have impelled Weiss to assassination.

The young doctor's background jars with the theory that a political maneuver against his in-laws, or even a racial slur, on the part of Huey, could have prompted such suicidal action as Weiss took.

Many anti-Longs asked whether the bodyguards could be accepted as objective witnesses. If Weiss did not shoot Long—*if Huey had actually been hit in the general gunplay*—wouldn't the guards have had a motive for confusing the facts?

The eyebrows of the Louisiana public first started to rise after the guards failed three times to show up for the coroner's inquest—each time, consequently, postponed. Why wouldn't they appear under oath before District Attorney John Fred Odom?

"Operator, get me the White House and hurry. . . . *No,* I don't know the area code number!"

Those opposed to Long began calling Weiss's death a modern-day lynching. The doctor's friends said Long's bodyguards had subdued Weiss. They could easily have held him prisoner instead of killing him.

Stories began circulating that Huey might have provoked what happened by his own action. Whispers of "whitewash" began spreading through the capitol, until finally, when the inquest was scheduled for the fourth time, the Long forces showed up.

On September 16, eight days after the shooting, 23 persons testified in an East Baton Rouge Parish courthouse. All the witnesses to the shooting were either Huey's bodyguards or his active partisans. Their testimony followed the same pattern—Doctor Weiss was the aggressor, attacked Long without a word and fired the first shot.

Doctors testified that Long's lower lip had a fresh abrasion, but did not explain how it got there. A Long adherent suggested that Huey bumped into a wall.

Ten years afterward, C. P. Liter of the Baton Rouge *Morning Advocate,* who covered the story of the shooting, said many reporters were skeptical of the published version. Some felt that Weiss did not shoot Long and that Huey received a bullet meant for Weiss.

Margaret Dixon of the same paper, a veteran Louisiana political writer, built a 15th-anniversary story around the theory that Weiss, insulted by the Kingfish, had struck him, cutting Huey's lip.

Nearly all Long's biographers have raised questions about the slaying. In his book *Louisiana Hayride,* published a few years after the event, Harnett Kane said one third of Louisiana thought Long's own guards might have killed the Kingfish in the scuffle.

Perhaps the most intriguing piece of postmortem speculation came from District Attorney Odom. In 1944, nine years after the event, he told columnist Drew Pearson that he felt all the facts surrounding the shooting had never been brought out and that he still was not prepared to say Weiss was Huey's killer. Pearson quoted Odom thus:

"Long was a very quick and active man on his feet, and I can visualize his frantic efforts to get away from the weapon of Dr. Weiss when he might have run into the fire of one of his guards. I am convinced, however, that even if Dr. Weiss killed Huey Long, it was not an assassination, or a murder. I base this conclusion on the fact that Dr. Weiss led a normal life the entire day preceding the night of the shooting."

Odom said Long's cut lip and Huey's remark, "That's where he hit me," indicated a scuffle before the guns opened up.

"But above and beyond all these reasons," Odom went on, "the one impelling reason why I believe that the facts were not developed is that there was a desperate effort on the part of Long's friends to prevent the holding of the inquest."

To refute this argument, Huey's son, U.S. Senator Russell B. Long, said to this writer in an interview, "Those stories about the bodyguards were meant to cast doubt on our candidates. The opposition was trying to find some way of getting

votes. You can't win by assassinating a man and asking the people to vote for you. That's why the other side was suggesting that the bodyguards killed him [Huey]."

Russell was 17 and in New Orleans, 80 miles from the capital, when his father was shot.

At the time, the Long machine, facing an election in four months, claimed Weiss was part of an assassination plot. This theory drew its substance from a sensational Senate speech Long had made one month before the shooting. Hinting that FDR was masterminding the plot, Huey charged that a pro-Roosevelt faction of Louisiana congressmen had met in a New Orleans hotel to work out his murder. He said a hidden dictaphone had recorded the threat of an unidentified speaker. "I would draw in a lottery to go out and kill Long. It would take one man, one gun and one bullet."

Long's Senate colleagues yawned. By now, Huey had "uncovered" so many conspiracies that they were considered run-of-the-pea-patch affairs.

The Louisiana congressmen said their hotel meeting was merely to reach accord on a ticket to oppose Long in the January, 1936 primary. They laughed at the assassination charge. If a remark had been made about Huey's death, it must have been spoken wishfully—and it merely repeated what had been said on every street corner in Louisiana since Long came to power.

The assassination charge came to nothing—except as a key campaign issue that paid off handsomely for the Long machine. In the 1936 governor's race, the Long forces rolled up the biggest majority in Louisiana history.

But "assassination" is not the word used by the Weiss family, even today, to describe the event. They prefer to call it a "shooting" or "slaying," rather than use a word they think presupposes Carl Weiss's guilt. Dr. Thomas Edward Weiss, Carl's younger brother and now a distinguished New Orleans physician, told this writer that he does not believe Carl went to the statehouse with the intention of killing Long.

In an exclusive interview, Thomas Weiss talked of the events of that evening in 1935. He said their father, who tried fruitlessly to clear Carl's name, felt "some unobserved or unreported event preceded the shooting, during which Long was struck in the mouth and the bodyguards fired innumerable times."

"If I had to give a theory," Thomas Weiss said, "it might be that somebody got to Carl with this [Negro-blood] insult. However, I think he would have passed it over.

"But maybe he didn't, and he approached Long in the corridor wanting to talk to him. Unrecorded but heated words followed, and Carl struck Long in the mouth. The shooting followed."

About three hours after the shooting, Thomas Weiss went to the capitol to get his brother's car. It was parked in front of the building, and it was unlocked.

Looking into it, Thomas Weiss found his brother's medical bag on the passenger side of the front floor. Carl's usual practice was to bind his surgical instruments in canvas rolls and tuck them neatly inside.

"It appeared as though somebody had gone through the bag," Thomas Weiss said, "because the instruments were disordered. They were half sticking out of the bag. The dashboard compartment looked as though it had been rummaged through. And there was a white cotton sock lying on the floor. I recognized it as the sock Carl usually kept his pistol in. . . .

"There's a good possibility that after Carl was killed, a gun was found in his car and removed."

Carl Weiss's gun has a mystery all its own.

The pistol with which Long was said to have been shot was introduced as evidence at the cornoner's inquest. Photographs of it were released to newspapers, along with the gun's serial number. The Weiss family never disputed that the weapon produced was Carl's gun. Carl's father said his son carried it on night calls after finding a drunk asleep in his car.

But there are questions.

Dr. Thomas Bird, the coroner, said he saw the pistol picked up next to Weiss's body. But there is no record of how long it took Bird to get to the scene. He identified the body, but the New Orleans *Times-Picayune* said the identification was made more than an hour after the killing. There was disagreement at the inquest, where the pistol was produced, as to whether one or two bullets had been fired. The pistol contained five cartridges, with an empty shell jammed in the ejector.

More than a year after the shooting, Odom wrote the Louisiana State Bureau of Investigation asking for Weiss's gun. He said he wanted to return it to the court's custody. Louis P. Guerre, a Long man who was then the bureau chief, turned Odom's request down.

"I am sorry to advise you," Guerre wrote, "that we wish to make further ballistic studies of the pistol, and it will be necessary to retain it for that purpose."

Nothing more was heard of such ballistic studies, nor was any official track kept of the gun. Asked recently what he had done with it, Guerre claimed that it was in bureau headquarters when he left office.

No official evidence or records remain of the Weiss-Long slayings—in the files either of the courts or of the State Police (successor to Huey's SBI). Neither Coroner Bird nor District Attorney Odom can clarify now what he saw and thought at the time, since both have died.

The Federal Bureau of Investigation did nothing because the killings were a state affair. Director J. Edgar Hoover has said the FBI "conducted no investigation of the matter . . . inasmuch as it did not constitute a violation of federal law within the jurisdiction of this bureau."

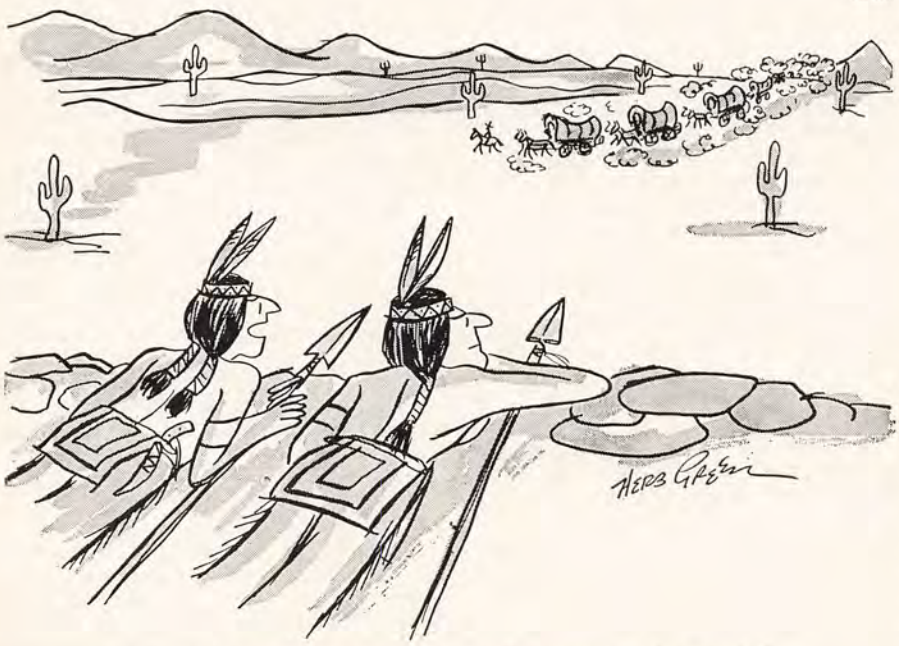
So who really killed the Kingfish?

As a wire service newsman based in New Orleans, I studied the case for six years and wrote a book about it—*The Day Huey Long Was Shot*. Here are my conclusions:

(1) No credible motive for the shooting has ever been produced. Weiss's background and his actions on the day of the slaying do not jibe with the popular theory that he murdered to save the world from a Long dictatorship. He had never taken any interest in politics. He was a specialist who had spent five years in graduate training to prepare for a career that had just started. He was highly regarded. His father was turning over a flourishing practice. He was only 29, married, with a newborn son. Why would he have cast aside his life to kill Long?

(2) Medical studies on suicide—and anyone who thought of shooting Huey Long must have realized he took a high risk—point out that most potential victims plant death clues. According to his family, Carl Weiss left no such clues. Conversely, he left plenty of evidence he

TRUE



"If you're friendly they move in and property values tumble."

wanted to live. The day before the shooting, Weiss had bought new furniture and ordered a costly gas-heating floor unit installed. That very night he had phoned another doctor to confirm an operation.

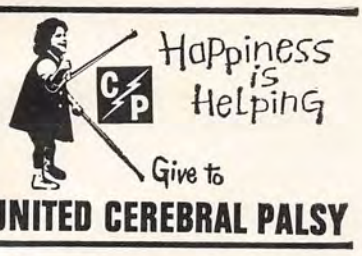
(3) The pattern of his actions that night indicates that when Weiss left his home, he had every intention of returning. If assassination had been his plan, he would not have needed his medical bag nor his car.

(4) The Long witnesses did not make a satisfactory explanation for the mysterious cut on Huey's lip. The implication is that Huey was punched. It is as reasonable to believe that a fistfight between Weiss and Long precipitated the shooting as it is to assume that Weiss murdered Huey in cold blood.

(5) The science of ballistics was not used to determine Huey's killer. The slug that killed Huey was never produced. History records Doctor Weiss as Long's assassin only from the words of men, who, by so stating, vindicated themselves.

As the two murdered men were different in life, so were they in death.

Long's body, dressed in evening clothes, lay in state for two days. Newspapers reported that more than 100,000 persons



saw him entombed in the capitol's sunken gardens.

"He was the Stradivarius whose notes rose in competition with jealous drums, envious tom-toms," said the Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith, who later ardently championed the cause of anti-Semitism.

The Kingfish has become a kind of demigod in Louisiana. His birthday is a state holiday, his tomb virtually a shrine. A 12-foot bronze statue of him stands over his grave. When the sun sets, a floodlight from the 24th story of the capitol blazes down on it.

In contrast, funeral services for Weiss were held in the church where he had celebrated Mass just hours before the shooting. A religious burial was permitted because of the high degree of doubt about who did the shooting and who, therefore, was in mortal sin.

"It happened so suddenly," said the late Archbishop Joseph F. Rummel of New Orleans, "that there was no certainty."

Several hundred persons braved a driving rain to attend the services. The coffin remained closed.

Doctor Weiss lies in a large cemetery about two miles east of the statehouse. A plain granite headstone with the single word "Weiss" marks the family plot. There the moss of an old oak sways over the remains of Carl Austin Weiss.

—David Zinman

Now the most automatic of cameras does even more for you.

This camera makes it so much easier for you to take the indoor pictures you've always wanted. The new instant-loading KODAK INSTAMATIC 804 Camera does practically everything for you automatically. It even gives you automatic flash advance with the new rotating flashcube! It automatically adjusts for film speed... automatically advances the film for you after each shot... automatically adjusts the fast f2.8 lens for correct daylight exposure... automatically warns you when you need to use flash... automatically switches to flash speed when you pop on a flashcube... automatically sets itself for correct flash exposure as you focus... automatically indicates by rangefinder when focus is correct... and more, much more! Yet this most helpful of precision cameras costs less than $125.

Price subject to change without notice.

KODAK INSTAMATIC 804 Camera

ARE WE INSURING MURDER ON THE AIRLINES?

[*Continued from page* 42]

was discovered on an United Airlines DC-3 at Los Angeles and was deactivated in time. On September 24, 1952, a Mexican airliner was damaged by a bomb explosion but managed to land safely. There were no fatalities in this case, but less than a year later a bomb was discovered in another Mexican airliner while it was on the ground at Mazatlana. The bomb exploded after being removed from the plane. Three were killed and nine injured.

On November 1, 1955, John G. Graham put his rich, widowed mother aboard a United Airlines DC-6 flying from Denver to Portland, Oregon. He also put a bomb in her baggage. Then, borrowing a handful of quarters from a friend, he bought $37,500 in insurance on her life from a Denver airport vending machine. When the plane blew up, 44 persons went down in a flaming death dive.

Before he died in the gas chamber for murder, Graham told CAB investigators that he took out only a small amount of insurance on his mother's life in the belief that this would throw investigators off his trail.

On July 25, 1957, Saul F. Binstock, a passenger on a Western Airlines Convair (and a loser at Nevada slot machines) bought $125,000 in flight insurance then walked aboard the plane with a bomb in his travel bag. After the aircraft was airborne, he went back to the rear washroom and triggered the device. Instead of the bomb blowing out the entire tail section, however, its blast was muffled by the closeness of Binstock's body. He was blown out the side of the airplane, but no other passengers were injured and the plane made a safe landing.

On November 16, 1959, a National Airlines DC-7 disappeared on an overwater flight from Miami to New Orleans and 42 persons perished. The wreckage was never located, but torn bodies and debris fished out of the Gulf of Mexico 90 miles southeast of New Orleans pointed to a bomb explosion.

Next in the long list of mass murders in the air was one of the most famous of all—the Julian Frank case. Frank was a 34-year-old New York attorney. He was insured for $1,007,500, $997,500 of which had been purchased within six months prior to January 6, 1960, when he boarded a National Airlines DC-6B bound for Miami.

The pilot of Frank's plane was Capt. Dale H. Southard, 46, a man with more than 16,000 hours to his credit. He asked air traffic control at New York for a flight path that would permit him to cruise above clouds at 18,000 feet on a route that would take him over Wilmington, North Carolina, thence over Cape Fear River, over the Atlantic Ocean and southward to West Palm Beach and Miami. At a point where the aircraft should have been over the ocean but in fact was still over Cape Fear River, a violent explosion ripped out the side of the fuselage in the vicinity of passenger seat Number 7. The plane made a long, lazy right turn into the ground, crashing near Bolivia, North Carolina. Blown out of the plane was Julian Frank, whose body fell into a swamp 16 miles from the crash site and was miraculously located. Autopsies were performed on all 34 victims, but Frank's body provided the needed clues.

The lower extremities of his body had been torn away, but the remainder was saturated with foreign material. Both right and left hands were horribly mutilated. The right hand and forearm were blackened and had many particles of all sizes and shape. Microscopic investigation disclosed pieces of wire, bits of brass, fibers and different colored materials. From the right knee, thigh and hip, more than 20 items were removed and analyzed. In the tissue were pieces of olive-drab cloth and a brass plate similar to the retainer plate of a Westclox "Travette" alarm clock. All clues indicated that a bomb, carried in an airline travel bag, had exploded under the seat where Frank is believed to have been sitting.

On April 28, 1960, 10 persons died in a Venezuelan Airlines DC-3 when a Russian passenger, Vjacheslav Lavinski (who thought he was a space explorer) threw a hand grenade during the flight from Caracas.

On the night of May 22, 1962, a Boeing 707 jet liner operated by Continental Airlines was en route from Chicago to Kansas City when a blast lit up the cloud-filled skies for a score of miles. The jet slowly fell to its death from 39,000 feet, impacting on a hillside near Unionville, Missouri. All 37 passengers and a crew of eight died although one passenger lived for several hours after the crash. Investigation by the CAB disclosed that a dynamite bomb had been placed in the waste towel bin in the right rear lavatory.

At the first smell of dynamite residue, the FBI entered the case and began checking the passenger list and the insurance taken out on the flight. One of the victims was Thomas G. Doty, 34, of Kansas City, awaiting a trial on armed robbery. The FBI investigation disclosed that he had mentioned to friends that he might kill himself rather than face prosecution. He purchased three flight policies totaling $300,000, leaving them to his pregnant wife.

On May 7, 1964, while en route from Reno, Nevada, to San Francisco, a Pacific Airlines Fairchild F-27 turboprop liner, crashed near San Ramon, California. Forty-one passengers and three crewmen died in the crash but not before the last recorded message from the flight's copilot, Ray Andress, 31, electrified the Oakland Approach controller: "Skipper's shot . . . we've been shot . . . [I was] tryin' to help."

As a result of these words, when CAB and FBI investigators reached the crash scene, they were looking for a gun—and they found it, a Smith and Wesson .357 Magnum revolver with a serial number S210645. Six fired cartridges were found in the weapon. It had a broken frame, a jammed cylinder, missing pistol grips and bits of human tissue were adhering to it.

Investigation disclosed that this gun had been purchased by one Francisco Paula Gonzales on May 6, 1964, after which he had advised both friends and relatives that he would die either on Wednesday, the 6th of May or Thursday, the 7th of May. On the night of May 6, he departed from San Francisco International Airport for Reno with a return ticket for the next morning. Shortly

TRUE

"You are a doctor and Ken is a doctor. But all these other people—where do *they* get this kind of money?"

before boarding the Pacific Airlines flight he displayed the gun to numerous friends at the airport and told at least one he intended to shoot himself. Then he bought $105,000 in insurance at the terminal. He flew to Reno, gambled most of the night, boarded the return flight and, apparently, shot the crew. He was a man deeply in debt, with nearly half of his salary committed to loan payments. He was disturbed and depressed over marital and financial difficulties.

As a result of this crash, a lawsuit was started against the two insurance companies that sold the policies to Gonzales. The suit charges that the companies "negligently" sold the insurance without seeing that the purchaser was "manifestly despondent and bent upon self-destruction."

The suit, filed by attorney Melvin Belli and still pending, is significant because it could trigger similar lawsuits by relatives and next of kin of sabotage victims.

On August 16, 1965, a United Air Lines 727 jet plunged into Lake Michigan with a violent explosion. The base of the heavy clouds was 7,000 feet; the jet was at 6,000 feet. It was clearly visible to radar. Was the pilot trying to avoid a midair collision? Did he stall the giant plane? Or did something catastrophic take place within the aircraft? No one knows. But the accident that took him and 29 others to their death turned up witnesses who thought they saw an explosion in the sky.

Such is the tragic history of some recent air disasters.

How do the insurance companies feel about it? The airlines? The terminal operators? The passengers?

Perhaps understandably, they all feel differently about air trip insurance from the aroused pilots. Both passengers and insurance companies insist that every citizen has the right to buy travel protection. There has always been an inherent fear of flying, even in the most hardened air traveler, and the purchase of air trip insurance is a legal, reassuring and sensible move for those who fear they may not get where they are going.

Airlines, air terminals and the commissions and other authorities who operate the terminals avoid arguments concerning air travel insurance. Terminal operators get commissions on gross insurance sales.

COMING . . .

A motorized invasion
is headed your way from
out of the mysterious East

WILD NEW WHEELS FROM JAPAN

mean fun and adventure
with new motorcycles and cars

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

There's a sweet new Model drifting into your life...

New Model Aromatic

She goes by the name of new Model Aromatic ...and she's as fancy a smoking tobacco as regular Model Tobacco. She's a sweet-talking, easy-going mixture—with just a whiff of cherry to sweeten your smoke. Same price as regular Model, too. Come on, don't let this sweet new Model drift by without giving her a try.

NEW MODEL AROMATIC • REGULAR MODEL

United States Tobacco Company

The Port of New York Authority operates the airports at Kennedy International, Newark and La Guardia and leases some of the terminals to U.S. airlines. In cases where insurance is sold in Port Authority terminals, the Authority collects 25 percent of the gross sales. In cases where the airlines operate a terminal, the Authority takes 12½ percent while the airline gets another 12½ percent. Three insurance companies operate in the New York airport area.

In 1964, the total premiums from all three airports came to $3,169,000 of which $792,250 was paid to the Port Authority and the airlines.

Detroit has two major airports. Willow Run (soon to close) is owned by the University of Michigan but leased to the Air Terminal Corporation. There are three machines and one counter in operation there. Rental rate is 13 percent of gross or about $50,000 annually.

Detroit Metropolitan Airport, soon to take over Willow Run business and operated by a County Road Commission, has an average of a million and a quarter passengers annually. In the fiscal year December 1, 1963, to November 30, 1964, Detroit Metro took in $149,949 in rentals from one booth and three machines. This represented 32.55 percent of the gross of $460,675.

In December, 1964, the Road Commission decided to raise its percentage to $10,000 a month or 45.5 percent of the gross—whichever is greater. Under this new agreement, the airport took in sharply increased rentals. Other terminal operators around the country opened their eyes. If Detroit could do this, so could they.

In 1964, Chicago collected $318,971.34 in insurance rentals representing 25 percent of the gross sales from nine counters in three terminals. St. Louis Airport, operated by the city, took in $101,840, representing 33 percent of sales.

The story is the same all across the country with nine companies selling the insurance and paying skyrocketing percentages of their gross. The Air Line Pilots Association claimed in its arguments before the government agencies inquiring into insurance sales at airports, that the gross annual revenues of these insurance companies in the U.S. is about $40,000,000. Revenues have climbed considerably since, however, and may now be as high as $50,000,000. This could mean rentals of up to $15,000,000 for the terminal operators and airlines.

The insurance companies deny such big business. Mutual of Omaha, the biggest in the business, says the total gross in the U.S. is about $24,000,000.

Aware of mounting criticisms, the insurance firms are beginning to feel they have some responsibility to help solve the problem. Eugene Brady, President of Tele-Trip, the vending machine subsidiary of Mutual of Omaha, and James Barrett, executive vice-president of Mutual of Omaha, both insist that Mutual was concerned with air sabotage long before the Air Lines Pilots Association was even formed and are still concerned with it. Mutual is far from convinced there is a direct relationship between sabotage and terminal-bought insurance. They say their investigations disclose that aerial suicide, in almost all cases, has been long intended and the airport trip insurance has been a secondary motive. Taking the official cases of aerial sabotage one by one, Mutual executives maintain: 1) there was no insurance link with the air sabotage over McCool, Indiana, in 1933. 2) In the celebrated John Graham case, they say Graham had intended killing his mother on an earlier occasion by bombing a hamburger stand where she would be eating but held off and then plotted the airliner bombing for her estate—not for airport insurance.

In the cases of 3) the Western Airlines explosion in 1957 and, 4) the overwater disappearance of the National DC-7 over the Gulf, Mutual argues there was no evidence of insurance-inspired murder. In the celebrated Julian Frank case, 5) they show that Frank was investigated and cleared by Occidental Life Insurance Company when he bought the bulk of his insurance. In the Continental 707, 6) that took 45 to their deaths en route from Chicago to Kansas City, Mutual claims the suspect bought air trip insurance in Kansas City, days before his flight—an indication the sabotage was long plotted and was certainly not motivated by a last-minute insurance purchase.

In the San Ramon, California, case of Francisco Gonzales, 7) Mutual argues the man was intent on committing suicide

"Harry, how long does this practice drill go on? Harry! Harry . . .?"

and insurance was not the motive. He could have bought $300,000 worth but didn't.

In the two Canadian sabotage cases, 8) and 9), Mutual contends that Albert Guay of the celebrated Quebec DC-3 bombing was out to murder his wife so that he could marry his mistress and insurance was not the motive, but simply an added benefit of the crime. In the 1965 bombing of the C.P.A. DC-6 over the British Columbia Rockies, Mutual executives claim they are not satisfied with the preliminary reports that a passenger who bought some $100,000 insurance in Vancouver Airport is the only suspect in the mass murder. Their own investigators have turned up the fact that on May 6, 1965, eight weeks before the aircraft was sabotaged, another man tried to buy a $50,000 life insurance policy with double indemnity from Olympic National Life Insurance Co. of Seattle and was turned down because of the double indemnity amount. Unable to get this added bonus for accidental death, he then purchased a $100,000 straight insurance policy. This man also turned out to be a passenger on the ill-fated plane and the insurance companies are doing their own investigating of this passenger.

Generally, insurance companies argue that the thought of sabotage can be in the minds of those with suidical tendencies for as long as three years and therefore, despite the charges of the pilots, it is impossible to screen the purchasers. The companies claim, however, that any wild-eyed nut or drunk trying to buy insurance from an airport agent will be reported to the airline on which he is traveling and many such reports are made.

"ALPA is not consistent in its arguments," says Eugene Brady. "These pilots argue for screening and yet you can buy up to $2,000,000 worth of insurance from any one of 700 companies by a simple telephone call or purchase up to $450,000 in insurance by mail from any credit card companies without any screening whatsoever. On a typical flight out of Chicago, it is possible to get insurance from a dozen or more companies—by mail, phone, insurance agent or through a travel agent. Where is the ALPA logic? Our investigators have found that sabotage is caused by love triangles and business failures. Even Gonzales, we allege, had a love affair going and 'she' was going to inform his wife. How can any form of insurance screening locate these inner problems? We think that ALPA is on the wrong track in its arguments but we are more than willing to try and find a common ground to end sabotage. We think we can. We must get the weapons that destroy the airplanes."

"It isn't the easy access to insurance that causes sabotage—it is the easy access to dynamite," charges Mutual's James Barrett. "No one has to account for the disposition of dynamite, although it is supposed to come under the scrutiny of state and county fire marshals but never does. Incredible. There is no check on why people buy dynamite or what it is to be used for. It has killed enough people in the South and destroyed enough churches to warrant strict government control over its use. John Graham got his dynamite from a stump-clearing operation going on near Denver. Others steal dynamite from railway construction sheds and from mining companies. Farmers can buy all they want for stump clearing. So can anyone, even without stumps. There should be a strict federal control over the purchase and disposition of all explosive materials and then we would cut down on sabotage. We wouldn't end it but this would be the first start."

You're always right with AUTOLITE Ford

Mutual and other insurance companies agree that to stop sabotage the following action should be taken:

(1) Government control of explosives.

(2) Death penalty for attempted sabotage of a commercial airliner. At present, the penalty is one year in jail or $10,000 fine for attempted sabotage.

(3) Baggage inspection and personal fluoroscopic search by qualified airline personnel (or send luggage on a separate airliner while putting more seats into the passenger airliner to make up for the cost of shipping the luggage separately).

(4) The Law of Privacy should not govern the examination of airline baggage or personal investigation and the ticket should include a waiver that would permit such investigation. (Such checking would have trapped Graham, Frank, Guay and the saboteurs of the Continental and the C.P.A. DC-7 and others.)

(5) Permissive legislation by the federal government to allow insurance companies access to necessary evidence contained in the Civil Aeronautics Board and FBI files to defend themselves in cases where the estates of saboteurs sue on a policy. (Insurance investigators are forbidden by law to investigate suspected sabotage at the accident scenes. Mutual and Fidelity have not even been told where Gonzales' gun is located and they need it for their court evidence.)

In defense of the charges that easy-to-get slot-machine insurance can trigger suicidal tendencies in a suicidally-disposed crackpot, Mutual argues that this has never been the case. They say they operate machines in small airports where

it would be impractical to set up agents. They claim that no profit has ever been realized from airport-sold insurance, that it is sold merely as a public service and to enhance the company's image.

"If Mutual of Omaha thought that by taking insurance agents and machines out of airports we would stop sabotage, we would do so immediately," said Barrett. "We are not in the business of murder."

While all the arguments continue, other forces are plodding along. For the past half-dozen years, the Federal Aviation Agency, convinced that baggage inspection was not the answer to sabotage, has been banging its head against the walls of research in an attempt to find some way to locate bombs in baggage and upon the persons of enplaning passengers. So far all the efforts have been without result.

The first move of the FAA was to lock all cockpit doors and forbid pilots to walk through the planes (a custom which some passengers consider a reassuring touch); to implement fining and imprisonment for unauthorized persons carrying weapons aboard aircraft; to obtain the cooperation of insurance agencies in reporting any extra large air trip insurance purchased by individuals; to regulate the consumption of alcohol (to prevent intoxicated persons from entering planes); and, recently, to permit crews to arm themselves against attack.

None of these moves has eliminated sabotage.

Several independent research groups experimented in the early '60's with supersonic devices that would send vibrations into baggage and explode any dynamite therein, but this scheme proved impractical. Airlines were reluctant to have baggage blowing up near their terminals or adjacent to six million dollar aircraft. Further, this form of protection would have no effect on nitroglycerine or plastic bombs.

In 1962 the FAA decided that the solution was to *locate* bombs in baggage or upon the person entering the airliner. In cooperation with the Atomic Energy Commission, a $60,000 contract was awarded to Catholic University to develop a device utilizing a nuclear charged wafer of cobalt which would instantly detect the presence of any radioisotope. The key to this plan was to have dynamite manufacturers put a radioactive isotope in detonator caps or in the dynamite itself so the all-seeing eye would detect the TNT and ring an alarm. However, it could not detect any caps or dynamite without the isotopes and this immediately made the plan impractical because millions of sticks of untreated dynamite and caps are stored all over the continent.

Meanwhile, as bomb research progressed, the FAA made an insurance survey and "despite considerable pressure on the part of individuals and groups," it was decided that the study—made by insurance executive Clarence Pell, Jr., and the Government-Industry Steering Committee on Air Line Sabotage—was right in opposing any ban on airport insurance sales as "it would not deter saboteurs but would deprive the innocent of financial protection and adversely affect the nation's free enterprise system."

The airline pilots raised a howl. They pointed out that Pell was a vice-president of an insurance firm, head of an aviation insurance division and director of Associated Aviation Underwriters. "Why it's like appointing the president of our pilots' association to investigate if we should get higher pay," said an ALPA spokesman.

It was clear that the FAA, faced with mounting criticism, again had to turn to research. On April 8, 1965, the agency awarded a $176,962 contract to the Illinois Institute of Technology Research to develop and test a device that would detect explosive vapors and be ready to demonstrate it by mid-April, 1966.

The Illinois Institute had announced back in May, 1964 that an experimental polar vapor detector had been developed that would discriminate between all polar and nonpolar molecules. This seemed to indicate that the Institute had found a way of detecting nitro compounds by identifying the presence of their molecules in the air. Scientists had long known that almost all materials, even humans, expel molecules that will identify them. Molecular fingerprinting they called it, and researchers referred to the device as the "snifter."

Armed with the FAA contract, IIT began to fashion its sensing device. But will the snifter be ready in time to appease angry airline pilots? Not likely. In fact, there is not yet any clear agreement that such a device will work.

As an indication of the fever that is currently gripping pilots, in 1965 the ALPA monthly magazine carried two blasts at airport insurance, calling it a "lottery on lives." The Canadian Airline Pilots Association also ran two articles on sabotage in the October, 1965, issue of *Pilot*. These are clear indications that the pilots' pot is ready to boil over. When and if it does, commercial aviation could have its first worldwide strike. On that day at least, no planes will be bombed. **—Fred McClement**

A SICK RIVER IS RETURNED TO NATURE

[*Continued from page* 37]

New York's Rondout Creek purified itself after local citizens complained so much that health authorities closed down a polluting paper mill. Each is a success story. But each river had only one problem. Yet the history of the North Platte cleanup proves that even a "grossly polluted" river *can* be made pure again.

The problems of the North Platte, like those of Cleveland's Cuyahoga, Atlanta's Chattahoochee and virtually all other polluted waters, were three: irresponsible industry, myopic municipalities and an apathetic public. The large plants on its shore were built a half century ago, almost before the word "conservation" was invented. The small plants came later. But by then the river was so foul anyway that a little more putrescence wouldn't hurt.

Towns along the way weren't interested in setting up expensive sewage disposal plants. Everyone else was using the river as a cesspool; why shouldn't they? Casper alone was bequeathing to its neighbors downstream an offering of nearly four million gallons of raw sewage a day.

Along with the industries and the towns, there was a third complication, common in western states: "peak power discharge." To run a hydroelectric plant efficiently, you let the water roar through the turbines for four hours in the morning, four hours in the evening, and turn the river off the rest of the time. In Wyoming, the North Platte is broken by six dams and six power plants. "What happened when they let the water gush out of the last big dam above Casper," explained one state official, "was a sight to behold. A bank of water would come sweeping down the practically empty stream bed, kicking up oil sludge deposits in front of it, and flush the whole stinking mess downriver. It'd kill even the carp and suckers that had ventured in from the side streams. Then the Bureau [of Reclamation, which builds the dams and regulates water use] would turn the water off and let the foul stuff sit there and percolate until the next cycle."

The fouling of the North Platte had grown slowly over the years, with hardly a complaint raised. The people knew it was polluted but they figured nothing could be done about it.

Then, in 1948, Congress passed the first federal water pollution law. It was a vapid, toothless bill, but in two ways important: First, it provided for the first basic cataloging of all major U.S. waters and, second, it focused attention on these waterways; for the first time people realized they could get mad at pollution and not simply accept it.

One man who got mad was the late editor of the weekly *Douglas Budget*, Keith Rider. And according to those later involved, he was the catalyst for the whole North Platte cleanup. "He kept needling us," says a spokesman for the Wyoming Department of Health. "This guy Rider would just sit there downstream and turn out these editorials and the Casper paper, the Cheyenne paper and the rest of them in the state would pick them up."

The trigger was a Rider editorial that ran May 20, 1954.

> ". . . The North Platte . . . is now nothing more than a second rate irrigation ditch and sewage disposal stream. Last Friday the first storage water of the season was released from the dams above Casper. By the time that head of water reached here, it had a black oily head on it which appeared to be a foot deep. . . . Following in the wake of the foul, oily mass of water, the river banks were strewn with dead fish of all kinds from Casper to the Guernsey dam. . . ."

The editorial was picked up by the

Beer? Busch!

When it's time to take it easy . . . you can't say beer better than Busch! Because Busch is brewed the way beer was meant to be brewed . . . with patience and pride, by Anheuser-Busch . . . the people who care as much about good beer as you do.

You can't say beer better

Anheuser-Busch, Inc. St. Louis, Mo.
Busch®

Put your hand in your pocket, m'friend

Leigh Anne, 4, was born with spinal bifida—partly paralyzed from the waist down. She is learning to walk and care for herself at the Easter Seal Center in Villa Park, Illinois.

This is a fine little girl. Full of love and hope, and so spunky she almost breaks your heart. The world needs people like her. But right now she needs people like you. People who believe in helping people. Her therapy and special training cost more than her folks can afford. The Easter Seals you use pay the difference. So put your hand in your pocket, m'friend. Your share is about $2.

I thank you.

Jimmy Durante

The Easter Seals you use enable the Easter Seal Society, at more than a thousand clinics and centers, to help people fight against the effects of these crippling disorders: crippling accidents, poliomyelitis, strokes, cerebral palsy, multiple sclerosis, muscular dystrophy, arthritis, birth deformities, speech defects and many others. If you know of someone who needs this kind of help, send them to your local Easter Seal Chapter. It's listed in your phone book.

Jimmy Durante is National Chairman of the 1966 Easter Seal Fund Appeal

Easter Seal Fund Appeal

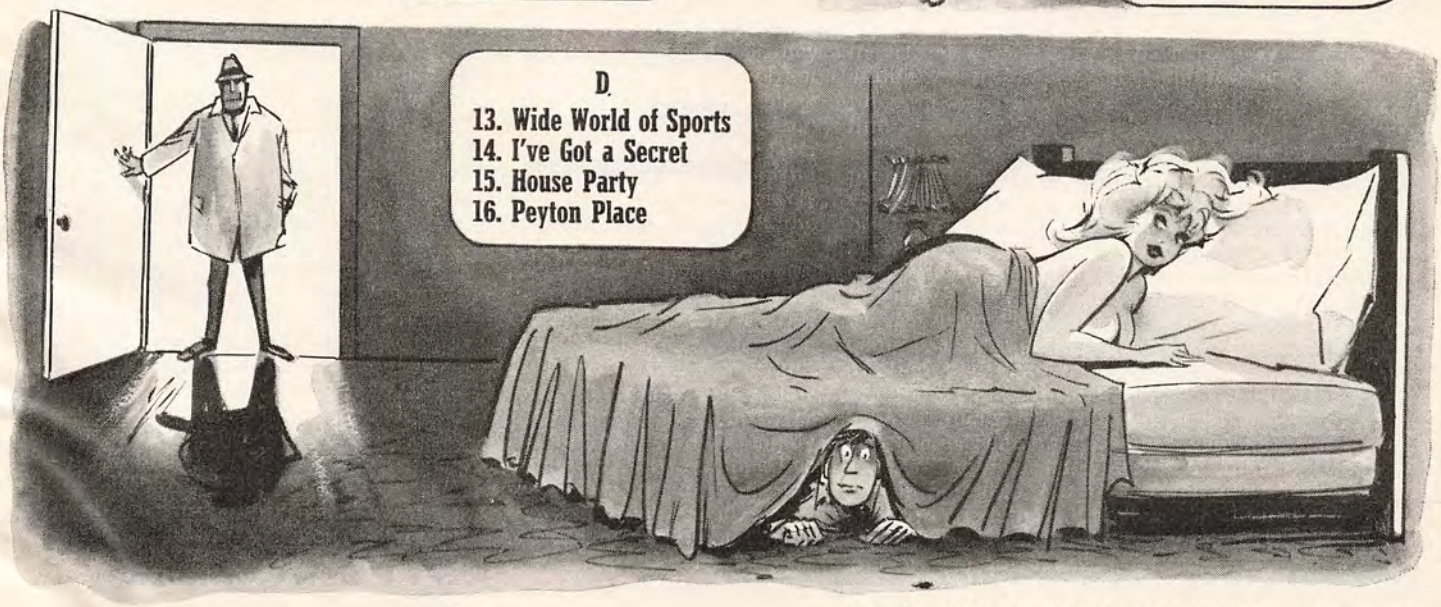
ADDRESS: EASTER SEALS, C/O POSTMASTER, YOUR CITY, YOUR PERSONAL ZIP CODE

MATCH THE CARTOONS WITH A POPULAR TV SHOW

A
1. Big Valley
2. I Spy
3. Bonanza
4. The Untouchables

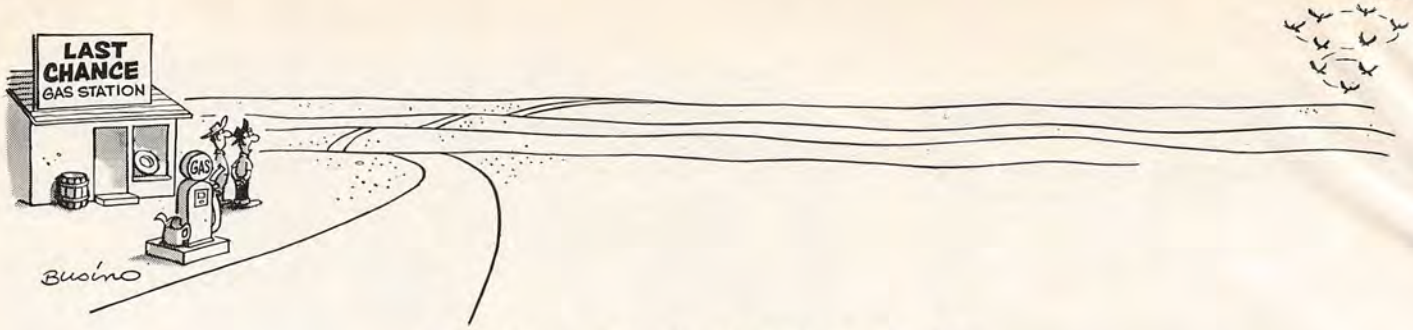
B
5. Farmer's Daughter
6. Profiles in Courage
7. Beverly Hillbillies
8. The Fugitive

C
9. International Showtime
10. Naked City
11. The Early Show
12. Open End



D
13. Wide World of Sports
14. I've Got a Secret
15. House Party
16. Peyton Place

A. Bonanza—3 B. The Fugitive—8 C. The Early Show—11 D. Wide World of Sports—13



"I *told* him a dollar's worth wouldn't be enough."

AP wire and printed throughout the state. L. O. Williams, State Sanitary Engineer, said he was "very pleased" that Rider had reopened the problem. "There has been . . . too much foot dragging," he added. The State Fish Warden called for "stringent stream pollution laws." The mayor of Casper, a city of 35,000 without any sewage treatment at all, said he was thinking really hard about some sort of system. And every candidate eyeing the upcoming November election, including Wyoming's present Senator Milward L. Simpson, who was then running for governor, snatched the pollution ball and ran.

In May, 1955, on the first anniversary of the editorial, the excitement of the election having long cooled (Simpson won), another editorial appeared, in the Douglas paper, titled "It Still Stinks." "Here we go again," wrote Rider, as he lambasted everyone, pointing out that except for a dandy meeting almost nothing had been done in the full intervening year. Again the piece was widely reprinted.

"That's the editorial that got the governor really going on the problem," recalls one of Simpson's associates. "He printed up copies and sent them around to everyone remotely interested. The governor said he was tired of being needled like this."

Governor Simpson may not have known it at the time, but he had already thrown the master switch. Early in 1955, he hired a man named Arthur E. Williamson, then 40, as the top pollution man in the State Department of Public Health. Williamson's official title is Director of the Division of Environmental Sanitation. He is a slim, sun-scorched man who speaks with a drawl and, for the past 10 years, he has devoted the bulk of his considerable energy to cleaning up the North Platte.

Art Williamson was raised in the Midwest (Kansas) and educated in the East (an M.S. in Sanitary Engineering from New York University). But he belongs in and to the West. He drives a Ford pickup truck, wears cowboy shirts and black boots, and his hat looks like a prop left over from *Wagon Train*. For dress-up occasions he strings a bolo tie around his open collar.

When the governor appointed him, he said, "I don't care how you do it—how many arms you have to twist or heads to crack—just *clean up the damn river*. I'll back you to the fullest."

Williamson himself refers to the whole North Platte campaign as one big poker game. "We had to bluff our way most of the time. I still don't know if our laws had teeth or not. But the governor and the pollution council and I all said we had real good laws, and we were going to enforce 'em. Now maybe if we had gone to court we could have forced industry to comply. Maybe. But I'll bet we couldn't have touched the municipalities. The towns *thought* we could, though—and that's all that mattered."

Shortly after he appointed Williamson, the governor named new members to the Pollution Control Advisory Council, a group composed of state agency people (Commissioner of Agriculture, Commissioner of Game & Fish, State Engineer, and Director of the Public Health Department) and laymen representing industry, municipalities and agriculture. One council appointment was especially interesting: Dr. C. C. Buchler, of the American Oil Co. refinery. "I appointed Doc Buchler for a couple of reasons," Simpson said later. "The main one was that he was very intelligent, a famous engineer, and a good chemist. And the second reason, or maybe it was the first, was that I wanted him there so he'd show the way to the other oil companies."

By the end of 1955 Williamson and the commission had worked out a rough formula for pollution abatement. On January 24, 1956, at a meeting in Wheatland, he presented timetables to representatives of both communities and industry. Says Williamson: "I told the people that the first thing I want is an engineering report. 'Tell me what can be done with your sewage, what it's going to cost you, how you can finance it and by when.' Well, the industries seemed to be expecting this, so at the meeting they only grumbled a little. But all the mayors tried to procrastinate. They said they didn't have the money.

"But we had an ace: Our Game and Fish Commission stepped into the breach with a $50,000 fund for grants to the cities to get together engineering reports. There went their excuses. This is the only state I know of where the game and fish people were serious enough about their fish to set up this kind of fund." Twenty-five towns used the fund in 1956 alone.

While the communities were reluctantly forming plans, Williamson and the committee turned their energy to industry, focusing their persuasive talents on the four oil companies spotted around Casper. Each day, someone figured, the plants were dumping enough waste into the river to fill a 14-story building the size of a tennis court. "Oh, it was bad, all right," admits slow-talking, chain-smoking Joseph W. Yant, Chief Engineer of American Oil's Casper plant. "But consider the enormity of our problems." These were big enough, figured company planners, to cost a million bucks or more to get rid of the three classes of gunk being dumped into the river:

1. Huge amounts of phenol (carbolic acid) and sulfides, along with a small quantity of silt and other chemicals formed during refining.
2. Calcium and magnesium salts pulled from river water used for cooling. If it isn't removed from the hard Wyoming water, thick crusts form on equipment.
3. Oil seepage. The refinery has been in operation for half a century and, as is usual with these plants, the storage tanks leak. Oil seeps into the ground, then into the river.

Along with two other oil companies (Socony Mobil and Texaco), American decided to cooperate. The fourth, Continental, tarried for the rest of the year, then in December, 1956, solved the problem by going out of business. "It was an old refinery debating whether to keep going anyway," Williamson explains. "When we put the heat on them it was the thing that convinced them to close."

In the meantime, American was examining possible solutions. One it almost bought: shoot the waste through pipes up a mountain and let it run back into the river, oxidizing along the way. The company finally decided to solve things by cleaning up nothing—but by returning nothing to the river.

COMING . . .

A big man in the rifle business hits the bull's-eye again

THE MAVERICK GUNMAKER AND HIS BIGGEST GAMBLE

Here's Bill Ruger and the dream that became a revolutionary new firearm

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

Four miles north of the plant, surrounded by rolling hills, a strongly alkaline pond called Old Soda Lake sat landlocked in the center of a huge basin. The company bought the slough and 2,200 acres around it and enclosed the whole thing in eight miles of fence. They built a pump house at the plant, ran a 23-thousand-foot pipe to the pond and, in June, 1957, hooked it all together. From the end of the pipe poured everything: phenols, dissolved calcium and magnesium salts, suspended oil, even sewage from the employees' washrooms.

Not long after the company had spent $1.5 million building the new Old Soda Lake (and the other two oil companies had installed similar setups), fish began slowly to return to sections of the river downstream. But the oil firms' trouble wasn't quite ended; people downriver complained that the fish tasted like petroleum. American discovered that the soil around the plant was so saturated with oil that some was still oozing into the river.

A little more pressure and the company came up with the solution: two wells eight feet in diameter with pumps constantly sucking up whatever drains in, mostly oil. Today, it seems to be working. At least nobody complains of oily fish any more. "A few months ago we stopped a fellow fishing from our railroad bridge, right in front of the plant," Yant said recently. "He had 64 trout—something impossible only a little while ago."

"Now you may wonder why American and the other oil companies paid any attention to anybody," says Williamson. In the first place, he explains, Doctor Buchler, manager of American's plant, as chairman of the pollution council, was placed in the odd public position of having to force his own company to comply. And in that position his leverage with others was considerable. "He never had a bit of sympathy for other industries," relates Williamson. "They'd come in and say, 'This is going to cost us to beat hell,' and he'd answer, 'I know what it's costing; I spent a million and a half bucks on it.' "

In the second place, so much publicity had been given the work of the committee and the condition of the stream that the companies were expecting pressure. And privately they believed they were in the wrong. "Our head office had been receiving complaints from elsewhere, too," says oilman Yant, "so the biggest hurdle was convincing the people with the purse strings that what we wanted to do, form a lake, was the cheapest practical solution."

Then, too, in cities the size of those along the North Platte, the people responsible for pollution are well known. If water pollution becomes something to be *against*, social pressures can be enormous. And the governor was backing Williamson and the antipollution fight to the hilt.

With the massive quantities of oil refinery waste being eliminated, smaller polluters became more obvious. The city of Casper, for example, which had never bothered with even elementary sewage treatment, suddenly found itself a principal offender. Williamson tells how it was: "Whenever another area built up, Casper would run a four-foot sewer pipe down to the river and attach the houses to it. That was it. You could stand at the outlet and see the excrement flush right into the river."

In local politics, no matter what the section of the country, building water purification plants usually is easy. People must drink. Sewage treatment plants, however, are more difficult because it appears that they benefit only those downstream. Politically, you don't *do* anything about pollution, you just *talk* about it. But now, a good many people were demanding action. They wanted a clean river and they wanted a plant built.

The local paper, primed by an outdoor columnist named Chuck Morrison, began to grind out a barrage of pro-plant editorials. Then with each utility bill, the city inserted little leaflets proclaiming that "Water is the Life Blood of a Progressive Community—Vote *For* on Sewer Bond!"

On May 14, 1957, the $1,150,000 sewer bond passed overwhelmingly. Because the North Platte was classified a river with interstate pollution, the U.S. Health Department added another $250,000.

With Casper well on the way to clean up, one by one the towns downriver began to come around; Douglas, Torrington, Guernsey. Glenrock, for example, is

Special offer to pipe smokers who smoke these brands

First of all, congratulations on your good taste. They're fine tobaccos every one.

But I'll bet that, like most pipe smokers, every so often you get the urge to try something different.

And so Kentucky Club Mixture makes this offer. If you're in the mood to try a remarkably mild and aromatic mixture . . . one of the fastest growing brands in America . . . send us the empty pouch you've just finished and you'll receive a fresh pouch of Kentucky Club Mixture.* Free.

It's an offer you ought to consider if you're a serious pipe smoker, and here's why.

1. Kentucky Club Mixture is probably the mildest aromatic pipe tobacco around. Most smokers can enjoy pipeful after pipeful without "bite".
2. It's a clean, easy-to-light tobacco that's cut to stay lit right down to the bottom of the bowl.
3. The aroma is pleasing to 'most everyone. Especially women.
4. Most important, the flavor is smooth and rewarding. The result of the careful blending of 5 important tobaccos: White Burley, Virginia Brights, Weeds Cavendish, Turkish and Perique, plus a dash of Deer Tongue for flavor. (Deer Tongue, by the way, is a variety of wild vanilla. It's used as seasoning. The way you might add salt to stew.)

So that's it. Kentucky Club Mixture is a mild aromatic blend made by people who believe it's the best and are ready to prove it by sending you a supply.

For your free pouch mail your empty to: Kentucky Club Mixture, Box 142, Dept. T, Wheeling, West Va. And when you've smoked it, write and give us your opinion.

Kentucky Club Mixture

*Unfortunately we can't picture all tobaccos. But the offer's good on any brand (except Kentucky Club Mixture).

a smiling little community of 1,500, 22 miles east of Casper. "We're a pretty progressive town," says George McConnaughey, ex-mayor and owner of the Corner Market. "Art Williamson came down here and we had a meeting in the town hall and then we all went out and accomplished it. This is a small town with big people," he exclaims, straight-faced. The settling ponds, pumping station and sewage lines cost $37,700, of which the U.S. Public Health Service paid a third. That did the job.

Meanwhile, Williamson was talking with representatives of the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation, because no matter how clean the river became, if peak power requirements daily cut off flow, fish could hardly survive. "About this time we got hold of an advanced study of the Bureau reporting on how they were going to operate this river," Williamson recalls. "From what I saw, I didn't like it. They were still figuring on this surge."

On May 12, 1957, Williamson, the Water Pollution Control Council, all interested state agencies and everyone else who wanted to be there held a mass meeting with the Bureau. "We really pulled in a tremendous number of people from down along the river," says Williamson. "We had a lot of power in that meeting."

As a result, a subcommittee was formed to study the problem. Soon afterwards it came up with a solution. The plan called for a small dam below the giant Alcova power plant with a reservoir to absorb the discharge pulses in its 181-acre lake, then let the water flow out at a constant rate.

The Bureau acquiesced. But two years dragged by before dam construction began, another two years, until 1961, before it started operating. Yet there was no real opposition to the plan, Williamson says. "It just took someone to get the idea, push it and keep at 'em."

As the water began to clear, free from refinery and city sewage pollution, Williamson increased his pressure on the little industries: meat packing plants, mines and small manufacturers. "He kept retracing his steps," says Senator Simpson. "Just as soon as the industries would recover from one blow, he'd go back and give them something else."

"They climbed all over me because of a little red iron ore that never got down to the river anyway," complains Les Wahl, superintendent of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Corp. mine at Sunrise, some 125 miles downriver from Casper. "I think one of our disgruntled employees told somebody we were killing the river fish."

The 65-year-old mine produces hematite, red iron oxide, that tends to dye water bright red, whether or not it harms the fish. To counteract leakage in the Sunrise mine, pumps suck out 200 gallons of water a minute, dump it into a ravine that leads six miles to the North Platte. Last summer, Williamson drove up the winding road to the plant. "What looked like red paint was discharging down the dry draw. It had flowed three miles or so from the plant. Another three miles and it would have been in the river. I says, 'Boy this gotta be stopped quick.' I talked to 'em and asked the fish and game boys to go in and follow it up, and now it's fixed."

"I don't want the stuff running into the river anyway," says Wahl. "It's worth dollars and cents to me. The pollution people had nothing to do with our building these dikes." At any rate, a series of little dams are up now and the silt flow has stopped.

On the outskirts of Casper, the Rocky Mountain Packing Company squats alongside Interstate Highway 25. Inside, workers in white smocks butcher buffalo. "When I first saw the operation," recalls Williamson, "they were letting the waste run through a very small septic tank, then out across the ground. It eventually got into the river so you had a bloody, black-looking mess. It certainly wasn't a major pollution source, but it was a stinking one."

Williamson urged, threatened and cajoled and, finally, the plant bought an old gravel pit with 20 or 30 feet of water in it. They began to dump waste there. Williamson told them: "I'll go along with that, but I think you're going to have some problems because that water's too deep. It's cold. You're just going to be pickling the stuff here. It's going to start smelling some day."

A few years later it did. There was a suit instituted by the plant's neighbors, but Rudy Stanko doesn't care to talk about it. Rudy Stanko is a large, red-faced man who now runs the company. "We settled," he says. "Then we figured we had better do something. So now we boil everything down; we dry it and sell it for fertilizer."

All along the North Platte everything was going smoothly. The cities were cooperating, the peak power demand no longer was a problem, the industries were, with a little pressure here and there, cleaning up their outflows. Everything was rolling.

With one exception: Holly Sugar Corporation, just outside Torrington. "It wasn't that we didn't want to cooperate," says Ira D. Croghan, plant superintendent, a short, balding man with freckles. "It's just that our equipment happened to break down at the same time the state people took river samples."

Holly is a typical example of sugar beet processing plants, factories which are still polluting such rivers as the Arkansas, Montana's Big Horn, Idaho's Bear and the Mississippi. During their peak season, mid-October through December, the 40-year-old company processes 3,000 tons of sugar beets a day. There's lots of stuff to get rid of: lime, used to purify the sugar; Steffens waste, a high alkaline substance left over from the making of molasses; flume water, used to transport and wash the beets; beet tails and chips; and waste from the plant's washrooms. Until the Williamson campaign, everything went into the river except employee waste. That went through a septic tank estimated by health officials to be 50 percent effective.

Tests by the U.S. Public Health Service showed that total organic matter being discharged into the stream was equal to a city of 370,000 and potential disease-producing bacteria increased a thousandfold as the river passed the plant's outlet. No fish lived below the plant, and only a few hearty bottom organisms, like sludge worms and midge larvae, survived that deluge of contaminents.

The first real complaints began around 1950, when hunters claimed that because of pollution the ducks weren't settling. The hunters probably were wrong. "Those ducks were in there in the first place *because* of the beet pulp," Williamson says with a big grin. "They loved it. They'd come in by the thousands and stay as long as the river was full of pulp. So the more we cleaned it the fewer ducks would be there and the louder the hunters would scream."

Anyway, the hunters went hollering to the Public Health Service and soon Williamson came charging into the Holly offices. "Cooperate? Sure we cooperated," says plant superintendent Croghan. "They put the screws to us. They badgered us and threatened us with injunctions. That state committee and the fish and game people and Williamson—they never were satisfied with anything we

TRUE

"And to my wife who kept nagging me to put something aside for a rainy day. . . ."

did." That's probably because the first steps the company took, expensive as they were, didn't seem to help much.

First, Holly dug a giant pit the size of four football fields side by side. That was for the lime and it worked fine. But the river remained polluted. Then in 1956 the company bought a 55-acre pasture nearby, bulldozed a dike around it and dumped in the Steffens waste.

Still no fish. In 1961, the U.S. Public Health Service concluded that ". . . it is evident that pollution of the North Platte River by the Holly Sugar Company constitutes pollution of interstate waters. . . ." So the federal government stepped in with fanfared hearings.

Beet chips and tails, it was decided at the hearing, must go. This waste was being swept away in Holly's flume water, which carried the beets through the plant. A screen was installed. Not much effect on the river.

The problem now seemed to be what is called pulp drainings. These "squeezings" from pulp were allowed to run into the river. Reluctantly, the company installed piping to pump the drainings out to the Steffens waste pond and, just to be safe, diverted the sewer drains from the employees' washroom out there, too.

That almost did it. At least, the fish lived *most* of the year—until the sugar beet season began again. Then they disappeared up the tributaries. The only thing left at Holly was the flume water. Enough dirt stuck to the beets so that when the flume water entered the stream, the silt coated the bottom, killing off food for the fish. "Now it looked like a perfectly simple thing to set up a fine screen there, put a truck underneath it and haul out whatever you collect," recalls Williamson. "We suggested this to them. But about this time Holly was beginning to feel we were riding them a little too hard and they began to see that precedents were being set. So the sugar interests went to the legislature with some real high-powered lobbyists trying to put a law through excepting that particular kind of operation from any pollution law. Well, we beat them. It was a battle, but we beat them."

Holly finally installed the screens and found that during the height of the season nearly 150 tons of dirt a day collected to be hauled off. Today, fish live in the river even during the sugar beet season.

For its full length in Wyoming the North Platte has returned to life. Occasionally there are problems: Irrigation water run-back causes turbidity; a company springs a leak in a tank containing toxic chemicals; the Bureau of Reclamation washes out a reservoir and the silt kills bottom life; an empty barrel of insecticide rolls into the river and wipes out fish for 10 miles. But these things are rare. The people of Wyoming are *enjoying* their river. Bottom land has risen in value from about $240 an acre 10 years ago to around $1,500 now.

Now that the citizens are happy, some companies that spent a lot of money on pollution control are finding that in the long run they may come out ahead. Rudy Stanko, for example, now processes his packinghouse waste and sells it as fertilizer. He happily hauls in an extra $1,000 a month. Les Wahl is watching his iron mine outflow settle behind those dikes. He expects that when the tanks fill, he'll scoop them out and process the iron oxide for a nice profit. And even Ira Croghan finds that sugar waste disposal isn't as bad as he once thought. Holly maintains a herd of 4,500 cattle on dried beet pulp.

The biggest surprise came to American Oil engineers. They expected an odiferous, lifeless mass to form from pumped wastes up in the Casper hills. What they got was a wildlife refuge. Discharge from the plant, a sickly green, almost black substance, first floods into a small "settling" pond, then overflows into the lake. The pond reeks of spent chemicals and is lifeless except for a strange, intensely green species of alga so thick that the water is opaque.

But the lake into which it overflows, now fully grown and stabilized (intake equals evaporation) at 500 acres, is clear, with small aquatic insects zipping through it. Around the edges reeds and cattails grow and cottonwood and willow trees, now 20 feet high, thrive. The water tastes slightly brackish, but is highly palatable to animals. Fifty antelope live in the fenced off acreage, drinking the water and grazing on the new grass. According to one local ornithologist, during migration season the lake is the best place in the state to spot ducks and geese.

Meanwhile, back in Cleveland, in Atlanta, along New York's Hudson and Maine's Androscoggin, things are still awful. The problems in the East are vastly more complex than in Wyoming. But there is a new federal Water Quality Act that has a lot of major industries running scared. A top steel official claims it will cost the steel companies $260 million a year to comply. A paper man estimates the paper industry will have to spend a billion dollars in the next 10 years. Corporation bigwigs complain, but in the long run they'll probably have to get up the money. The states, too, are beginning to act. New York voters have recently authorized the financing of a giant sewage program and others are likely to fall in line.

"The public is now largely aware of the problem," says Assistant U.S. Surgeon General Gordon E. McCallum, "and is beginning to be willing to do something about it. The environment is starting to close in on us and the problems are pinching. They *can* be solved, though; we *can* have clean water—and it's not going to bankrupt us to do it. The total solution depends on only two things: brainpower and willpower."

"And someone strong to show the way," adds Senator Simpson. "Someone like Art Williamson. There is no question in my mind that a dedicated governor with good men under him can clean up any river in America. Every industry and every municipality knows that cleanup is coming. The main thing needed is someone with a strong voice to tell them when."

—Robert Gannon

How do you like your carbine... with or without a clip?

Marlin gives you a choice at no extra cost $49.95
Slightly higher west of Rockies

The *only* difference in these two great new Marlin .22 automatic carbines is the feeding system. M1 has a tubular, 10-shot magazine. M2 comes with two 7-shot clips. Both carbines feed *fast* — Marlin's jam-proof, high-speed autoloading system fires and reloads as fast as you can pull the trigger! Both guns feature the same Marlin quality — same genuine American walnut stock (Marlin never substitutes cheap plastic for wood); same 18" Micro-Groove® barrel with its 25% extra margin of accuracy; same non-rusting receiver grooved for scope; same removable, adjustable rear sight. Same price. More proof that you pay less and get more with a Marlin.

See the **Marlin 99** at your gun store today. And send to Marlin Firearms Co., Dept. 29-4, New Haven, Conn. 06502 for free, colorfully illustrated catalog listing prices and specifications of all Marlin guns.

Marlin ... symbol of accuracy (JM) since 1870

THE WILDEST EIGHT SECONDS IN SPORT

[*Continued from page* 49]

Babe Ruth, the Eddie Arcaro, the Jimmy Brown, the Shane and the Lone Ranger, all wrapped up into one. He roams the nation, driving 75,000 miles a year down highways from drag strip to drag strip, often with his wife and two children in the tow truck, taking on all comers and beating them, disappearing again, moving down those long roads to the next quarter mile in another part of the country.

He is 33 and for nine of 15 years he has ranked as the first of the touring pros. He came out of Florida when Southern California was the stronghold of the dragsters in the late 1950's and whipped them to prove he was the fastest. He was the first with an ultralong wheelbase chassis, the first to use extra-wide tires, the first to crack the 170-, 180- and 200-mph. "barriers," and he was almost always first at the finish line and the pay window. Last year his various activities grossed more than $100,000.

At Bakersfield, Gil Kohn, a 30-year-old promoter from Detroit who just a few years ago was driving his own drag car, has put up 20,000 bleacher seats and has a budget of more than $100,000 for the show. He has found it is better to take tickets than it is to sit behind the wheel. There are 128 of the mighty dragsters waiting in the pit area, the largest concentration of slingshot rails ever gathered for a single meet.

A slingshot rail is a car but not really a car; it is a single-purpose vehicle, the design of which, in 1966, represents the culmination of 15 years of engineering experience that has had but one aim: to cover a quarter of a mile from a standing start as quickly as possible. Take a big American passenger car engine, supercharge it and feed it some exotic type of fuel so that it turns out better than 1,000 horsepower. Hook it up to a huge set of 11-inch wide racing tires at one end and a pair of skinny, bicycle-type wheels at the other. Almost as an afterthought squeeze the pilot into a protective cage of crash bars that sets out behind the rear wheels and you've got a Rail. It may look like the figment of some mechanic's nightmare but actually it is the *ne plus ultra* of the drag sport and it can cover the quarter mile distance in 7.5 seconds if everything goes well and be traveling more than 200 mph. at the finish.

How fast is that? Look at it this way: If you were to pass a parked dragster at a speed of 100 mph. and if the dragster started moving just as you went by, it would be well in front of you within 440 yards. This is the kind of equipment they run at Bakersfield. These are the class machines of a way of life that has boomed to where it is today: a complicated technical sport, a big business and an American folk phenomena.

Drag racing's appeal lies in its basic simplicity: a contest between two vehicles to see which is faster over the quarter mile. That's all; he who wins one race then runs again against someone else, until at the end of the day there is only one man left—the top eliminator. The action is spectacular to watch, and crowds of 60,000 are not unusual at important meets.

Before the Bakersfield meet is over there will be 40,000 spectators. They come with the straight exhaust pipes and with the custom wheels and those who don't have them, at least they have the hubcaps off. And then there are drag racing's girls with their platinum-blonde hair and their tight pants and that all-knowing look which is such an integral part of the costume.

When the rain stopped the qualifying began. The 64 quickest would survive. Not the fastest, but the quickest. There is a difference.

Quick means elapsed time; how long it takes to cover the quarter mile in seconds, tenths and hundredths of seconds. At the end of the 1,320 feet there is a time trap, 66 feet on either side of the finish line or 132 feet long in all. Progress through this area, measured by a separate set of clocks, shows how fast.

Fast is fine but quicker is better.

The cars are started by a system of lights called the "Christmas tree." Seven brilliant lamps are mounted on a vertical pole at the starting line. From the top, the first five are yellow, then a green, then a red. They blink down, one by one as the drivers sit poised to blast off. When the green flashes it means Go!

The moment the two cars begin to move forward, each breaks the beam of an electric-eye timing device in its own lane. A quarter mile away another set of double light beams stop the timing clocks as the cars cross the finish line. If either car has moved before the green, however, the red light flashes disqualification.

Fast, and quick. The green light, the hair trigger; hammer it to the floor and go.

Garlits is ready. His car is cast in the same general mold as the other rails, but is painted black and looks more purposeful. It used to be called "Swamp Rat," but now the Wynn Oil Company pays him $10,000 a year as a sponsor so the new name is "Wynn's Jammer." Garlits wears a T-shirt emblazoned with "Don Garlits—officially world's fastest," the name of a speed equipment manufacturer and an artist's drawing of his car in flight. This is the Uniform.

As the time comes to make his qualifying run Garlits' face grows older and more serious. Then he slides into an aluminized, fireproof suit, dons a mask of the same material and puts on his helmet.

His crew gives Wynn's Jammer a push to start the engine and Garlits rolls up to the starting line and stops. Then the lights blink and he goes.

What does a dragster in action look like? What does it sound like? There is almost no separating the sight and sound of one in full cry. It explodes in a peculiar kind of violence, a combination of noise that approaches the threshold of pain in its intensity and sudden, unbelievable motion with fountains and mountains of smoke streaming out behind. It is an eight-second automotive orgasm.

Garlits does it in 7.63 seconds, shuts his engine off. A fighter plane-type drag chute blossoms out behind, the vehicle coasts to a stop in the runout area and the push truck scurries to catch up with its homemade rocket.

After qualification, the match runs start, man against man, the twin smoke trails blasting down the strip. Garlits starts carving his way through the field. It gets down to Garlits, Mike Snively and Mike Sorokin. Garlits faces Sorokin first. As the starting lights start to blink down Garlits suddenly, unexpectedly, revs his engine. The ruse makes Sorokin jump his own throttle. He red-lights and is eliminated.

Garlits now lines up to run Snively. They are in the cars, buttoned up, strapped in, with the D-rings for the parachutes attached to their flame suits. The push trucks get behind them and start up. Garlits' car comes to life and he rolls to the line, flames shooting out of his stubby, upward-curved exhaust pipes.

Snively's engine fires, then stutters and

TRUE

"And when I realized that I wasn't hating myself in the mornings, I began to worry."

dies. He is rolled off the line and Garlits makes a solo run to victory. That is sometimes the way it goes in drag racing. When it's over, Garlits' mask comes off for the last time and the grin returns. Don Garlits was king of it all.

The man from Dodge, the man from Champion spark plugs, the man from Wynn's, the men from the piston ring, camshaft and what-have-you manufacturers all headed for home and started the publicity machinery. Garlits uses their products. First had come the sport; now came the business.

Don Garlits may be a firebrand in a fire-breathing monster but away from the drag strip he is a normal, happily married individual with two young daughters. He built his first home in Tampa with his own hands, but moved to Detroit last summer and now lives in a plush ranch house complete with two-story living room, trophy room and the rest.

Detroit is a central location for all the cross-country driving Garlits must do. It is also the place where he can be close to automobile manufacturers, particularly Chrysler Corporation and Dodge who supply him with the thunderous V8 engines he needs. In nearby Troy, Michigan, he has opened his own subsidiary, business, Garlits Automotive, Inc., which he hopes will grow into a major speed equipment and tuning firm.

But aside from off-track business success, what personality factor makes Garlits better than anybody else when he gets into a car to drive? It would probably take a squad of psychiatrists to find the answer. Garlits doesn't know himself —and doesn't care. Drag racing is just what he happens to do for a living.

After Bakersfield Garlits went on, recording his fastest-ever elapsed time in Kansas and his fastest terminal velocity in Illinois. He hit one and sometimes two drag strips every weekend, every week of the year. But he was also thinking of getting out of active competition. "I've won every major meet at one time or another, broke through several of the barriers. . . . I'd like to go on now without having to smoke the tires."

Two accidents during the spring helped him make up his mind. He flipped his car at nearly 200 mph. on a New Jersey drag strip in April '65. "I had a parachute failure and there was a railroad track down at the end of the strip. To keep from running across it, where the car would go end for end, I figured my chances were better if it went sideways so I turned the wheel. The car rolled 3½ times but I walked away."

Later in June, at Cecil County Dragway in Maryland he got oil on his face, the oil caught fire and, temporarily blinded, he drove over into the other lane and hit his competitor. Neither was seriously injured.

So Garlits knows he should soon stop driving. He knows that a few more victories will not increase the commercial value of his name. Emotionally, however, he can't leave it alone. He feels compelled to drive. This is how he made his name and somewhere down deep he obviously feels that if he stops, his reputation will somehow fade. This is one of the problems with which he wrestles.

Last season Garlits selected a 20-year-old driver from Los Angeles to be, hopefully, his protégé. Carl Schiefer is more than just an apprentice, however; he had already built a minor reputation of his own in California.

He traveled with Garlits for a few weeks and then, in mid-July, was to get a trial against one of the best in the business, Connie Kalitta. The scene was Capitol Dragway, between Baltimore and Washington.

The promoters weren't happy when Garlits didn't drive. They wanted Big Daddy *in* the car, not Big Daddy *and* the car. Garlits is reflective about this. "They want me to make the runs. Just having me at the strip doesn't

COMING . . .

That other book
made the ladies think.
This one will make them boil.

THE MASCULINE MYSTIQUE
by Robert Lipsyte

A preview of the funniest
book of the year

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

A Neolite sole makes a good shoe better

Look for it

Look for NEOLITE® on the soles of Thom McAn and other quality shoes. Thom McAn knows that NEOLITE provides comfort, long wear, shape retention, and water resistance.

Step on it

This is Thom McAn's Beefsteak. In a new grain with hair on its chest. Soft-lined at the heel, hand-sewn at the toe.

The classic look—with muscle.

Beefsteak—only from Thom McAn.

Goodyear Shoe Products,
P.O. Box 9154, Akron, Ohio 44305.

NEOLITE by GOODYEAR

seem to pacify 'em. Carl's got to be able to get in the car and run as fast as I do. When that day comes I won't have much problem. . . . I think Carl can do it, but I haven't had the hot fuel in the car yet that will let him turn the big numbers. . . . I'm not interested in letting him get over his head."

Unlike Schiefer, Garlits never had any interest in cars until he left high school. "When I got out I worked in a place in the bookkeeping department and I didn't like it," he says. "I had seen a few hot rod magazines the last few months of high school and I got really interested so I quit and went to work in a garage."

Today this is Garlits' main strength. There are numerous pilots who can drive the big dragsters quickly and many others who can set up the engines properly or build an adequate chassis. But he stands alone as the man who can not only design it, build it and maintain the engine, but drive it as well. When he started he literally did not know which engine parts went up and down and which went round and round; now he knows as much, if not more, than anyone.

His first drag races in Florida were at night on deserted World War II air bases. It was done without permission and as Garlits points out, was nothing compared to the Southern California activity of the period. "They had clocks and everything out there; in Florida we just had a guy standing at the end of the strip to judge who won."

In 1954 a man named Wally Parks and the then-fledgling National Hot Rod Association held a meet in Lake Wales, Florida. Garlits was the winner and he was sold. He never actually decided to become a professional, it just happened. "After we made the first 170 mile-an-hour run in 1957 a couple of strips called me and asked me to display my car—exhibit it at their strips, so I guess at that point I was a pro." Today he will not run for less than $1,000 and he usually gets more.

Faster and quicker, still faster, still quicker, towing all night with his wife in the truck helping with the driving, keeping notes and even turning a wrench if necessary. He went to the Coast and cleaned up again, he roamed back and forth across the country, driving wherever they would pay enough.

He collected coins en route. "On the way we'd pick up as much as $500 in change from the concessions at a strip and I'd send it home Railway Express and my parents would put it in the vault. Then in the winter we'd run through it and pick out all the good dates and turn the rest in to the bank. I've got most of the silver dollars, all of the halves, all of the dimes. For a couple of years, every time we'd go through a town we'd get all of the silver dollars they had in the bank—it might have been a couple of hundred worth—and we'd ride along and sort through them and get the ones I needed and just spend the rest. When you're riding down those miles and miles of road, you'd be amazed at what a diversion that is."

The miles come to a sudden stop at Chester, South Carolina, June 20, 1959. When Garlits tells the story his normally cheerful face grows solemn and he speaks as if he were reciting something he learned by rote.

"It was just an ordinary run, except that I'd increased the nitromethane in the fuel in order to get a little more speed. I was going down through the timing lights at 177. The week before I'd set the record up to 182.50. The surface of the strip was loose and the engine overrevved, firing back into the intake manifold and bursting the bottom out of it, engulfing me in flames. I had no gloves and no mask on; thank God I had a leather jacket on which I had just started wearing the week before. Usually I had on just sunglasses and a T-shirt. If I had had them on that day I'd be dead. My lungs would have been burned right out in the open and that's the end of you. . . . I was severely burned about the hands and face and it also blew the fire wall out —there was an explosion—and it came back in and burned my legs. I was hospitalized for eight weeks and was out of commission for three months after that. I went around with a big hat and gloves —I had to cover those parts of my body —but I went around with the car.

"That's the worst thing that shows, right here." He points to his leg, where there is a slight scar. The doctors did a masterful job on him; no skin grafts, yet there is very little, outside of a few discolored areas, to indicate he has been burned.

"The accident was due to the lack of safety equipment. "If I'd had the fire suit I have now, I'd have just gotten out and walked away."

Garlits' mishap provided the impetus not only for the fireproof suits, but for the masks as well. "Some pictures of my face were released," he says with a faint grin. But he was through, he thought. "I figured I'd never drive the car again," he says.

Garlits is an intelligent man and what he does is done with a full awareness of what might happen. "Most every time I'm putting on the fire suit," he says, "the thought goes through my mind that I might not come back; I don't deny that. Then I rationalize it away with . . . if that's the setup, then you can't fight it."

"I have the same feeling when I get in a jet. Very seldom when anything happens to them does anybody make it, so you're riding on the assumption that the plane is going to perform flawlessly during the time you're strapped in the seat. We know this doesn't happen all the time, right? I mean, you pick up the paper once or twice a year and you read about one that's gone down. Supposing the one you're getting on is the one

TRUE

"Well, there's another myth shattered."

that's scheduled? To tell you the truth I'd sooner make a run down the quarter mile at 200 than ride in a jet, but I do ride in jets because I have to."

Obviously he also drives his car because he has to.

Promoter Kohn has known Garlits more than eight years. "It was at the world series of drag racing in 1957. I was running my car there and this guy comes over and says 'You-all got a set of spark plugs with such-and-such a heat range? We have to have 'em.' I gave him a set—I'll never forget it. He went out and ran and beat everybody there, won his first major national and *came back* with the plugs later on. . . ." Kohn smiles. "This is never done in drag racing. Never forget it; he's that kind of a guy."

Kohn is reminded that Garlits wants to get out of driving. He smiles resignedly and shrugs. "This is so foolish. With the proper setup, having somebody else drive the car, and with a business, he could make $100,000 a year. But he's been in the saddle for so long that he just can't get out. The way he puts it, 'Every time somebody drives that car other than me, it's just like there's a volcano inside of me because that's my whole life going down that track, that's not just a race car, that's me, that's my existence.' "

It isn't only for champion Garlits that drag racing is an entire way of life. In a year or two or three, half the population of the U.S. will be under 25 years of age and tens of thousands in this vast youth market are already drag addicts. If Detroit manufacturers can demonstrate that their product is "The Boss car, the In car," as Garlits says, then the millions now being spent on the sport will pay off in prestige—and sales.

Also competing for their respective shares of this youth market are the two official sanctioning bodies in drag racing, the American Hot Rod Association and the National Hot Rod Association headed by Wally Parks. Each group imposes safety standards, gets insurance coverage, provides technical assistance and perhaps most important, bestows a form of national recognition with several championship meets every year. The NHRA controls 135 strips, the AHRA around 100—and now NASCAR, kingpin organization of stock car racing, has made moves into the field. About 200 strips are in the "outlaw" category.

It is not many years ago that *all* drag racing was being called "outlaw." At the end of World War II street racing became a scourge in Southern California. The first "drags" were held in the concrete-lined bed of the Los Angeles River—also the first "chicken" games, in which two cars would head toward each other at high speed. The driver who swerved away first was the chicken. Inevitably there were a few who swerved too late.

Eventually, drag racing was ruled off the public streets and found refuge, with other hot-rod activity, at California's dry lakes and then at Utah's salt beds. At first, most of the cars running on the dry lakes were seeking sheer top speed, not quarter-mile acceleration. They hit 150 mph. in 1948. The same year, when drag racing started, the fastest cars were going about 100 mph. at the end of the quarter—half of today's speed. Then came the so-called slingshot cars in the early 1950's and speeds went way up.

These supercars, 20th-century versions of the fiery dragon, are both the most dangerous and most exciting machinery in the sport. They bring in the paying customers (over 5 million in 1965) and provide the crowds with the masked hero drivers.

Garlits recalls that "Somebody once called these cars a bomb with a 1,320-foot fuse attached—and the winner is really the guy who can get down there before it blows up. You're using an engine that was originally turning out 195 horsepower in 1954 and now they'll produce upwards of 1,500; they'll just crack the block apart."

Garlits uses the latest model 426-inch Dodge "Hemi," the Chrysler Corporation's power plant for almost all type of competition. He takes the stock block and then starts installing special equipment; custom-made camshafts, pistons, connecting rods, crankshaft, cylinder heads, the works. On top of it all sits a modified GMC 6-71 supercharger.

Although Garlits has a reputation for building some of the most reliable equipment in the sport, reliability is a relative word. His engine blocks last about 50 runs, or 12½ competitive miles. His specially hardened and balanced crankshafts endure for 300 runs, or 75 miles. Spark plugs last for one run, sometimes they'll hold up for two. Garlits' engine chews up about $40,000 worth of parts a year, but since he is sponsored he gets most of this free from speed equipment manufacturers.

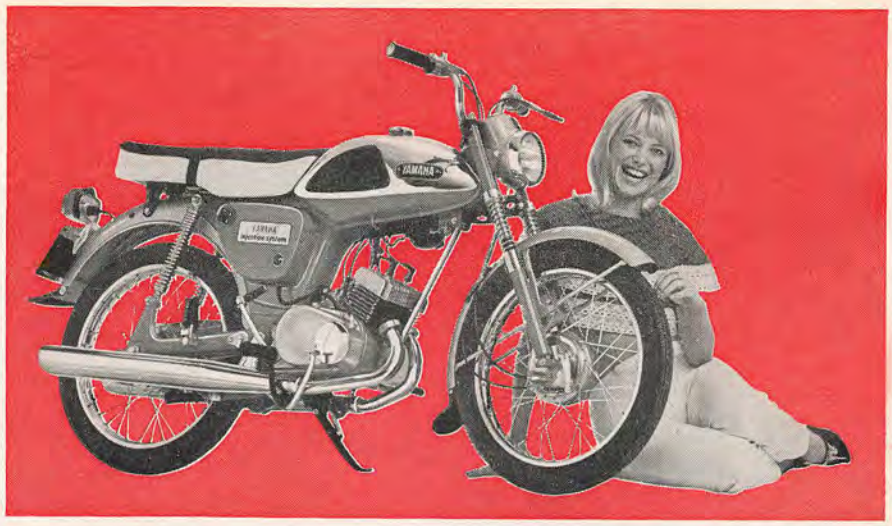
Dragsters use a nitromethane-based fuel mixture, highly volatile stuff. It is mixed with a few "exciters," such as acetone, propylene oxide and benzine, and is liquid dynamite.

But horsepower isn't everything. Getting the power to bite the ground is the big problem and Garlits is one of the recognized chassis experts. "Most everybody can really put the smoke up and make the power," he says, "but only a small group really gets it to the pavement."

The winning time at last year's national championship meet in Indianapolis was 7.50 seconds. The speed of the winner through the timing lights was 207.33 mph., faster and quicker than ever before. Where is the limit? Garlits says there is none, it exists only in the imagination. Right now the faster cars can sometimes get close to 215 through the traps. With new space-age metals, perhaps with radical new suspensions and four-wheel drive, with bigger and better tires, they'll go even faster.

Five years from now it might take 6.95 and 230 mph. to win the big ones, and a kid who yesterday was hanging on the edges of the crowd when Big Daddy came to town will be the man to do it.

Five seconds flat? 300 mph.? They will come—in time. **—Leo Levine**



Discover the SWINGING WORLD of Yamaha

Hey...there's a Swinging World out there...just waiting for you with your first ride on the revolutionary new Yamaha Twin Jet 100! That's right...a twin-cylinder engine available for the first time in a lightweight sportcycle and selling for a modest $409.* Take a ride. See what it's like to ride a machine bred from the 250cc World Grand Prix Champion Yamahas. Your dealer will show you why Yamaha, with proven oil injection, is the top selling 2-stroke in the U.S. Make this *your* year to Yamaha.

*P.O.E. Los Angeles, plus modest set-up and destination charges.

YAMAHA
INTERNATIONAL CORPORATION
SINCE 1887
P.O. Box 54540
Los Angeles, California 90054

"As I understand it, them communists would fix things so the government would own all the stills."

MAN TO MAN
ANSWERS
from the staff of TRUE

Penguin Photo

Actress Natalie Wood portrays Gypsy Rose Lee, who put art into the art of stripping.

The striptease got a big push from Salome, but the movement as we know it wasn't really unveiled until this century. In the true spirit of scholarly curiosity, George Ashcraft of Tulsa, Oklahoma, wants to know if stripping has changed since the heyday of burlesque.

Frankly, George, most aficionados of the sport admit there are only two kinds of strippers—the adept and the inept. In the old days they were mostly inept.

During the heyday of the famous Minsky burlesque shows on New York's Lower East Side, from 1917 to 1931, strippers were sadly lacking in class. As Rowland Barber describes it in his book *The Night They Raided Minsky's,* their acts were more ludicrous than suggestive and about as sexy as a cabbage. Compared to the girls in Ziegfeld's *Follies* and George White's *Scandals* of those years, Billy Minsky's showgirls were merely "brazen, bouncy and nearly bare."

It was during a revival of the 1936 Ziegfeld *Follies* that a stripper named Gypsy Rose Lee brought culture to the craft and put the "G" in G-string as well as zing into the entire striptease business. "Her stripping," says one observer, "was a mixture of casual disrobing coupled with a running discussion on Picasso, T. S. Eliot, and the latest Book-of-the-Month dividend tossed in. . . ."

After Gypsy set the pace, other performers began to remold their acts. Many strippers today favor exotic props—from bubble baths to birds, and skates to snakes—to add elegance to their exercise in peeling. In 1940 an effort was even made to elevate the profession further by inventing a word to describe it.

In a letter to H. L. Mencken, the famous expert on the American language, stripper Georgia Sothern urged his help in coining a "new and more palatable word to describe this art" which is "a formal and rhythmic disrobing of the body in public." "Stripteasing," she said, creates the wrong impression.

Somewhat reluctantly, Mencken accepted the challenge and came up with *ecdysis* (ék-dee-sis), a fancy word for molting, to replace stripteasing, and *ecdysiast* (ek-deé-zee-ast) for stripteaser. (He had earlier rejected *moltician* because of its similarity to *mortician.*)

Curiously, the most elegant of ecdysiasts refused to accept the new term. For Mencken, Miss Lee had the last word, exclaiming, "He has been reading books. What does he know about stripping?"

By whatever name they're known, most strippers today often work in nightclubs and theaters not much different from the cramped grubby arenas of the burlesque circuit 50 years ago. Only a few featured girls, such as Blaze Starr and Tempest Storm earn the top pay of $500 to $2,500 per week. For a stripper without star billing, the average is closer to $200. A week's work involves from 20 to 25 shows, up to four a day. A routine lasts about eight minutes, time enough to play three tunes known as "trailers" which increase in tempo as the act warms up.

Despite drafty working conditions, periodic attacks by outraged citizens, and competition from belly dancers and A-go-go girls, it's a fairly safe bet that as long as there's an audience to shout "Take it off!" there'll always be an *ecdysiast* ready to oblige.

Q: What was the Ludlow Massacre which took place in Colorado? ***William E. Green, Yucaipa, Calif.***

A: During 1913 and 1914, a bitter coal strike raged in the southern part of the state. Violence reached such a point that Governor Elias M. Ammons sent in the Colorado militia, and it proved one of the most regrettable incidents in Colorado history. Striking miners had set up a tent city near the Ludlow Mine in Las Animas County. On the morning of April 20, 1914, fighting began between the miners and the militia. A huge fire broke out in which two women and 11 children died. The miners claimed that the soldiers had set the fire deliberately; the soldiers said it was caused by a stray bullet. Although the miners failed to get their demands when the strike ended in 1915, the tragedy did much to make the public get behind later demands of better working conditions for miners throughout the U.S.

Q: In the history of baseball, which pitcher won the most games? ***John Malesic, Chicago, Ill.***

A: Cy Young, who played with various American and National League teams from 1890 to 1911, is far ahead with 511 wins.

Q: Do human beings register on radar? ***David Horstman, Marion, Ohio.***

A: Yes, and, in some instances, so do birds and swarms of insects.

Q: On a jump, who lands with the greater force, a water skier or a snow skier? ***Max Shinger, Jr., Richland, Wash.***

A: A water skier. The impact of landing is related to the angle of the skier on surface contact. Since a snow ski jumper contacts the slopes at a shallow angle, the landing is quite gentle compared to a water skier's landing. The water itself is no softer than packed snow.

"SCRAPPERS" ON FLY TACKLE!

Choice of Vertical or Horizontal Models

FREE STRIPPING

Use a Perrine Automatic Fly Reel

For the time of your life, take the "scrappers" on fly tackle. You don't have to be an expert to enjoy using fly equipment when you use a Perrine Automatic Fly Reel. Poppers, spinners or live bait can be handled easily on fly equipment! With the Perrine Automatic you just flick the retrieve lever and take up slack line. No cranking in line, backlashes or birds nests. You can even use monofilament lines.

CHECK THESE FEATURES:

- ☐ LIFETIME WARRANTY! Perrine will repair any Perrine Automatic Fly Reel—COMPLETELY FREE OF CHARGE.
- ☐ Reel take-up spring is made from world famous Swedish Sandvik spring steel. (Exclusive with Perrine).
- ☐ Spring is riveted at the end so that it will not unwind when you clean reel.

No tools needed for quick take-down for cleaning.

Here's a perfect companion for your Perrine Reel . . . Perrine Aluminum fly and spinning tackle boxes. Ventilated, compact and crush-proof! 10 models to choose from. $1.95 to $4.50.

Perrine Reels—The Choice of Presidents

PERRINE

ALADDIN LABORATORIES, INC.
620 South 8th Street
Minneapolis, Minn. 55404

Q: A few years back, American youngsters were accused of being softies because they had done so poorly on physical fitness tests. Has there been any improvement? ***Edward Eckler, Cincinnati, Ohio.***

A: Yes. New tests carried out by the University of Michigan show that today's schoolchildren are in much better shape than those tested in 1958. For instance, the average 12-year-old boy can now do three pull-ups instead of two, 50 sit-ups instead of 31, and he can run the 50-yard dash in 7.8 seconds instead of 8.0. The improvement is credited to the increased emphasis on physical education in our nation's schools.

Herb Flatow

Q: Who invented the famous German Luger pistol? ***John S. Ives, Halifax, N. S.***

A: It was developed for a German munitions manufacturer by George Luger from an original design by Hugo Borchardt, a Connecticut Yankee who designed the first commercially successful automatic pistol. The Luger pistol first appeared in 1902, and its design has remained basically unchanged since then.

Q: Does an American who receives a dishonorable discharge from any of the U.S. military services lose his citizenship? ***Hugh O'Rourke, Bronx, N. Y.***

A: Only if convicted by a court-martial of desertion in time of war, or of treason against the United States. Conviction for any other offense, even though it may result in a dishonorable discharge, would not entail loss of citizenship. Several states, however, do revoke voting rights, depending on the circumstances of the dishonorable discharge.

Q: A Korean War veteran told me that there were more U.S. casualties during the Korean conflict than there were in World War I or II. Is he correct? ***Dave Hansen, Alden, Mont.***

A: No. Total casualties in the Korean War, including killed and wounded, numbered 157,530. The World War I total was 320,518. The toll in World War II, 1,076,245.

Q: Is there now, or has there ever been, a method for refacing old or badly worn silver coins? If so, how is it done? ***Joseph E. Taylor, Granger, Utah.***

A: U.S. coins are never refaced or restored. When the Treasury deems coins as being too worn for circulation they are returned to the mints for melting. The metal then is used for new coins.

Q: What is a "joss stick"? ***Albert A. Manian, Bethesda, Md.***

A: In the Far East, "joss" is a mispronunciation of the Portuguese word, "deos," meaning God. Therefore a "joss house" is a temple or a place where the gods are worshiped, and a "joss stick" is a stick of incense used in a worship service.

Q: Last spring at the seashore, I saw a number of horseshoe crabs swimming in a row, attached to one another. What were they doing? ***Bernard Stephans, Baltimore, Md.***

A: They, or at least two of them, were mating. Each breeding season several males go after a female. In the male, the first pair of legs have knoblike hooks with which to grip the shell of a mate, or would-be mate. Frequently, a female horseshoe crab is seen with a whole string of suitors clipped together in tandem, only the front member of the chain having hold of an honest mate, while the others, in a sense, are simply waiting in line.

Q: Was Hitler's mountain retreat, the "Eagle's Nest," at Berchtesgaden, destroyed during the war? ***Doug Swanson, Carmel, Calif.***

A: No. The house, built on a mountain top high above Berchtesgaden in Bavaria, still stands. There is a restaurant in the house now which is open to tourists from May through September. Just as in Hitler's time, visitors must travel over 10 miles of hairpin road cut into the mountainside and through a 400-foot-long tunnel. At the end of the tunnel there is an elevator which takes them up the last 410 feet to the house. No vestige of Hitler remains in the house. It was completely stripped by souvenir hunters at the close of the war.

Q: How much milk can a camel produce in one day, and how does this compare with the average output of a dairy cow? ***Frank Shields, Austin, Tex.***

A: A camel can give one to seven quarts of milk a day. The average U.S. dairy cow produces 12 quarts a day, although some prize cows can produce as much as 48 quarts in a single day.

WHEN CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS

Please notify us 6 weeks in advance. Supply us with both your old and new address, including address label from current issue if possible. Copies we mail to your old address will not be delivered by the Post Office unless you pay extra postage. **Mail address changes, including your zip code number, to TRUE, Subscription Dept., Greenwich, Conn. 06830.**

Q: Can a President of the United States be arrested for a crime while he is in office? ***Walter McCahill, Detroit, Mich.***

A: No. He must first be removed from office. This is accomplished only by the passage of an impeachment resolution by a majority vote of the House of Representatives. A trial of impeachment must then be conducted in the U.S. Senate, with a two-thirds majority needed for conviction. If removed from office, he can then be charged for whatever crime was committed.

Q: What was the first full-length 3-dimensional movie ever shown? ***Paul R. Daur, Katonah, N. Y.***

A: *Bwana Devil,* which was produced, directed and written by Arch Oboler and released by United Artists in 1953. To obtain the 3-dimensional effect, members of the audience had to wear special Polaroid viewers.

Q: Why does cream rise to the top of a milk bottle? Isn't it heavier than milk? ***Frank Gallio, Conway, Pa.***

A: No. A cubic foot of milk is heavier than a cubic foot of cream. Also, cream consists largely of fat globules which rise to the surface of milk much as oil rises to the top of water.

Q: Is it true that Moslems must fast for one whole month each year? ***Charles Ackley, Baton Rouge, La.***

A: Yes, but only during the daytime. Moslems throughout the world are required to abstain from food and drink during the hours from dawn to sunset during the Holy Month of Ramadan. Ramadan begins on the day following the first crescent of the new moon in the ninth month of the Moslem lunar calendar and continues until the next new moon. Last year, or 1385, according to Moslem reckoning, Ramadan began on December 24, Christmas Eve.

Q: When a pitcher hurls a no-hit game is he automatically entitled to a place in the Baseball Hall of Fame? ***Bill Plater, Reno, Nev.***

A: No. A no-hitter sometimes places a pitcher into a mythical "Hall of Fame" dreamed up by sportswriters to honor unusual feats. However, a pitcher does not qualify for the official Baseball Hall of Fame, at Cooperstown, New York, simply by pitching a no-hit game.

Q: How long should skis be? ***Raymond Emmert, Lexington, Ky.***

A: Stand the skis upright. For an adult, the tips of the skis should about reach his wrist when he holds his arms above his head. For a youngster, the skis should be equal to his height.

Q: Is the Plymouth Rock on display at Plymouth, Mass., the actual site of the Pilgrims' landing in 1620? ***M. L. Clark, Knoxville, Tenn.***

A: This has never been documented, although it does seem likely. The rock was probably the most convenient place to land, as geographers envision Plymouth Harbor as it was then. At that time, the rock lay at the edge of the shore, with a little channel leading up to it through the flats. This fact, plus the story's having been passed down from the time of the Pilgrim fathers, makes the theory seem valid.

HAVE A QUESTION?

TRUE will answer any reasonable question you ask, free of charge. Every question will receive a personal reply, provided it is accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. The most interesting questions and their answers will be printed. Address your questions to TRUE Magazine, Dept. T-4, 67 West 44 St., New York 36, N.Y.

No other brand gives you so much value as a Larson. No other brand has a two year Insured-Warranty against fire, theft and damage that saves you $50 to $250 cash. No other brand has convertible top, 18 gallon gas tank and sunbather seats as standard equipment. No other brand has Larson's "Million Bubble Ride."

We urge you to compare. For example, this 16′ All American 166 has all the Larson features plus the new 2 year Insured-Warranty for $1145 (comboard version—$3095 with 110 h.p. comboard engine. You get the inboard look with outboard trailerability). This is the best balanced price/value/quality ratio on the market.

Write for color catalog and Price Comparison Chart of 67 models of twelve major brands

LARSON BOATS
Little Falls, Minn.; Nashville, Ga. and Westfield, Mass.

"SORRY ABOUT THAT"

[*Continued from page 39*]

M-79 grenade launcher (which actually looks like a shotgun and fires a 40-millimeter explosive shell).

Almost nothing is called by name any more, but goes by letter-number. Helicopters, for example, may carry such descriptive labels as "Iroquois," "Chinook" and "Husky," but no self-respecting serviceman would be caught saying them. "Huey," for the HUIA chopper and its widely-used descendants for some reason is all right, but for the rest, it must be H-34, H-37, HH-43, and so on. Or rather, to make things even messier, pronunciation should be phonetic, so that instead of calling a "Husky" by that name or even an "HH-43," it's a "Hotel-Hotel-Four-Three."

Yet strangely in this man's army, a few really exotic weapons manage to earn and keep proper names. Thus, there is the "Lazy Dog"—a cluster of sharpened steel projectiles with fins, which when dropped by jet fighters over the Vietnamese jungles produces high casualties. And there is "Puff the Magic Dragon," a two-engine C-47 transport plane fitted with a six-barrelled machine gun capable of firing 6,000 bullets per minute, also used in jungle mop-ups. In contrast, GI's use the letter-number designations even for such unlikely things as can openers (P-38) and canned crackers, cheese spread and marmalade (B-1, B-2, B-3).

This lust for numbers also carries over into language picked up in foreign lands.

From the American occupation of Japan, the phrase "number one" (from the Japanese "ichiban," meaning very good, the best) found a permanent place in GI talk. By extension, "number ten" came to mean very bad, the worst. The occupation of Japan is over, and very few of the GI's now running our war have ever been to Japan. But still, people all over the world, including Vietnamese, are learning from our troops that "number one" is good English meaning "the best."

Viet Nam has added two other numbers to soldier-sailor lingo: 33 and 35.

The number 33 (in Vietnamese, "bamouiba,") is always associated with the best selling local brand of beer: "33 Export." "Bamouiba," as it is universally known, has a kick like a mule, and some say it'll give a man anything from peptic ulcers to leprosy. (In fairness, I should note that I have thrived on this brew for years with no ill effects.) In tribute to the power of bamouiba, a GI who has served a full one-year tour in Viet Nam is supposed to have so proved his mettle that he's entitled to the "bamouiba ribbon." There are even street merchants in Saigon who sell "bamouiba ribbons"—cloth replicas of the beer labels—to GI's game enough to sew them to their caps.

But more important to Vietnamese-American relations is the number "35." Viet Nam is a superstitious nation and in the mystical worlds of astrology and numerology, the number 35 means goat. The goat in Viet Nam is a symbol of untiring and voracious sexual lust. Thus, "goat," or "35," or the Vietnamese word for 35, "bamouilam," all mean "wolf," or even "dirty old man."

So when a sweet young thing at a bar flickers her eyelashes at you and giggles, "Tee-hee! You bamouilam," she is saying literally, "you are 35." But that's not what she means. It goes without saying that bamouilam is a number dear to the hearts of American fighting men, and it's an important part of their vocabulary.

A few other Vietnamese words also have found their way into GI talk. Most servicemen attempt the greetings "chau, co" and "chau, em." ("Hello or good-bye, Miss," and "hello or good-bye, kid.") And practically all Americans in Viet Nam know the phrase "troi oi" (pronounced "choi oy"). It can mean "heaven help us," "gee whiz," "how horrible," or just about anything else bad. Vietnamese use the phrase both when they stub their toes and when their mothers die. It's obviously an ideal military catchall phrase, and many an army chaplain hopes that "choi oy" will some day entirely replace the unprintable words sometimes still used by soldiers.

But generally speaking, Vietnamese is just too hard for most GI's to pronounce. French is bad enough, and unfortunately there are still some French words to deal with in Viet Nam. One is "montagnard," the name usually applied to the mountain-tribe aborigines of the country. GI's often give up on the difficult French "gn" sound, saying "mountain-guard."

Whenever possible, Americans try for the Vietnamese words in place of the French, which leads to other kinds of confusion.

After France was pushed out of Indochina in 1954, practically all the French places in Viet Nam were renamed. But some of the old French names died hard. Thus, Saigon's main shopping-and-entertainment street still is known to old-timers, and to most Vietnamese, as "Catinat," even though its name since 1955 has been "Tu Do." GI's, naturally enough, see the street signs and think the streets's name is Tu Do. This makes trouble with taxi drivers, who still call it "Catinat." In addition, the majority of GI's do not know that the letter "D" in Vietnamese is not pronounced like an English "D." Tu Do is either "Too-Yaw" or "Too-Zaw," depending on whether you're South or North Vietnamese. All this makes things even more bewildering to cab drivers, except for those who have learned the American mispronunciation.

Each of America's past wars has produced synonyms for the word "girl," which is possibly the most important word in the GI vocabulary.

In Germany there was "schatzy," in France there was "mamselle," and in Japan there was "moose" (derived from the Japanese "musume," meaning girl or daughter). Since Korea was close to Japan, Korean girls also become "mooses."

But the Korean War is long past, so "moose" will not do for Viet Nam. Some GI's know and use the words "co-dep" ("pretty girl") in referring to Vietnamese girls. It hasn't completely caught on yet, so you also still hear such old standbys as "broad" and "dish" when a sexy Miss walks by.

The American military establishment in Viet Nam has, of course, produced a huge crop of letter abbreviations, all known and used as part of the new GI jargon.

Some samples: "macvee" (from MACV, meaning Military Assistance Command Vietnam), "arvin" (from ARVN, meaning Army of the Republic of Viet Nam), "rag" (River Assault Group), "juspow" (from JUSPAO, meaning Joint U.S. Public Affairs Office) and "you-som" (from USOM, meaning U.S. Operations Mission, the old name for the U.S. Aid Mission).

Some of these contractions produce laughs for our officials and our allies.

Recently a massive obstacle course of

TRUE

"This tastes just the way my mother used to make it—before my father left home."

concrete blocks was placed around the JUSPAO building in Saigon to prevent Viet Cong terrorists from bombing the place. The effect was to make the place look a little like an animal in a zoo. Some official wag put a big sign on one of the concrete blocks one day, saying "Do Not Feed the JUSPAO."

The word "you-som" (USOM is very close in pronunciation to the Vietnamese words meaning "breast of a Chinese woman." Thus, when a U.S. Army officer grimly says, "We've got to get USOM to send some powdered milk down to that hamlet," he may get muffled laughter from a Vietnamese listener and not know what he said to produce it.

Because today's GI's love to find ways to understate and overcomplicate what they have in mind, you never "shoot," "rocket" or "bomb," you "expend ordnance." And when you fire a 3.5-inch rocket right into the chest of a Viet Cong, blowing him into hamburger, it is proper to say that you have "really spoiled his day." It was in Viet Nam that the phrase now used all over the world—"sorry about that"—came into being. It supposedly was first uttered by a field surgeon as he was about to amputate the smashed leg of a Special Forces man.

So far, the GI's have failed to find a really derogatory name for their enemy. In past wars it has been "Huns" or "Krauts" for Germans, "Japs" for Japanese, "Gooks" for Koreans, and so on. The French used to refer to their Vietnamese enemy as the "Viets," but GI's have found nothing stronger than "Charlie," unless you count "hostile personnel."

The word "personnel" has special and deep significance for everyone in the American armed forces. It means "people," but it has a kind of leveling quality which implies that no one is too good to pull KP—still standing for Kitchen Police—which is at the bottom of the military totem pole.

Thus, a sign saying "Vietnamese female personnel not permitted in billets" means "Don't take the bar girls to your rooms, fellas."

It used to be that natives of all countries in which the U.S. armed forces were stationed were called "indigenous personnel." This phrase could refer to janitors, prostitutes, generals or prime ministers alike. Hearing it made some of the "indigenous personnel" so mad that for public relations reasons the word "indigenous" was dropped, and now it's just "local personnel." It makes them just as mad.

But good or bad, GI jargon is part of being on the team, and America's servicemen take pride in speaking a private, sophisticated, cynical language few outsiders can understand.

Not long ago, Gen. William C. Westmoreland, top boss of U.S. forces in Viet Nam (or, rather, "comus-macvee") was worried about how his boys were getting along with the locals. He issued a little field manual of do's and don'ts, and he told me later, "We've written it in soldier talk, which they'll all understand." Meaning: full of abbreviations and "personnel," of course.

That's affirm and out.

—**Malcolm W. Browne**

MANHUNT IN MARSEILLES

[*Continued from page* 53]

the disarray. Through his window he could see the Basilica of Notre Dame de la Garde soaring over the city, the symbol of Marseilles the way the Eiffel Tower is the symbol of Paris. The basilica looks out over the famous Old Port, known as "the Port of the Orient."

And that, to Louis Lavalette, was just the trouble. The crime rate in Marseilles is the highest in France, but its crime is international. The city is to international crime what Switzerland is to money, Tangiers to smuggling, Hong Kong to foreign trade. It is the vital transit point between the poppy fields of the Middle East and the heroin markets of New York City.

Every year the retail value of the narcotics smuggled into the United States for its 56,000 known addicts may reach $350 million. The ingeniousness of the smugglers is infinite. Heroin has been found in the brassiere of an Air France stewardess (who is serving a 10-year stretch), in a diplomat's bag, in the anuses of Lascar seamen. About two-thirds of the total reaches America from the Far East by way of Honolulu and San Francisco. But the rest—and the best—comes from Turkey by way of Marseilles.

As soon as he arrived in Marseilles in 1958, Lavalette formed a highly mobile narcotics squad. He trained his men to move secretly, so that narcotics operators were given no warning to destroy the evidence. The word in French for narcotics is *stupéfiants*. The squad was officially named the *Groupe de Stupéfiants*, but it was soon celebrated as Lavalette's *Groupe de Stup*—a dedicated body of drug-fighting cops.

A few days after the arrest of Franceschi in 1963, the Marseilles *police* received an Interpol tip that a consignment of morphine concealed in a shipment of goatskins was on its way in a Turkish freighter. (Heroin is a derivative of morphine.) When the ship berthed, the *Groupe de Stup* descended on it and started going over the goatskins with infinite care, wrinkled noses, and no little courage—goatskins can be carriers of disease. When they were through, they had in their hands no less than 242 pounds of morphine—the largest single seizure on record at that time.

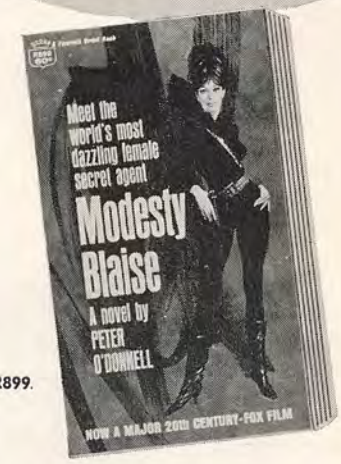
Within a month Lavalette could congratulate himself on two major successes. And he had temporarily cut off both the head and the tail of the three-part process which begins in Turkey and ends in Manhattan. The process consists of supply, conversion, and delivery. The arrest of Franceschi had stopped delivery and the capture of the morphine had blocked supply. Since the supply came into Marseilles and the delivery went out, it was evident that the conversion was done in

SHE'S NEW! SHE'S EXCITING!

SHE MAKES JAMES BOND LOOK LIKE A CUB SCOUT!

SHE'S MODESTY BLAISE

The world's most dazzling female secret agent.



R899.

"IN BED OR IN HOT WATER, MODESTY IS BOND'S COUNTERPART WITH CLEAVAGE."
—Chicago Tribune

"FILLED WITH SOME OF THE MOST AMAZING ACTION YOU'VE SEEN IN YEARS"
—San Francisco News Call Bulletin

NOW A MAJOR 20TH CENTURY-FOX FILM

WHEREVER PAPERBACKS ARE SOLD

only 60¢

Buy this Crest Book from your paperback bookseller. If sold out, send only price of book plus 10¢ for postage and handling to Crest Books, P.O. Box 1014, Greenwich, Connecticut. If order is for five or more books, no postage or handling charge is necessary. Please order by number and title. No Canadian orders. Catalog available on request.

or around the city. Somewhere in this area the caid, the mastermind of the whole scheme, was operating. Unless he was caught, he could rearrange his supply and delivery with little difficulty.

To clarify things, Lavalette composed a mental picture of who this man was, what he was like, how he covered up.

"Caid X" would be a Corsican. The drug dealers were always Corsicans. Therefore he would have an Italian family name and a French given name. He would be quiet, well-dressed, and in his 40's, because after 50 the big shots tended to retire. His accent would be *bourgeois*, but he would live in an ostentatiously fine house. He would be generous in his donations to church and charities. He would have little or no police record, and he had probably spent much of his earlier life in the Far East, where he studied the economics of the drug traffic.

Lavalette sighed. He had molded in his mind, as he knew perfectly well, the man who ran the Marseilles narcotics racket. Caid X was Joseph Césari, known in the underworld as "Monsieur Jo."

Césari was tall and good-looking, with thick curly hair, heavy eyebrows and thin, cruel lips. He was rich now, but it had taken him time to gain power. Born in January, 1916 in Corsica, he had spent most of his adult life at sea, serving as a barman on liners travelling to Hong Kong, Bangkok, Macao and Honolulu—all important points in the flow of narcotics.

Settling in Marseilles, Césari installed his wife and children in the beautiful Villa la Roseraie, in Aubagne, just outside the city. Five fierce German shepherds roamed the grounds, and the sign on the front gate stated uncompromisingly, "Vicious Dogs!"

There was not much the police did not know about Césari, except how to get their hands on him. He had never been tagged with anything more serious than parking tickets. They had a word for him in the police and the underworld. He was *infilochable*—unnettable.

But a sailor in the Joliette, the dock area of Marseilles, told one of Lavalette's men that someone of Césari's description had been seen talking to a Turkish sailor in a bar a few days before the morphine was due.

"What language did they speak?" the detective asked. "French or Turkish?"

"Neither," said the sailor. "They spoke *petit-nègre*." This mixture of Mediterranean tongues is the common language of all sailors in the Middle East. Césari would certainly be able to speak it. He had taken an unusual risk in being seen so close to the landing point of the drug shipment, but a great amount of money was involved.

Lavalette ordered a day-and-night watch on Césari, emphasizing that his suspicions must not be aroused. He disguised his detectives as priests, taxi drivers, even Foreign Legionnaires.

It was believed that Césari was too wise not to assume he was being tailed, but he showed no signs of nervousness. In the day he played *pétanque*, a form of bowling, with his children. In the evening he sat with girl friends at sidewalk cafés on the Old Port, watching the colorful world of Marseilles go by. On Sunday afternoons, with thousands of others, he raged at the lowly Marseilles soccer team.

He was even observed talking to men recognized as small-time narcotics dealers, but the detectives did not accept the bait. They guessed he was laying a trap to see how closely he was being followed. Perhaps he would become convinced the heat was off.

The shadowing of Césari continued for more than seven months. The *confiture*—jam, as morphine is called—was still being smuggled in, and the heroin was still departing. Minor operators were occasionally arrested, as usual. In February, 1964, the *Groupe de Stup* picked up three Turks with 42 pounds of opium. If Césari felt this blow, he did not show it, and the detectives still lacked the necessary link to him. "Something will turn up," Lavalette said.

What eventually turned up was so small that Lavalette would have discounted it completely, but for the fact that it concerned Césari's suburban town of Aubagne. The word sifted out that several residents of an elegant area called the Quartier de Camp Major had been complaining of an uncouth couple who had moved into the luxurious villa known as the Clos Saint Antoine. The man seemed to be an unskilled laborer, and he had a sloppy wife who looked as though she had walked the streets of Marseilles. What was worse, he had announced that he intended to raise chickens.

A check was made on the pair. When Lavalette was told that their names were Albert and Irma Véran, with no crime record except petty larceny and pimping, he lost interest. The names were too French for Corsicans. But after a few days, he thought again. What were they doing in a good home, only a mile from Césari's villa? Véran could be an alias. But no—his name was really Albert Véran, and he'd been born around Marseilles. Then Lavalette remembered the fundamental maxim of the French police—*cherchez la femme*. Another check on the white-faced Madame Véran revealed that she was 24 years old, born Irma Palladino—in Corsica.

Lavalette immediately revised his views. There *had* to be a connection. The Clos Saint Antoine was put under watch, and photographs were taken secretly of all visitors. At least two were identified as drug pushers. Then Césari himself began to visit the house. That strengthened Lavalette's growing suspicion. The villa was being used as Césari's laboratory for refining heroin. Meanwhile, police lawyers, looking into the purchase of the house, discovered the money had been put up by a "Monsieur Jo." Monsieur Jo was Césari.

Lavalette's problem now was how to make his pounce. If he struck cold he would find just laboratory equipment, and there was no law against that. The ally of the narcotics handlers was always time. A matter of minutes was enough to flush away the drugs even as the police were swooping.

The Clos Saint Antoine had been well selected. It stood on a hill. Every approaching car could be seen. Visitors had

TRUE

"All right—pretty please!"

a long exposed drive, open to glasses trained from upstairs windows.

In the offices of the *Police Judiciare*, Lavalette kept these points in mind as he drew up his plans. Two agents of the *Groupe de Stup* were given new disguises. They put on hunting clothes and tramped conspicuously through the countryside around the villa carrying shotguns. For several days they hunted, and as far as Lavalette was concerned they could keep on hunting, until all the circumstances were right.

Things fell in place on October 8, just one year after Mathieu Franceschi had been picked up. It was dusk, so that shadows darkened the trees and bushes of the estate and offered hiding places for the police. Most important, Césari was paying one of his visits. The big *razzia*, the raid, began when the two detectives in hunting rig approached the villa in full sight, one dragging his leg in pain, his arm around his companion's shoulder.

The latter called out, *"Au secours!* Help! My friend is badly hurt!" and rang the bell. The door opened meagerly, and Irma Véran appeared.

Her appearance had a miraculous healing effect on the wounded detective. He

COMING . . .

A motorized invasion
is headed your way from
out of the mysterious East

WILD NEW WHEELS FROM JAPAN

mean fun and adventure
with new motorcycles and cars

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

pushed her back even as she was reaching for the alarm button and forced his hand over her mouth before she could scream. Lavalette hurried out of the shadows and into the house after his two men, followed by a score of others. He looked around—the room was slovenly, with an unmade bed and a littered table. It was obviously the Vérans' living quarters.

"Upstairs!" Lavalette whispered, and led the way. He flung open the door above, and came face to face with a scene of a detective's dreams. Before him was a four-room laboratory elaborately equipped. Two pharmacists were at work, and two other men were stuffing the white heroin into cellophane bags. As if this were not triumph enough, Lavalette found himself staring into the flabbergasted eyes of Joseph Césari himself.

Césari realized the game was up, and smiled. "Inspector," he said, "permit me to congratulate you. *C'était formidable.*"

He held out his hand and Lavalette accepted it. "*Mon cher* Césari," he exclaimed, not to be outdone, "I accept your congratulations with pleasure, and I extend to you my own. Your selection of this villa was sheer genius. Thanks to you I have accomplished the most beautiful affair one can imagine."

Lavalette waved away a detective who was approaching the caid, and Césari, his own hands free, led the column of handcuffed prisoners to the paddy wagon.

In the laboratory Lavalette discovered a positive treasure house for drug addicts. The place was capable of producing 20 pounds of pure heroin a day. Policemen staggered away with case after case of drugs—220 pounds of morphine and 220 pounds of heroin. It was the largest single haul of illegal narcotics ever brought off anywhere in the world.

The drugs would have been worth $4 million wholesale on the New York market, and at least 10 times that much when cut and sold to users. That amount of heroin would have made thieves and murderers of countless men and turned many a woman to a prostitute's life.

Telegrams of congratulations came in to Lavalette from all over—Interpol, the United Nations, the American Bureau of Narcotics, the Hong Kong Narcotics Bureau, Scotland Yard.

The trial of Césari and his people had its moments of comedy. The Vérans claimed they had no idea what was going on. The chemists said they did not know what they were processing. The two pushers declared they thought they were packing salt. Only Césari pleaded guilty. He admitted he was the leader, the owner and the employer.

Césari was sentenced to 10 years, the others proportionately less. This might seem time well repaid by the fortune Césari had accumulated—except the caid will not have this thought to comfort him in prison. The French income tax authorities, the customs officers and all the agencies which benefit legally from the business of import and export are working out their accounts. The bill for Césari is expected to total every sou he has.

What was the result of Lavalette's brilliant feat? A temporary jump in heroin prices in New York. But demand continued to create the supply, and new laboratories were quickly set up in Marseilles.

For Chief Inspector Louis Lavalette, of the *Groupe de Stup* in the *Police Judiciare*, the hunt was starting all over again. He had bagged one caid, but in France there were hundreds more. It was enough to make the inspector sigh wearily—except for the comfort of a hopeful thought: he had proved that at least one caid was not *infilochable*. —Geoffrey Bocca

BOND STREET

THE PIPE TOBACCO THAT STAYS LIT!

Bond Street keeps burning because of its Old English cut—a combination of flakes for even-burning and cubes for slower-burning. You'll like its aroma of fine domestic and imported tobaccos, too.

Light up wall-to-wall

When you light the whole tobacco surface, your packing will burn evenly and smoke cool. If the surface is not lit wall-to-wall, tamp very lightly and finish the job with a second light.

Give a man a pipe he can smoke . . . and his home is bright with a calm delight. THOMSON

A product of Philip Morris Inc.

Liquid WRENCH

LOOSENS RUSTED NUTS, BOLTS, PARTS IN SECONDS
at Service Stations, Auto and Hardware Stores
RADIATOR SPECIALTY COMPANY, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

IN PAPERBACK AT LAST
The Year's Top Fiction Bestseller
HERZOG
Winner of the National Book Award
Wherever Paperbacks Are Sold—95¢

TRAVEL RIGHT! TRAVEL LIGHT!! THE SCOTTY WAY!!!

FREE CATALOG! SEE ALL MODELS

Scotty 15', sleeps 5-6. Optional commode. Weight 1300 lbs. **$995.***

Scotty Hi-Lander, Sleeps 6. Can be self-contained. Weighs 1525 lbs. **$1165.***

Scotty 13', sleeps 4-5. Two floor plans, one with commode. Weighs 975 lbs.

Serro Scotty Travel Trailers

FROM $795*

*Standard Model F.O.B. Factory

SERRO TRAVEL TRAILER CO.

177 ARONA RD., IRWIN, PA.
47 SCOTTY DR., BRISTOW, OKLA.

Veteran Wisconsin Woodsman Reveals His Fish-Catching Secret

World's smallest Midget jointed "Minnow". Strange humming, ticking, clicking vibration makes fish strike without caution. Looks, acts, practically swims like a tiny bait fish, catches bass, trout, pickerel, walleye, perch, bluegill crappies . . . many other fresh and salt water fighters.

From Wisconsin's famous fishing waters comes word of the spectacular fish catching powers of "The World's Smallest Jointed Minnow." It looks like a minnow—acts like a minnow—practically swims like a minnow – virtually drives fish frantic with its strange humming, ticking, clicking underwater vibration—catches bass, trout, pickerel, walleyes, perch, bluegills and crappies – in pond, lake, river, stream, brook – on bright days, grey days, at night – even in dark, murky waters

Conceived by a veteran Wisconsin outdoorsman who knows the ways of fish as well as you know the palm of your hand, it's an amazing tiny life-like lure that saves you time, money, frustration. Brings you exciting new fishing thrills whether you're an amateur or expert. Catches more fish, more different kinds of fish —often bigger fish, too. Eye popping beauties smash recklessly against it when ordinary lures and even live bait may be bringing little or no results.

40 Years Fishing Know-How Made It Possible

Bronzed Carve Wall has been an ardent fisherman since he was 9 years old. For over 40 years he has pitted his skill against some of the hardest to catch beauties that ever dodged a hook. He has studied the behavior of fish, tried to determine what makes them strike a lure – what makes them shy away – what makes them bite on some days and not on others. He cut fish open and studied their undigested food. He found that the lure he dreamed of making must look like a minnow – **for minnows are the favorite year 'round food for nearly all fish.** That's when he started to develop a lure that would look and act like a tiny living minnow —a lure so lifelike it would fool even the most suspicious and hard to catch maverick.

Season after season Wall worked to perfect his dream lure. Then one day he decided to make a tiny jointed plastic lure. It was only one inch long – no bigger than the tip of his thumb. He utilized a new precision method of creating the jointed body, working patiently until its jointed action was as precise and smooth as a small live minnow in action. Then, as an added improvement, he devised a specially shaped metal lip which he attached under the head of his "minnow!" This not only balanced the lure but gave it the diving wigglesome action he wanted.

Surprise of His Life

The first time he cast his new lure, Wall got the surprise of his life. For as soon as it dropped into the water a strange peculiar pulsating vibration came up through the line, through his rod and into his arm! This was a humming, ticking, vibration unlike anything he had ever experienced in his entire 40 years of fishing. Suddenly he felt the savage fury of the first strike. Soon he was battling a 5 pound bass. And all that morning, while less fortunate fishermen watched in open mouthed amazement, Wall caught fish after fish – almost as fast as he could unhook and cast again – until he reached the legal limit. Wall knew that after years of trying he had done what he had set out to do – he had created an amazing "live" minnow that could bring new thrills and excitement to the average fishermen. A lure so small – so precise in craftsmanship and fine detail – and so lifelike. But most amazing of all, it had a strange humming, ticking vibration that seemed to drive fish frantic. This astonishing fish catcher now known as the Rocky is believed to be the smallest jointed lure ever made.

30 Crappies, 12 Trout, 25 Bluegills in One Day

Rocky's fame is already spreading rapidly. From the Gulf states to Canada and Alaska came reports of its terrific fish catching powers. One user reports he caught 30 crappies, 12 trout and 25 bluegills in one day all on the Rocky. Elliot Seldon writes that—"At Strongbrook Reservoir in Massachusetts my tiny Rocky caught a huge 8 pound large mouth bass." Jesse Heard of Denver, Colorado, reports, "My son and I visited a favorite trout site. It was cold and getting dark, a light snow was falling and the wind howled down through the canyon. Fishing was slow for everybody. My son decided to use a Rocky. Suddenly the rod was nearly yanked from his hand by a hard vigorous strike. A few minutes later he pulled in a beautiful 2½-pound brown. One hour later we started out of the canyon with nine beauties, all browns. But our friends were not so happy. They had not been using ROCKYS."

Big Trout and Bass, 4 and 5 Pound Walleyes Even 7 and 8 Pound Northerns

From New England to California come reports of amazing catches—of big trout and bass—of 4 and 5 pound walleyes – of fish striking repeatedly in dark, murky waters – of the ease, the astonishing performance of this ROCKY lure. More fishing thrills, more fishing excitement, more fish caught, more kinds of fish and big ones, too – fish caught when ordinary lures and live bait failed. Small mouth bass, trout, either fresh and salt water fish—time after time. More and more fresh and salt water fishermen swear by the tiny ROCKY minnow lure. But you can test ROCKY's fish catching powers yourself **without risking a penny.**

New Fishing Excitement for You

Next time you go fishing make sure you have several ROCKY's in your tackle box. Use ROCKY in lake, brook, river, or stream. Feel the exceitement of its strange humming, ticking, vibration – feel the terrific impact of fish after fish smashing your lure with fury – when others in your party are still waiting for their first strike. A true midget among fishing lures. It's only one inch long. And, for fishermen who requested a larger ROCKY, Carve Wall designed a special 1½ inch ROCKY each size with two sets of treble hooks. Use ROCKY wits spinning gear or fly rod. Cast it or troll it. ROCKY has a deadly reputation for catching trout, bass, walleyes and many other fresh water fish. Its minnow-like shape and wiggling action make it deadly in streams and open water. Does not spin. Won't twist your line. Made of the finest tenite, the ROCKY will last until a fish snatches it away from you.

TRIAL OFFER

Try the fish-catching powers of this amazing lure yourself ENTIRELY AT OUR RISK! We cannot guarantee, of course, that these amazing lures will produce for you in every pond, river or lake everytime you go fishing BUT WE DO GUARANTEE that these ROCKY Lures will definitely catch more fish for you . . . make you agree that this is the greatest little lure you've ever used – OR SIMPLY RETURN THEM ANYTIME FOR EVERY CENT OF YOUR PURCHASE PRICE BACK!

Put ROCKY to every test. If you don't feel its exciting humming, ticking vibration, if you don't thrill to the smashing impact when fish strike your lure recklessly – if ROCKY doesn't catch more fish and big fish too, you have used it entirely free.

You and you alone are the only judge! You have nothing to lose! Send in Coupon TODAY!

MAIL NO-RISK COUPON TODAY

HAMILTON HOUSE, 47T-4
Cos Cob, Conn. 06807

Enclosed is check or m.o. for $_____.

Rush me_____ROCKY Lures @ $3.98

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____STATE_____ZIP_____

GUNS OF DESPERATION

[*Continued from page* 57]

pistol. The frame was made of two steel stampings riveted together. The smoothbore barrel was chambered for the .45 Colt cartridge used in the automatic pistol that our armed forces adopted in 1911. The Liberator pistols cost less than $2 apiece. Thousands of them were dropped in France, each packed in a brown waxed cardboard box with a handful of ammunition. They had little accuracy. The bullet, not being spun by rifling, tumbled in flight before it got far. But when it hit going in sideways, the killing power was much greater than if the bullet had kept point on. Some Liberator pistols blew up. But the men in the French underground were desperate men.

Four hundred years ago Benvenuto Cellini, the Italian artist in gold and silver, said in his autobiography that he had invented a noiseless gunpowder. He used it, so he said, in poaching. His claim was fraudulent—he did not invent a noiseless gunpowder and neither has anyone else since his day. If Cellini, who was a brawler and a murderer, had invented a noiseless gunpowder he might have committed more crimes than he did.

The advantage to a criminal of a gun that will kill without making a noise is obvious, so obvious that any method of silencing a firearm is forbidden to civilians by the same law that bans sawed-off shotguns and submachine guns. But the advantage of a silent gun for certain purposes in war has long been obvious to our armed services.

Thus, in World War II the OSS, which was largely devoted to undercover work, often behind enemy lines, wanted a silent gun—and came near to getting it. The late W. H. B. Smith, who wrote a widely circulated book describing in detail the small arms of all countries and who had unusual connections in the armed forces, revealed that an OSS man was assigned to kill a particular German on the streets in Berlin. He shot the man in a crowd without attracting attention to himself. The police thought the man had died of a heart attack. It was only later that the bullet wound was discovered.

What sort of gun did the OSS man have? It could only have been a pistol developed by Army experts in cooperation with the High Standard Company. The pistol, a .22 semiautomatic, had the most effective silencer so far designed. Holes were bored at a 90° angle around the barrel, beginning about halfway from the breech to the muzzle and about an inch apart longitudinally. The barrel was tightly wrapped in stainless-steel wire gauze. The chamber at the muzzle had a series of stainless-steel mesh washers. There was some loss in velocity but not too much, as the bullet got its initial impetus before the gas behind it began to escape through the holes in the barrel.

Harry Reeves, a famous pistol shot, had one of the High Standards on a special assignment in China during World War II. He told TRUE's Lucian Cary that the sound of the explosion was no more than that of striking a kitchen match. There was another sound that the shooter of an ordinary semiautomatic does not hear because it is lost in the noise of the explosion. This is the sound made by the pistol's operation. The slide, coming back in recoil, makes a metal-to-metal contact as it is stopped. As it goes forward, it picks up a fresh round from the magazine and slams it into the breech. The sound of this operation is not silenced. A single-shot pistol with a silencer would be quieter.

A pistol very similar to the one Reeves had was found by the Russians on U-2 pilot Francis Gary Powers when he was shot down in 1960. The Soviet prosecutor at Powers' trial said that the silencer-equipped pistol proved that the pilot was a spy, prepared to engage in political assassination. Actually, the pistol was probably supplied so that the pilot might be able to live off wild game without attracting attention if he had parachuted out over sparsely settled country.

Army intelligence officers recently learned of a gun designed by the Russians for the express purpose of assassination. They did not get a sample weapon, but they did get a complete confession from a Russian agent who recently used it successfully on two occasions in West Germany.

The spy's name was Bogdan Nikolayevich Stashinskiy. Since his last two names are unpronounceable by anyone who doesn't know Russian it seems simpler to refer to him as Bogdan. He had been trained in Russia and provided with a new name and the information necessary to account for himself. He was given a desperate assignment. He was ordered to kill two leaders of the Ukrainian underground whose headquarters were in Munich—without leaving any evidence or throwing any suspicion on himself.

The two men Bogdan was to kill were Lev Rebet and Stepan Bandera. They not only directed the Ukrainian nationalist movement, but they provided shelter for Ukrainian refugees from the Soviet Union. When Bogdan started out he had never seen either of the two men. He had to find them, trail them until he knew their habits, and kill them when there were no witnesses.

The weapon the Russians gave Bogdan was something out of a James Bond thriller: a poison spray gun. It consisted of an aluminum tube six inches long and about three quarters of an inch in diameter. Inside it was an ampul of liquid —undoubtedly potassium cyanide.

The Russian cyanide gun was practically noiseless, and when properly used killed a man in a couple of minutes. Its limitation was its range. It had to be fired in the victim's face, thus forcing him to inhale the gas, at a range of not much over a foot.

Bogdan trailed Rebet first and caught him on the stairs of the office building where he worked. Bogdan had the gas gun in a rolled-up newspaper. As Rebet came even with him, Bogdan fired the gun in his face and walked on down to the street. He dropped the gun in a canal.

Most Styles
$13.95
to $19.95

SUBURBANS...the Post-Graduate Casuals

Why wear casuals that look like they went through the family wash, when Nunn-Bush, in its Edgerton factory, is making jaunty, durable SUBURBANS like these! In harmonizing colors to match current suits and slacks.

Style 0953 — Brown Coachman Leather Uppers. Also in Black, Beige and Wine. Cushion Crepe Sole and Heel. Edgerton Division. Nunn-Bush Shoe Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53201. Also made in Canada.

When Bogdan was ready to kill Bandera the Russians gave him a new gun, similar to the first except that it was double barreled. He caught Bandera as he was opening the door of his apartment building. He fired both barrels into Bandera's face, left the building, dropped the second gun into the canal and took off for another city.

Meanwhile, back in the U.S., a favorite weapon of gangster days continues to be popular in criminal circles. Pound for pound, the sawed-off shotgun is the most lethal thing a desperate man can carry. The federal law banning rifles or shotguns with barrels shorter than 18 inches was aimed at the sawed-off shotgun. But it has done very little to stop its use.

A single-barrel shotgun can be converted in a few minutes with only a hacksaw. The barrel is shortened to the desired length and the stock is cut just aft of the pistol grip. The result is as concealable as a large horse pistol, and deadly. Double-barreled shotguns are altered the same way except that enough of the stock is usually left so the gun can be fired from the shoulder.

The federal law against sawed-off shotguns hasn't stopped their use but it does make the ownership of such a gun a federal offense so that when a desperado is caught in a crime involving such a weapon he can be socked with a federal rap in addition to the local sentence.

The same law could be used on juvenile delinquents who make "zip" guns. The standard zip gun is a six-inch piece of tubing cut from an automobile antenna mounted on a wooden grip. The tubing is cut from a section that is just the right size to hold a .22 rimfire cartridge. The hammer is a flat piece of spring steel with a screw or bolt in one end, taped down to the grip with adhesive tape. A zip gun is fired by thumbing back the hammer and letting it go. Since the tubing is not rifled, a zip gun is a smoothbore and technically a sawed-off shotgun within the meaning of the National Firearms Act.

Zip guns illustrate how easy it is to make a gun if you have ammunition to start with. All you need is a box of .22 shorts and there are any number of ways to make a gun for them. One of the most ingenious was popular among youth gangs in New York a few years ago and was based on a cigarette lighter made in Japan. A piece of antenna tubing was inserted through the reamed-out hole for the wick of the lighter until it met a corresponding hole drilled in the base and became the barrel of the gun. The firing mechanism was the same as the one that formerly sparked the flint. The advantage of this pocket-lighter pistol was that unlike a zip gun it might go unnoticed in a casual police search. In fact, this particular type of homemade pistol was only discovered when the makers started to fill the inside with lead to reinforce the barrel. The extra weight made the "lighter" suspicious.

The zip-gun approach to making arms has often been used by underground and guerrilla fighters. The Filipino guerrillas who fought the Japanese in World War II were short of arms, though they did have supplies of 12 gauge shotgun shells. They made one of the simplest of guns to shoot this ammunition. The barrel was a piece of pipe with an inside diameter of three quarters of an inch to take the shotgun shell. In turn, this barrel was fitted into a short length of slightly larger pipe with a cap closing one end of it. In the center of the inside of the cap a nail was fastened.

When both pipes were quickly telescoped the shotgun shell was exploded like a mortar shell hitting the bottom of the tube. The effective range was short. But the Filipinos wiped out many a Japanese patrol with guns of this sort. And then, of course, they were able to fade into the jungle with up-to-date military rifles taken from the Japs.

The list of weapons designed by our armed forces and those of other countries for desperate men is a long one—and sometimes kooky. Here, for example, is something that looks like a pencil with a clip for the pocket. When the clip is lifted, the pencil fires a .22 cartridge.

The most fantastic weapon designed for the OSS and other units working on especially dangerous undercover assignments was not a gun but a crossbow powered by rubber bands. It was made in at least two models. One was designed to be shot like a pistol. A heavier model had a shoulder stock. Such a gun could be reasonably accurate at modest ranges. It would kill and it would not be noisy. It was too bulky and clumsy to be easily concealed, however.

During World War II the Germans made what was called an around-the-corner gun. It was originally designed for men in tank turrets. Unable to shoot their machine guns at enemy soldiers who had crawled close enough to throw a grenade or Molotov cocktail, the tankers were vulnerable. But the barrel of the around-the-corner gun, often a Schmeisser submachine gun, was bent as much as 90° and the tank crews used it to shoot at attackers on foot. Later, the same gun was used for street fighting. A man hiding behind the corner of a building could shoot down the street without exposing himself.

But back to less sophisticated arms. Probably the biggest attempt to make do with crude weapons occurred during the infamous snafu of Koje Island prison camp in Korea, when well-organized prisoners armed themselves and almost took over from their jailers. They actually did capture the American general in charge and held him for three days (he was later busted to colonel for his part in the affair).

Koje held too many prisoners in too small a space. Moreover, the Korean truce talks had just started and we were reluctant to do anything that might be called "mistreating" the prisoners. The result was that the 80,000 hard-core communist prisoners—confined in 17 compounds—became unmanageable. They were allowed to cook and care for themselves. And in stockades of as many as 6,000 each, they could not be controlled anyhow.

To goad the Army into fighting them and produce charges of brutality for the truce talks, the prisoners set up weapons factories right in the camps. Tent poles were made into spears and used for bayonet drill. Scrap metal and garbage cans got hammered into knives. Ax handles were studded with nails and barbed-wire clubs and flails turned out. There were even gasoline bombs—and a few guns seized from Korean guards who strayed too close to the wire fence.

All this armament produced a number of riots and many casualties until a commander equal to the job came along—General Haydon L. Boatner—and cleaned up Koje.

Once again the good guys won because they were determined and had superior arms. But the lesson of Koje lingers . . . somehow, desperate men will always arm themselves. —**John S. Tompkins**

TRUE

"Hold it, Harry. I don't think he's with our group!"

[*Continued from page* 46]

spitting as in yesteryear). There is a "Men Only" sign behind the long bar. While we were talking, a woman gingerly entered through the doorway, looked around, didn't find whoever she was looking for and left as unobtrusively as she had entered. No one paid any attention to her, but it was obvious what the rules were.

"Women who do drink usually stay out of men's bars because they don't like to hear the language," I was told by a jolly, green-eyed giant in Dublin. "The boys would have to watch their language," he added, as if this would be an indignity of enormous proportions. Here in Kealy's, I had a chance to document his thesis. Listening to the arguments being put forth by a nearby drinker, I heard that most pungent of four-letter words pronounced nine times in roughly a minute-long monologue. Just as old Doctor Johnson once said, "The Irish are a fair race; they never speak well of one another."

As opposed to English pubs, which are a genial outgrowth of the inn tradition, the Irish pub has always been a social organism specifically intended for men and their drinking, talking, singing, swearing, fighting or whatever their social pleasures. Traditionally an Irish woman did not share at all in a man's social life, except for special occasions such as weddings, wakes and the like. And he did none of his drinking at home, apart from those same special occasions. While a man's wife may remain the autocrat of the breakfast, lunch and dinner tables, he still, as he always has, gets up from the table and goes off with his sons to the village pub or to a football or hurling match.

On Sundays, the men sit separate from the women in the small-town churches, and after services they line up outside their favorite pub waiting for those swinging doors to open. (Pub hours are normally 10:30 a.m. to 11:30 p.m., with an hour of abstinence in the midafternoon in the larger cities, irreverently called the "Holy Hour." Sunday hours are somewhat shorter.) It is also not unusual to see a car full of children parked outside a pub on Sunday, the *kinder* waiting for Dad to have his Sunday eye-opener (presumably the sermon didn't do the trick). All over Ireland, there are small grocery stores which are also pubs—or are they pubs which also happen to sell groceries?—and in the small area to the rear of the sacks of meal and oats and shelves of modern packaged and canned goods, an old gas lamp more or less illuminates the Select Bar. Naturally it is select—for men only.

Thus far we have been speaking of the Irishman as a married creature. Yet Ireland is a nation where men marry late, if ever. A survey a few years back found only 30 percent of the population married. Even today, despite Ireland's rather dramatic economic upturn over the past half decade, the Irishman still doesn't get around to taking a bride before his early 30's. For the single Irishman, therefore, the pub remains more home than home away from home. "There's not so much to occupy a man's mind here," a drinking acquaintance in Galway explained, over several pints. "There's work and there's the pubs."

In another context, a wry Irish lass once noted, "In any other country, a woman is a necessity; in Ireland, she's a luxury." After the pubs close, the Irishman may actually call up his girl if he's so fortunate as to have a close lady friend. But his pals come before his girl, in a manner of speaking.

Once married and settled down to domesticity, however, he may learn that his bride has some ideas of her own about the Good Social Life. A number of suburban pubs, therefore, have come into existence because of this new trade from Ireland's middle-class marrieds. Still, while one shouldn't begrudge a lady her share of spirits now and then, there's little reason to applaud the appearance of these new pubs. They are clean, efficient—and characterless—the sanitary chrome descendants of a proud tradition. No Irishman who's at home on exclusively masculine turf is entirely at ease in these bland surroundings.

Historically speaking, the Irish pub has never depended on decor or decorations for its special magic. There are some 14,000 licensed places to drink in the land, including not only grocery stores but tailor shops and confectionery shops and even funeral parlors.

"You're never more than a mile from a pub," goes an old saying, as true today as yesteryear. Cork City, sometimes called the Irish Naples, is estimated to have one pub per 200 men, women and children, but a village in County Clare does considerably better: 27 pubs for a citizenry of 650, or one pub per 24.07 persons.

Outside the cities, there's bound to be a pub wherever there are a few houses. Often it's what used to be someone's living room, and all the more homey for that, although the women are expected to sit in the kitchen or parlor. A few of Ireland's pubs, notably Dublin's Long Hall, Stag's Head and Neary's, are the grand relics of the Victorian era, with stained-glass windows and dark, deep-carved mahogany fittings, cut-glass mirrors, a handsome bar with casks of whisky and various grades of sherry and port wine and a fine brass footrail running the length of the bar. Far more pubs are simply cavernous rooms which bear the scars of time and countless thousands of man-hours of stout drinking—stout referring both to what's in the mug and the awesome capacity to down it. These pubs are homely, timeworn, magnificently grubby places with practically no concessions—least of all a decent men's room—to modernity. Still others are small, dark, plain bars, reminders that Ireland's pubs are not monuments to her history apart from being stark evidence of how terribly poor Eire has always been. Visitors expecting each Irish pub to be a composite of all the *foin* pubs in numerous movies, are likely to be disappointed in the physical

English Leather®

...the ALL-PURPOSE MEN'S LOTION, $2.00, $3.50, $6.50...the BATH SOAP, $3.00 ...the ALL-PURPOSE SPRAY LOTION, $5.00 (refill $2.00)...the SHOWER SOAP ON A CORD, $2.00...the SHAVING CREAM, $2.00...the PRE-SHAVE LOTION, $1.50 ...the ALL-PURPOSE POWDER, $1.50...the AEROSOL DEODORANT, $1.50 ...the DEODORANT STICK, $1.00...the HAIR DRESSING, $1.50...the gift set of ALL-PURPOSE LOTION and AEROSOL DEODORANT, $3.50...other GIFT SETS from $3.00 to $10.00

©MEM COMPANY, INC., NORTHVALE, NEW JERSEY

plainness of most of them. The visitor, therefore, will simply have to make do with the Irishman himself. And to be sure, there is really no one quite like Himself.

The key to the Irishman's character, it has been suggested, is the tension between his dreams and the reality of Ireland's long oppressed existence. The result of this tension is a paradox—men who are merry in war but sad in song, tortured in imagination but realistic just the same. While talk comes naturally—almost compulsively, some would say—to the Irishman, so, too, does silence. If his mood is for solitude, the Irishman can sit and drink in silent dignity not needing to share the richness of his interior monologue with any bartender or drinking buddy. And why should he, for when he's of a mood for talk and song, he won't lack for conversation or camaraderie.

An Irish bar conversation comes in many sizes and speeds. Small pub talk may revolve around the local events of the day. Or, warming up to larger issues, the Irishman will attempt to dazzle you with his expertise on world, and most especially, American, affairs.

"Johnson's an Irishman, you know—they make the best politicians," I was informed by James Liffy, a great red-haired bull of a poet in McDaid's, one of Dublin's literary pubs. "Goldwater was a sign that you're not mature as a people," added a companion. "Bobby's smarter than Jack was! *He* did all the dirty work," contributed another of the McDaid's literati. "Bobby's running for 1972!" he added knowingly.

Wherever you go in Ireland, the subject of the Kennedys is a launching pad for personal reminiscence. "When Mr. Kennedy visited us, he stood in our village square and told us to come and visit him in America so we did," a huge blond chap from a small village west of Dublin recalled. His parents were part of a group which chartered a plane flight to America, primarily to see the late President, and indeed they saw him. The young man was mournfully silent for a moment. Then he said, "If he were alive today, Kennedy could have run for President of Ireland! In fact he could have been king if he wanted!"

Apart from politics, nothing rouses the Irish temperament faster in bar conversation than talk of sport, be it hurling, Gaelic football, horses or greyhound racing. Hurling, a kind of field hockey played with a thick, curved stick of ash and a small leather-covered ball, is one of the fastest field games in the world. Gaelic football is a native invention combining soccer and rugby, which the British once forbade the Irish to watch, much less play. Both games remain rooted in the Irish countryside, with all the county teams being composed of amateurs. The games remain sport, not business, and no farmer is less an expert than his neighbor. Each contest must be projected in all its possibilities, carefully dissected afterward, and if it was a particularly memorable one, replayed in all its nuances many times. If the county team makes the All-Ireland finals in Dublin, nothing short of crop failure keeps the farmer away.

Similarly, although it goes without saying that the Irish Sweepstakes is the race of the year in Ireland, the Irishman finds occasion to visit his turf accountant (legalized bookie, to the uninitiated) for every important horse race and for the greyhound racing that often takes place on the same large open fields used for the same sport centuries ago.

A love of sport *plus* a love of gambling on sport are part of the Irish spirit. The spirit is evident even in Dolly Fossett's, the after-hours stomping ground for after-dark ladies that apparently has been around as long as Dublin itself. At Dolly's, men sit and talk about the ponies as they wait for the ladies to show up.

"He'll put the boot to him all right," I heard one drinker of a watered-down gin say while eyeing a long-since-faded blonde.

"I don't know," his companion answered seriously, "he's giving away 10 pounds, you know."

I didn't stay long enough to learn whether the horse got the nod, or the lady did. Offhand, I'd have bet on both.

If an Irishman finally closes his mouth and actually stops talking, he's likely to open it again almost immediately and begin singing. One night, while sitting in on a session at O'Donohue's in Dublin, a pub where professional folk singers and just plain folk congregate early in the evening before the singers go off to their engagements, a visiting Englishman said to his female companion, in an awed voice, "Ye Gods, can *every* Irishman sing?!"

It's an intriguing question. There are two kinds of singing pubs in Ireland: those where voices are *supposed* to erupt in melody, such as O'Connor's in Galway and Dublin's well-known Abbey Tavern, and those where it simply happens. At O'Donohue's, one of the latter, the singing is strictly for fun. Although almost all the singers are male, the audience of drinkers often includes young ladies who drop in and sip a soda while listening to the balladeers. As the songs get bawdier, the girls get redder and redder, but none leave. If a colleen dares to add a verse, bawdy or no, to a song, her clear sweet voice hushes the place until the second she is done. Then the cry, "Good girl!" erupts throughout the room.

In other pubs, where no professional and no female voices can be heard, it is not uncommon to hear drinker after drinker, after putting down their pints, hit notes which many a professional crooner would be happy to claim for his own. The visitor sits, charmed beyond any expectations, entertained beyond wildest expectations, and says, mostly to himself, "For God's sakes, *can* every Irishman sing?"

Naturally, between choruses—indeed, between *words*—the Irishman is likely to be doing some serious boozing. Remember that all references to pints are Imperial pints, 20 ounces high and full of a brew that is considerably stronger than anything normally served in this country.

Although many different kinds of hooch are available in Irish pubs, stout, and most especially Guinness, is so much the national drink that anyone placing the correct change (usually two shillings, or 28 cents) on the bar and saying nothing will automatically get his pint. Guinness, like other fine stouts such as Beamish, Crawford and Murphy's is a cultivated taste. On draft it is dark and creamy, somewhat bitter and neither chilled nor carbonated. (In the bottle, Guinness, because of certain enzymes, produces its own carbonation; it is also stronger, particularly in the export version.) Connoisseurs of the pint insist on a head being drawn that's so rich and creamy it won't disappear after a first gargantuan gulp.

"The real test of a bar is the pint," says Maurice Gorham, a Briton who has

TRUE

"I understand he can trace 'em back further than anybody."

settled in Dublin and who is considered an expert on Irish pubs. "If the head disappears, many pint men—an Irish drinker is either a pint man or a half-pint man—will insist that it be replaced." Gorham tells a funny story about "an elderly codger who managed to shake up his beer so that the head kept evaporating, and kept insisting that it be replaced. With the publican's somewhat reluctant cooperation, he managed to drink all night on a single pint purchase."

Among younger men, there is a certain leaning toward the romance of drinking foreign beers—American imports and Denmark's Carlsberg and Tuborg are widely available—and to drinking something new, such as Harp Ale, the most popular new lager. Mixed drinks are still regarded with considerable suspicion, and Irish whisky, one of the world's great spirits, is still slightly too expensive (35 cents or more for "a small whisky") for the average Irishman. Actually a "small whisky" is quite a healthy belt, and if you should ask for a "glass of whisky," that's exactly what you'll get, and full-up, too. It is said that Oliver St. John Gogarty, the Irish poet and wit, was asked one night by a publican whether he wanted "a small or a large whisky." Gogarty, a drinker of considerable fame who once had quaffed five pints of beer from a silver tankard without lowering the cup from his lips, was shocked by the question. "There is," he indignantly instructed the man behind the bar, "*no* such thing as a *large* whisky!"

The Irishman does seem to take his fabled drinking for granted, and remains very tolerant of drunkenness. "He's had a drop" is a familiar expression which means that "*he*" has gotten several sheets to the wind. If *he* does this most nights, "He's got the weakness," he has. And of course a total dipsomaniac is explained away as one who, quite simply, "has got the failing."

The current champion drinker of Ireland—there are informal competitions to determine such celebrityhood—officially averages 24 pints in two hours in repelling challengers. But after outguzzling all comers one night, he sheepishly confessed that he'd "warmed up" beforehand with two glasses of whisky and several pints.

Among the land's hardiest drinkers and most durable visitors to pubs are the dockers, the men who work the holds of ships and who, when they break for lunch, think nothing of drinking 10 pints. "There's so much dust in our throats, when we come up," a husky docker in Galway explained, "and there's the dryness, you know." Another dark-haired lad spoke of the bad accidents which occur when a winch cable breaks or goes out of control and becomes a "flying winch." Sure, the survivors "could drink water," he said, "but how many pints of *water* can you drink?"

When one docker who was making quite a handsome salary for Ireland—the equivalent of $100 a week—was criticized in pub talk for only giving his wife two pounds, 10 shillings ($7) a week for household expenses and spending the rest on beer, he loudly pointed out that he also bought the clothing for his kiddies out of his beer funds. This is the perverse logic of the Irish, and logic of course it is. When another genial chap mentioned his rule for drunken driving—"When I'm in high gear, I drive home in low gear"—the fallacy of his reasoning was quickly revealed. "Isn't it per-fectly obvious," snorted a friend, "that if you *know* enough to drive home slow, you can't be drunk in the first place!"

So don't attempt to argue or debate with the Irishman in his pub. He has the strength and wisdom of 10, especially because he's on home grounds. And when he asks, "You'll have another, won't you?" he really isn't asking you, he's telling you. Don't attempt to beg off for reasons of insobriety, weak stomach, lateness of hour or general health. "You'll have another, won't you?" is a friendly command, full of a jovial, old-fashioned masculine camaraderie too irrepressible—and too much fun—to be denied.

—Bob Abel

Fruit is for jelly
(and beginning pipesmen)

Revelation is for pipe smokers who're tired of sweet, syrupy blends. You get the rich *naturally* mellow flavor of five great tobaccos. It's a taste you can stick with all day long.

Revelation is for the experienced pipe smoker.

A product of Philip Morris Inc.

Joining the Peace Corps isn't hard.

Just apply yourself.

The Peace Corps.
Washington, D. C. 20525

☐ Please send me information
☐ Please send me an application

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip Code_____

Published as a public service in cooperation with The Advertising Council.

BILL VEECK'S FREE ADVICE TO THE NEW COMMISSIONER

[*Continued from page* 59]

disguise. Clean it up and lots of other problems will disappear with it.

2. THE BASEBALL CONTRACT. Baseball has been running away from its reserve clause for years. The game's obsessive fear of a court test has led the public to believe that baseball has been involved in some monstrous conspiracy to hold its athletes in bondage. The time has come, Mr. Commissioner, to face the issue head-on. Let's be realistic. Baseball is not going to collapse without the reserve clause. If the reserve clause disappeared tomorrow, it would not even leave a ripple in the pond.

There are other ways to tie a player to a team by contract. The studios of Hollywood were built, after all, on the seven-year option contract, which is perfectly legal because the employer contracts to increase the salary of the employee year-by-year as the option is picked up. Japanese baseball operates on precisely the same kind of contract and their contract only runs for five years.

The only real complaints might come from the really outstanding players (or from a player who has one phenomenal year) since their salary would normally go up much more quickly than provided for in the routine option contract. But there is nothing to prevent the club from negotiating a new five-year option contract, starting at a much higher base figure, every time it wants to increase a player's salary beyond the raise that had been provided for.

What this would do, quite obviously, would be to bind the star players, not simply for five years *but for five years from the time of the last big salary jump.* That's all any club owner should need. If an occasional player does become a free agent late in life, entitled to negotiate the best possible deal for himself, so what?

3. NEW CITIES IN EXPANSION. The American League, being by far the weaker, has to be helped in every possible way. The National League, which has been exploiting its superiority rather brilliantly (by a league policy, for instance, of saving its best pitchers for the American League during spring training) has to be brought to understand that a weak American League creates an image of overall weakness that damages all of baseball.

When it comes to assigning the expansion clubs, then, rank favoritism has to be shown. If it seems to you, after due study and consultation with the owners, that Milwaukee would strengthen the American League, then that is where you must assign it.

I would submit, however, that for purposes of revitalization and balance, the American League would probably be far better off with two completely new cities, Oakland on the West Coast and Dallas-Fort Worth in the Southwest. This would not only give the American League the two largest open cities in what seem to be the fastest-growing areas of the country, it would also help to solve the very vexing problems of scheduling and transportation (which we shall treat somewhat more extensively later). In Dallas, the league will have a second jumping-off spot in the Southwest to go with Kansas City; in Oakland, it will have another western city—an absolute must—to go with Los Angeles.

The National League will not be faring so badly either. The new Milwaukee franchise will be starting life with that very promising box-office rivalry against Atlanta, as well as its natural geographic rivalry against Chicago. The other franchise would probably go to Buffalo (which really means Buffalo-Toronto), giving the National League an entrée into Canada.

4. STOCKING THE NEW TEAMS. Baseball should certainly have learned by now that the best way *not* to make expansion work is to start the new teams off with a collection of old rags, tags and deposit bottles. The new cities must be given respectable teams, which means that the existing teams must be willing to cut into their bone and muscle and show the world how bravely they can bleed.

As things stand now, each team is entitled to hold 25 players on its active list, plus another 15 players on option in the minors. I would suggest a plan in which these established clubs would have to throw all their players into the expansion pool, except for their eight starting players, two starting pitchers and one relief pitcher; in short, the basic core of each team. The clubs would also be allowed to reserve their top five minor-league prospects. (To keep things relatively equal, the two bottom teams in each league will not have to contribute anybody. They obviously have enough trouble putting a decent team onto the field as it is.)

Each of the eight established teams in the league will be making 14 big-league players available, a total of 112, plus 80 minor league players of some promise.

The expansion clubs, however, will be permitted to take only two players apiece from each club's active list and one player from the minor-league list. The established clubs are therefore losing four major-league players and two minor leaguers and each of the new clubs is starting off with 24 players of some ability.

Since, in the natural course of things, the players taken from the stronger teams will be better than those taken from the weaker ones, we will be using the expansion program to bring on the badly-needed program for equalization. Out of the Milwaukee situation, then, many blessings can flow.

If anyone yells socialism, and I assure you they will, you are perfectly entitled to point out that baseball is the only major sport that does not have some form of equalization program operating on a *continuous* basis.

5. DILUTING THE TALENT? In addition to the cries of socialism, there will be cries that baseball is further "diluting" its strength, that there are not enough "legitimate big-leaguers" to go around as it is. Let none of this loose talk come from baseball. I am not sure what a big-league ballplayer is, Mr. Commissioner, except that it is a player who is in the big leagues. If there are 600 players on the big-league rosters, then they are the best 600 players in the country.

Remind the owners, and the press, that if "dilution" is the subject they want to debate, professional football has added two new teams in the NFL, plus a whole new league, and all of them draw from the same pool of players. While baseball men were talking about how they had weakened themselves, the NFL was telling the public that its league was so strong that "any team can beat any other team on a given Sunday."

Baseball, in point of fact, has probably not diluted its talent at all. In the past 15 years, it has been able to draw from a whole new source, the American Negro and, even more recently, the Latin American. Since a simple glance at the records shows us that these new players are of such high caliber that they now dominate the game, it follows that baseball must be better than ever.

6. SPEED UP THE GAME. While the players may be better than ever, the game isn't. For 20 minutes out of every hour, the pitcher is just standing there looking at the catcher, who is in a crouched position looking right back at him.

The basic trouble is the lively ball, which makes every man a home-run hitter, if only in his own eyes. As a result, there are more home runs and strikeouts than ever before but—this may surprise you—fewer runs. While both may be dramatic at a given moment, there is very little action in a baseball arching over a fence and none at all in a strikeout.

From the pitcher's standpoint, the little round ball is so explosive that he feels he has to work hard on even the humpty dumpties. He takes his time, scuffs around the mound and works almost everybody down to a 3-2 count.

As I have travelled around the country, these last two years, I have made it a point to ask people a) whether they watch every minute of a baseball game on TV and b) whether they watch every minute of a football game. Nine times out of 10 the answer is no to baseball and yes to football. That doesn't mean they do watch the entire football game or don't watch the entire baseball game, it means only that they have a memory of excitement for the one and boredom for the other.

The game of baseball is not a sacred vessel handed down to us by our forefathers. Professional football had the courage to rip itself apart in the 30's and put in an entirely new set of rules designed to open up the game. The time has come for baseball to do the same. Here's what should be done:

a) take enough juice out of the ball so that home runs will be hit only by home-run hitters.

b) widen the plate.

c) legalize the spitball.

With these three moves, the pitcher will no longer feel he has to nibble at the plate with every pitch. The batter will be forced to turn in that whiplash he is using for a bat and go back to a

good old-fashioned bat with some wood in it. Instead of sitting back and waiting for his pitch so that he can give it the good home-run riffle, he will have to concentrate on just trying to hit the ball. Artistry will replace muscle and a running, fielding, exciting brand of baseball will return to the land.

We can also speed up the game by having three balls constitute a base on balls and two strikes a strikeout. I know this will shake the Security Council to its foundations and possibly even cause a run on the banks. But it just might make for a more interesting game. It will make the pitchers think twice about fooling around with waste pitches and it will make the batter far more conscientious about swinging at anything that looks good. As a final boon, it will take the game away from the managers, who delight in flashing "take" signs from the bench, and put the bat back into the hands of the batter where it belongs.

Having speeded up the game, we also want to make it better. We are living in the age of the specialist, so let us have a permanent pinch hitter for the pitcher. This will not only serve to keep great hitters like Williams and DiMaggio in the game until they are ready to collect Social Security, it will put an end to the spectacle of having a man who is a specialist in nonhitting strutting his nonability before the yawning masses. Sending up a hitter who can not hit is just as ridiculous, when you come right down to it, as playing a shortstop who cannot field.

From the permanent pinch hitter it is only a short step, all right, a *giant* step, to complete offensive and defensive units. We are supposed to be selling the game of baseball at its ultimate efficiency, are we not? If that means anything it means that we should be presenting the *best* fielding and the *best* hitting. Why shouldn't there be a place in baseball for the brilliant shortstop who can not hit, and for the powerful hitter who can not catch a fly ball with a fishnet or, for that matter, a fishing schooner?

7. LABORATORIES IN THE COLLEGES AND MINOR LEAGUES. It is conceivable that some of these suggestions won't work. There is only one way to find out. Test the new game in one league in each minor-league classification. This would not only provide a dry run with every caliber of player, it would focus national interest upon these cities, exert a most salutary effect upon their attendance and make the players feel important.

Try it also in the college conferences and encourage the coaches to think up a few innovations of their own. Ideas are where you find them. Coaches like Danny Litwhiler of Michigan State have been far more progressive and imaginative than anybody in the big leagues.

And, finally, when the new game has been pretty well shaken down, unveil it to the nation in a TV spectacular between two major-league teams, preferably the runners-up in both leagues. By this time, the controversy about the new game will have whipped up so much interest that you have guaranteed the network a wide audience, a tremendous rating and enormous press coverage. It would be a shame if we took the play away from football right at the beginning of its own season, but that's a risk we'll have to take.

8. TELEVISION. Since TV rules the world, it has to be dealt with. In this instance, it has to be dealt with in two parts. Financially, which means how you get paid, and promotionally, which means what kind of a show you are presenting. In each of these respects, football has used television while baseball has permitted itself to be used *by* television.

Professional football has always negotiated its television contract from the commissioner's office on a pool basis, while baseball has had 20 different teams going 20 different ways. Since each football team is now getting paid more for its handful of road games than any baseball team gets for its whole season, certain conclusions can be reasonably drawn.

Baseball has allowed itself to be overexposed and underpaid. When Washington and Kansas City sell 65 games for around $300,000, while providing their own cast and location, they are putting themselves in the same financial class as old Mickey Mouse cartoons.

The time has come for the commissioner's office to make the overall television policy and negotiate all television contracts. All payments will come into the commissioner's office, with the money being split up *evenly* before it is sent back to the individual teams. Pool television will also serve to drive the final nail into franchise-hopping. The Milwaukee Carpetbaggers decided to move to Atlanta almost purely for the television money. Milwaukee, jammed between Detroit, Chicago and Minneapolis, offers a sponsor a very limited market area. Atlanta can sell the sponsor the entire southeast.

Once you put your show on television, though, it had better be good. Unfortunately, the marriage between television and baseball was not made in heaven. The television screen is compact; the game of baseball is spread out. Aiming a TV camera at a ball game makes even less sense than aiming a movie camera at a stage play. A telecast has to be directed and produced for the little screen, and that means you must direct the clubs to give your TV man all the cameras and locations he wants.

9. GAME OF THE WEEK. Take it over fast, about 30 seconds after you have assumed office, and renegotiate the contract so that the game will be presented on Monday nights, as the *only* big-league game being played, instead of on Saturday afternoons where it has had to compete, with no noticeable success, against the home team. This program does not really stand as a landmark of long-distance planning. If it had been successful, don't you think that the local clubs' sponsors, who would be losing a good portion of the audience they thought they were buying, might get a little testy?

The prestige of football has been built, in a very great part, on the success of those Sunday afternoon telecasts. If baseball is going to have a weekly show on a national basis, you must do everything within your power to insure its success.

10. TRAVEL AND SCHEDULING. By holding

Get away in a '66 Dorsett runabout

If you're looking for roominess in a runabout, step into a lively one. Luxuriously appointed El Rey or versatile Daytona models—both 16-feet-plus—offer wide options. And the compact 15-foot Belmont gives you a choice of inboard/outboard or outboard power. All have Dynamic V hull design for the smoothest ride on the water. And exclusive Iso-Glas® and Tufcore (patent pending) construction with two year warranty. A full line of cruisers also available, and a complete fleet of aluminum craft from Trailorboat Division of Dorsett.

Dorsett

2550 Scott Blvd., Santa Clara, California
1111 West Dewey, Bremen, Indiana

8 times more power to relieve pain of HEMORRHOIDS!

Soothing Nupercainal concentrates on pain! Prolonged relief of pain, burning and itching starts in minutes.

If you suffer from the misery of hemorrhoids, remember this about remedies you can buy for temporary relief. The leading "shrinking" preparation contains no anesthetic to relieve pain.

No wonder so many doctors recommend Nupercainal. Soothing Nupercainal relieves pain, itching, burning fast...gives prolonged relief...because it has *over eight times more pain-killing power* than the other most commonly-used topical anesthetic!

Nupercainal quickly puts raw nerve ends to sleep...thus puts pain to sleep. Lets you go about your business...relieved of the pain, burning and itching torment of hemorrhoids. Get Nupercainal Suppositories today—with free, handy pocket-pack. Start to live again, in comfort! (Ointment also available.)

Nupercainal®

Monday nights exclusively for the *Game of the Week*, you are doing something else. You are giving everybody else a night off, for rest, recreation and travel. The expansion to the Coast, plus the increased schedule, wears the players down physically. The checkerboard schedule of day-and-night games makes it impossible for the players to develop any kind of sleeping or eating regimes. Add to that the constant traveling and, most upsetting of all, the passage from one time zone to another, and the body begins to unravel.

It is not the one quick trip from New York to Los Angeles that wears the ballplayer down, though. It is the cumulative effect over the long season. By the end of the year, when the pennant races are coming to a boil, the players are performing at considerably less than peak efficiency. Nor, for that matter, have the World Series of recent years, our real showcase, been notable for dash, style or excellence of performance.

So as far as the games lost on those Monday nights are concerned, *forget them*. Giving up Monday night games is giving up very little as far as attendance is concerned. I suspect that you will draw just as many people over a 140-game schedule as over a 162-game schedule and you will be adding a couple of years to the playing lives of your star attractions.

11. PLAYER DEVELOPMENT. Football has that stream of players pouring out of colleges every year. Baseball has to make its own. Now that isn't fair. Baseball should be using the colleges as breeding grounds, too, by subsidizing the baseball programs of all the large conferences. By subsidization, I don't mean simply underwriting the expenses. I mean giving scholarships to high-school players and feeding them into the colleges.

No club, it must be understood, would have any claim on these players. Nor, for that matter, would baseball itself. After the boys have been graduated, they would become free agents like anyone else. If a boy can get a bonus from a major-league team, good luck to him. If not, it is just possible that we can fold him into a plan to bring the minor leagues back to life. For as visionary as it may seem, even to us visionaries, an attempt must be made to resurrect the minor leagues and, particularly, the independent operator. The commissioner's office can begin by using a percentage of the TV money to put the independent back into business.

Once the independents are back in business, they should be given the territorial rights to whatever boys in their geographic area have not been signed by a big-league club. With the chance to develop players for eventual sale to the majors, the independent would not only be signing the college kids, he would be beating the underbrush to flush out every other prospect in his area.

The next step is to establish an unrestricted draft, extending throughout all of baseball, which will be held at the same time as the free-agent draft. (*Note*: free agents are players, high school and college kids, for example, who are not under contract to anybody. The unrestricted draft would deal with players already under contract.) As one phase of the unrestricted draft, we would allow a big-league club to control no more than 30 players, 23 on its active list and seven out on option. Any big-league club could draft players from anywhere in the minors, just so long as it remains within the 30-player limit.

The minor-league club from which a player is drafted will be paid an established price depending upon its classification. The player himself will be paid a bonus for having progressed to the point where he is looked upon as a major-league prospect.

Notice what you have done here. You have put the minor leagues back in the player market by limiting the number of players a major-league club can control and, in particular, the number of free agents it could afford to sign for one of those valuable 30 spaces. As for the players themselves, they are now being rewarded for what they have actually accomplished in baseball, not for what they looked like against high school or college competition.

12. INTERLEAGUE PLAY. This has been inevitable for about 50 years, so why not now? Interleague play would not only give the fans of one league the opportunity of seeing the great stars of the other league, it would help to satisfy the owners who might object to some of the other programs. Horace Stoneham, for instance, would not be overjoyed to see a team across the Bay in Oakland (although the pooling of the television money would tend to obviate his objections, since it is the exclusive rights to that TV market he is concerned about far more than the loss of any Oakland fans). Roy Hofheinz, who is in sole possession of the tidy little state of Texas, would have the same kind of initial reaction to a team in Dallas-Fort Worth.

In interleague play, each team would play a two-game home-and-home series against each team in the other league, except where natural rivalries—like San Francisco-Oakland and Houston-Dallas—are involved. These clubs would be granted full home-and-home series, a total of six highly profitable games.

In closing, let me propose a few rules for the commissioner to live by: Be on the move constantly, lending the prestige of your office and the force of your personality to each city in turn. Never be in a city where a game is being played without going to the ballpark and never, never leave the park until the game is over. Be tactful. You will be sick unto death of hearing how Judge Landis would have done it, but smile pleasantly and agree that the Judge was most certainly a great man. Be available to the press, owners, managers, players, umpires, fans, near fans and potential fans. Be progressive, be fair, be firm. Be reasonably honest and candid. Be not an expert too soon. Beware of entourages and hangers-on. Be forewarned that difficult times lie ahead. Be forearmed to meet them.

And—this above all—*BE* the commissioner. **—Bill Veeck with Ed Linn**

MAKE MONEY—SAVE MONEY

MARKET PLACE

For ad-rates write Classified, 100 E. Ohio, Chicago 11.

HOBBIES SPORTS SERVICES SCHOOLS

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

INVESTIGATE ACCIDENTS—Earn $950 to $1,600 monthly. Car furnished. Expenses paid. Pick own job location. Investigate full time. Or earn $8.44 hour spare time. Men urgently needed now. Write for Free information. Universal Schools, CA-4, 6801 Hillcrest, Dallas, Texas 75205.

GO INTO BUSINESS for yourself for small capital investment. A free copy of world's largest sales magazine gives you hundreds of opportunities to be a distributor or franchise dealer. Write today to Specialty Salesman Magazine, Dept. TM, 307 North Michigan, Chicago, Illinois 60601.

MAILORDER. No product investment. No inventory. 100% mark-up. Free catalog. Methods, 4701-FD Lafayette Hill, Pennsylvania 19444.

I MADE $40,000.00 YEAR by Mailorder! Helped others make money! Start with $10.00—Free Proof. Torrey, Box 63566-V, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73106.

REAL ESTATE

CANADIAN VACATION LANDS: Full price $385.00. 40 acres $10 month. Suitable cottage sites, hunting, fishing, investment. Free information. Land Corporation, 3768-T Bathurst, Downsview, Ontario, Canada.

FLORIDA WATER WONDERLAND—Home, cottage, Mobilsites. Established area. $590 full price, $9.00 a month. Swimming, fishing, boating. Write: Lake Weir, Box MZ 38, Silver Springs, Florida AD 646127 (F-1)

CANADA'S FINEST LANDS. $4.00 an acre and up. Acquired through estate liquidations. Suitable for hunting, fishing, camps, cottages, farming, timber, minerals, investments. Small monthly payments. Free descriptive booklet. Canadian Estate Land, 2788-T Bathurst Street, Toronto, Canada.

GENTLEMEN'S CLUB

$5.00 BOX OF CIGARS 99c. (Refundable)—with 6 month trial membership. Free Brochures. John Surrey Cigar Club, 1152A Sixth Avenue, New York 10036.

TREASURE FINDERS

POWERFUL COIN DETECTOR! Free Literature. M-Scope, Box 640, Palo Alto, California 94302.

HOBBIES & COLLECTIONS

10 MILITARY EMBLEMS, Illustrated Catalog—25c; Foreign Medal 75c. Insignias, Box 71, Rockaway 11694, New York.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

$200.00 MONTHLY Possible, Sewing Babyware! Write: Cuties, Warsaw 22, Indiana 46580.

PERSONAL—MISCELLANEOUS

BORROW $1,233 AIRMAIL! Repay $54 for twenty-nine months. State licensed. Postal Finance, Dept. 74-E, Kansas City, Kansas 66117.

DETECTIVE COURSE. Free Information. Universal Detectives, Box 8180-D, Universal City, California.

PHONOGRAPH RECORDS

RECORD JACKETS. Replace old torn covers with pure white covers and inner sleeves. Free details, samples 50c. Cardboard, Room 205, 89 E. Woodruff, Columbus, Ohio.

ADVERTISERS—AGENCIES

YOU ARE READING the Classified Section of one of the Nation's most responsive markets. These ads are shopped by millions who respond to Opportunity. Tell your 'story'—watch inquiries, orders roll in. For details, rates write CLASSIFIED, INC., Dept T-4, 100 E. Ohio, Chicago 60611.

EDUCATION—INSTRUCTION—SCHOOLS

SUCCESS PLAN! Prepare now for a rewarding future in nearly any career area. Or earn your I.C.S. high school diploma. Three free booklets—your success plan—show how to qualify. Write today, stating your field of interest. International Correspondence Schools, Dept. 1645, Scranton, Penna. 18515.

Be a REAL ESTATE BROKER. Free Catalog. Weaver School of Real Estate, 3517-W Broadway, Kansas City, Mo.

MASTER WATCHMAKING at home. Free sample lesson. Chicago School, Dept. QM4, Fox River Grove, Illinois 60021.

MONEY MAKING OPPORTUNITIES

FREE. 206 Easy Ways to make money taking orders for exciting new products—spare time. Send name, age for 5 months free subscription Opportunity Magazine, 852 N. Dearborn, Chicago, Illinois.

MAKE MONEY WRITING Short Paragraphs. Information Free, Barrett, Dept. C-324-B, 6216 N. Clark, Chicago 60626.

BRASS, IVORY, SILK, Silver Hand-Crafted Ornaments. Make Good Money! Part—full time selling. India Craft, 9959- 82nd Avenue, Edmonton, Canada.

MONEY: Become Finance Broker Part or Full Time. Ra-Mar, P. O. Box 482, Desk 21, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

SALESMEN WANTED

EARN BIG COMMISSIONS Full or Part Time. Show America's largest line Low Priced Business Printing and Advertising Specialties Plus big catalog Union Label Political Advertising items. Calendars in season. Big Free Sales Kit samples hundreds items used daily by businessmen and political candidates. Merchandise bonuses for you. Free gifts for customers. Build profitable repeat business. Start now. National Press, Dept. 155, North Chicago, Illinois.

EARN Big Weekly Commissions soliciting delinquent accounts. No collecting or investment required. Metropolitan, 1129 West 41st, Kansas City, Mo.

EARN EXTRA MONEY selling advertising book matches. Sample kit furnished. Matchcorp, Dept. EX-46C, Chicago, Illinois 60632.

AUTHORS—PUBLISHERS—BOOKS

WANTED WRITERS! Short stories, articles, books, plays, poetry. Will help place, sell your work. Write today, free particulars! Literary Agent Mead, Dept. 42A, 915 Broadway, New York 10, N. Y.

AUTHORS! Want your book published ? Free Booklet TR. Vantage Press, 120 West 31st, New York, N. Y.

100 Books About Gambling. Free list. GBC-8, Box 4115, Las Vegas, Nevada 89106.

BOATS—ACCESSORIES

SITKA KAYAK KITS. Jr. $16.50; Sr. $22.50; Sailboat $39.00. Free Pictorial Literature. Box 78-T, Brecksville, Ohio 44141.

INVENTIONS

INVENTIONS WANTED; patented, unpatented. Global Marketing, 2420-M 77th, Oakland, Calif.

LOANS BY MAIL

BORROW $100 to $1000 by Mail. Quick, Easy, Private. No Co-Signers. Repay in 36 small monthly payments. For the amount you want write today to Dial Finance Co., 410 Kilpatrick Bldg., Dept. 4-349, Omaha, Nebraska, 68102.

NEED MONEY? Borrow $100—$1000 by mail. Confidential, repay in 36 months. Free loan application. Budget Finance Co., Dept. CB-146, 317 So. 20th, Omaha 2, Nebraska.

GOLDEN GLADIATOR

[*Continued from page 65*]

buddies to go along and share expenses.

In my 25 years of waiting to see one of these fish, the only thing I had learned for sure was that its range consists of the Plate River system, which is formed by the junction of the Parana and Uruguay rivers near Buenos Aires, and now at last I was on the Parana.

When we headed out onto the river the first day, I saw and smelled the oil slicks and was astounded. Occasionally in salt water such slicks rise where a carnage of menhaden or other small school fish has taken place, but I never fancied that any such thing could occur in fresh water.

Before I had recovered from this shock and my immediate visions of the under surface of the river, the second punch of a one-two hit me. It was suggested that we catch a few fish called sabalo because a couple of men in the party wanted to use them for bait. Since I was finally on dorado water after many years of hope and effort I was hardly overelated at the prospect of stopping now to catch little bait fish. Two men, though, immediately began rigging up with an odd contraption consisting of no more than a big treble hook and a hunk of lead. Then, as my eyes grew wider, they commenced casting *bare hooks*. In no time they were snagging sabalo, and sabalo were obviously no mean little fish. Each man had to lean into it to bring one within reach of a gaff. Before the first was landed, I had borrowed a sinker, taken a gang hook off a spoon and was right in the middle of it. Amazing! Dorado could wait! Reeling in slowly, I would feel the hook bump fish after fish. Being ill-equipped with a light rod that was unable to sink a hook through the heavy scales of the sabalo, I was definitely outclassed. That's when I put my mind to it, and that's when I popped my rod. I did land that one, however, broken rod and all.

I saw this. I was there. I cast a bare hook, dragged it back, bumped fish on virtually every cast, snagged and landed sabalo. They were packed in so thick that there was no more to it than that, and in a few minutes we had about a dozen ranging up to 12 pounds. Of course, no one needed that many, although the excess was placed beneath the floorboards of the boat and used for several days. The reason we caught so many is that I wouldn't quit. This was incredible. So many fish that you could snag them cast after cast on a bare hook! I had to keep casting to believe it.

These are the fish that dorados chop to bits and thereby cause the constantly forming oil slicks. They aren't little mossbunkers or sardines or skipjacks which ocean fish occasionally ravage to form a slick—these are big, running up to 30 pounds. And they are fast, solid and hard-skinned. I know because up to the time I broke my rod all I came up with was an occasional scale, the hook imbedded less than barb deep. But dorados chew these fish up like potato chips.

If I had once been impressed by a mere photo of the dorado, I was awed now.

The two members of the party who wanted to stay on a bar and fish with bait now decided not to use sabalo after all, which is standard logic for us fishermen. Instead, they baited up with little chunks of orange, this precise act being preceded by quite a lengthy discussion in Spanish as to whether sweet or sour orange would be best, of all things.

Another man busied himself kneading a piece of bread into a dough ball. When I'm in over my head, I know enough to keep my mouth shut, but I wanted to ask him if there were carp in the river. Eventually I did satisfy my curiosity on this account. There are no carp in the Parana, and later this man caught a fast-moving, trim fish called a boga on a dough ball. He said that the boga—unlike a carp—would also take a small spoon or fly.

Leaving the other two on the bar, Laddy Buchanan and I took off to troll for dorado whether it was too early in the year for them or not. At least, he trolled and I looked on. Since there is nothing less inspiring to watch than a man trolling (even for dorados), I was glad to get back to the bar to see what might possibly eat an orange. I saw it, and again I was amazed. One of the men on the bar had two of them. They were big, powerful fish weighing about 20 pounds apiece, built along the lines of a huge jack crevalle. It was surprising enough to find a saltwater type fish in a river, but that wasn't the half of it. This fish, called a pacu, is equipped with the most severe set of crushing teeth imaginable. I was told that one would bite an ordinary hook in two, and I was cautioned never to allow a finger to get in one's mouth even if it were dead. Its powerful jaws and teeth would mangle a man's finger. Yet the pacu delicately dines on tidbits of orange.

That night my friend Laddy went down to fish off the boat dock with bait. Having had enough for one day, and not having fished with bait since I was 12 years old, I declined this venture and remained in our cabin, sipping *maté* and talking with the other two fishermen. Laddy soon returned and asked me to come see what he had caught. Again I was surprised. It was a colorless catfish with whiskers almost as long as its body. In the rays of the flashlight it was practically transparent. This transparency, undoubtedly, is its self-protection against the hordes of foraging fish of the Parana, and I was interested in seeing such a strange creature. However, since it was only about 12 inches long, I wondered why he hadn't brought it up to the cabin instead of bringing me down to the river. Then he suddenly switched the flashlight into a big skiff alongside the dock. There in the bottom lay a giant suribi!

The suribi also belongs to the catfish tribe but doesn't bear much resemblance to the little bullheads I grew up with. The sight of this one made the breath catch in my throat. Wonderfully striped, rippled and spotted along sleek sides, it had a long, powerful, hungry-looking

Now! Life Insurance
Birth to Age 80

$1000 First 30 days Only 25¢ Per Policy

CASH FOR YOUR FINAL EXPENSES
AVOID BEING A BURDEN TO YOUR FAMILY

Introductory Offer. Answer these 9 questions on a plain piece of paper and mail with only 25¢ for 30 days protection. Regular rate shown on policy.
Amounts usually issued without doctor examination.

Ages	Amount	Ages	Amount
0 to 80	$1,000	15 to 60	$2,5000

1. Print full name and address.
2. Date of birth?
3. Height? 3a. Weight?
4. Occupation. 4a. Employer and address?
5. Race? (For identification).
6. Beneficiary and relationship to you?
7. To your knowledge have you had heart, lung, diabetes, cancer, or chronic disease? Are you deformed, lost a hand, foot, eye, or ever rejected for insurance?
8. State condition of your health.
9. Amount of insurance desired? Sign your name.

NO AGENT WILL CALL

Actual policy will be mailed you direct from Home Office. NEW LOW RATES. **You be the judge.**

Mail to: S. B. Hunt, Chairman
AMERICAN LIFE & ACCIDENT INSURANCE CO.
200 American Life Building, St. Louis 8, Mo.

Sure beats smoking!

Enjoy Copenhagen: Place a small pinch between cheek and gum. No chewing.

United States Tobacco Company

LEARN MEAT CUTTING

Train quickly in 8 short weeks at Toledo for a bright future with security in the vital meat business. Big pay, full-time jobs—HAVE A PROFITABLE MARKET OF YOUR OWN! Pay after graduation. Diploma given. Job help. Thousands of successful graduates. Our 43rd year! Send now for big new illustrated FREE catalog. No obligation. G. I. Approved. NATIONAL SCHOOL OF MEAT CUTTING, Dept. T-76, Toledo, Ohio 43604

LAW FREE BOOK THE LAW TRAINED MAN

Write today for a FREE copy of illustrated law book, "THE LAW-TRAINED MAN," which shows how to earn the professional Bachelor of Laws (LL.B.) degree through home study of the famous Blackstone Law Course: Books and lessons provided. Moderate cost; easy terms. Write now.

Blackstone School of Law, 307 N. Michigan Ave.
Founded 1890 **Dept. 184, Chicago 1, Illinois**

How to get a nice red, white and blue feeling —and pocket a little green

UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS

head. Although the eyes were set on top as with most catfish, the head was lean and vicious, resembling more that of an alligator than the fleshy head of other catfish.

This particular one had been speared and finally subdued by a commercial fisherman working at night with a strong light, but I was told that the suribi on a rod and reel was the back breaker of them all, that a strong man using tackle which would stand all the pressure he could apply would be in for up to two hours of hard work bringing one alongside. I believe it. I was also told that this one, fully six feet long and seemingly filling the bottom of the skiff, was not particularly large. Sometimes they get them over 200 pounds.

The next morning I rigged up another casting rod which was even lighter than the one I had snapped on a sabalo and we started out once more in search of a dorado. Again we dropped off two of the party on a bar where they intended to fish with sabalo for a giant suribi. Laddy and I trolled. Since I have never got anything in my life trolling other than a sore seat, and never expect to, I was relieved to see the men on the bar waving us back. They explained when we arrived that the piranhas were so thick that it was impossible to fish with bait, that piranhas stripped a hook clean before it reached bottom. That did it. Once more the dorados could wait.

When I told my companions that of all South American fish the piranha was the best known where I came from, they were shocked and hurt. I explained that almost every school kid had read of these fish and their hideous voracity, but they still couldn't find it credible. With dorados, suribis, pacus and so many others a pleasure to fish for, look at and even to eat, why should the miserable piranha be in the textbooks? I couldn't answer. It merely seems to be man's nature to gravitate toward the sordid more readily than the beautiful.

In any case, since a piranha was the only fish any of my teachers mentioned voluntarily, I wanted to see one of the things. The others left in the boat to troll for dorados while I, the man who had waited 25 years and traveled thousands of miles to catch one, sat in the sand and fished for piranhas. Time and again they stripped my hook, no matter how fine I cut it. They simply hit with one chopping punch and are gone. But I finally caught one of the little bastards. I set the hook just before he hit.

I expected the ugliest of little fish, all head and teeth and nothing else, but when I saw one I couldn't believe I actually had a famed piranha. Here was a handsome little sunfish-shaped individual, decked out in glittering silver sides, big eyes, and rich red-and-yellow fins. The mouth, instead of being a cavernous affair, was quite small. The secret to the piranha's reputation is in its dental ware —saw-blade teeth in one jaw intermesh and pass similar teeth in the other.

But there isn't time to tell all about the Alto Parana and its strange inhabitants, both under water and along shore, like the grisly armored fish with the pale-blue eyes. My goal was the dorado and I eventually found out what there was to know. . . .

Twenty-five years of anticipation could conceivably wear a bit of the shine off the real thing. Nevertheless, at those moments when I have come upon something fine, no expectations could approach the realities. The dorado in all respects ranks as one of the world's greatest game fish. I saw this without reservation. Of its type in this hemisphere, only the tarpon compares, and the tarpon neither lives in fast water nor has such trim lines and dazzling color. If such as a fish can be termed beautiful, the dorado qualifies.

TRUE

"If there's one thing I can't stand it's small talk."

El Dorado, translated from Spanish means "The Golden One." The dorado is pure gold; the magnificent, lustrous gold of 14 karat, the gold of the sun itself. The fish has the perfect bullet build of a salmon and strikes with the ferocity of a barracuda. It has brute strength and leaps time and again in fantastic flashes of gold and flying spray. The dorado's top weight is about 60 pounds.

Sporty as the dorado is, I must sadly report that local anglers have worked out a system of killing these fish ruthlessly. Although they do it with rod and reel, they accomplish it swiftly and almost effortlessly. Trying not to be too bitter, I will relate their method.

Dorado fishermen go equipped with a big gaff and a two-foot piece of iron pipe. They are serious men, dedicated to one purpose: kill dorados. With tackle strong enough to stop a horse and with deft use of an outboard motor, they can bring a big one to the boat as quickly as I can land a 12-inch pickerel. When a dorado is alongside they stick it with the gaff; then, holding the fish as far away as its weight will permit, they beat it to death with the pipe. No one smiles, even at the satisfaction of having killed another. Still, though they appear to be dealing with a creature as deadly as a king cobra, they are gallantly out to kill as many as possible. To this end dorado fishermen regularly gather together and hold contests. The man who kills the most in an allotted time is the hero and gets a silver cup.

Although it is the man with the rod who gets the credit and the cup, dorado killing requires teamwork. The hero does most of the work when a fish is hooked, but he needs a good man handling the motor, gaff and bludgeon. The right combination of such men can actually kill a 30-pounder in two or three minutes or less. But the secret is in neither the massive tackle nor the motor; it is in the spoon. A dorado isn't afraid to take on anything, so the trolled spoon is an enormous affair with a shark-sized hook. As powerful as the dorado is, it can't possibly close its jaws over this heavy slab of steel. Gagged and with mouth forced open, the dorado is quickly drowned by the pull of the motor and line against the current.

Nevertheless, it is not easy to be a hero. Such a man must have both strength and endurance. If the fish are striking willingly, the arms of weaker men give out. It's hard work pumping fish after fish alongside within reach of a gaff, especially if it happens to be a daylong contest.

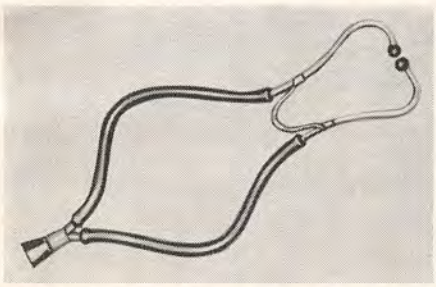
And a dorado caught this way does put up a struggle, even if it is temporary. If one should once get control, the battle would drag out. Once I watched two strong men fishing with bait from an anchored boat, using the same almost-unbreakable tackle and star-drag reel of contest angling, fight a 35-pounder for almost a half hour. When one man was exhausted, he would turn the rod over to his companion and let him put his back to it for a while. Of course, the fish had a huge hook in its gut and was equally doomed, but without being gagged by the monstrous spoon and without the out-

[*Continued on page* 114]

TRUE goes shopping

HANDSOME ITALIAN IMPORT loaded with style. Fastens with strap and buckle over a ghillie tongue that points to perforations at the toe. Soft textured glove leather in black (C 8-13, D 6-13) or brown (C 8-12, D 6-13). $16.95 or write for free catalog of other international favorites to Eleganza Imports, Dept. T-4, 986 Monument St., Brockton, Mass.

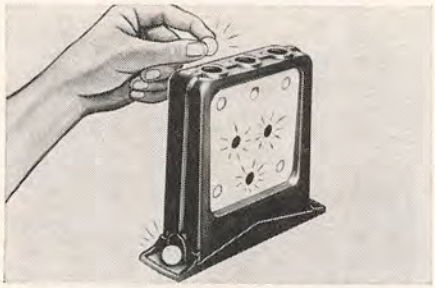
A DISTINCTIVE MEMBERSHIP for men of distinction, cigar smokers. You get a full box of 25 fine cigars for only 99¢ with a six months' trial membership in the exclusive John Surrey Cigar Club. Each month you get a new supply of cigars plus extra dividends. Complete details in free brochure from John Surrey Cigar Club, Dept. TR-4, West Hempstead, New York.



U.S.M.C. STETHOSCOPE—Ever try to buy one of these? Hard to find, and usually expensive, this brand new surplus U.S. Medical Corps stethoscope is used by doctors, nurses, students, perfect for teaching children and adults rudiments of the respiratory system. Use it to detect motor trouble in your car. $2.95. Gerard, Dept. TR-4, 333 East 50th St., New York 22, N.Y.

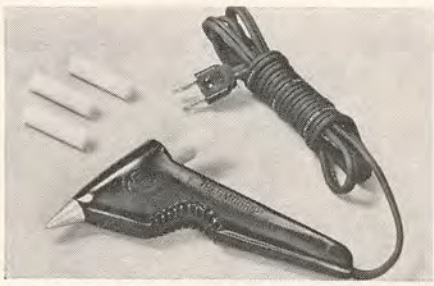
ELEPHANTS ON PARADE. 14 hand-carved ivory elephants circle this exotic Oriental bracelet. Each is painstakingly carved to form an unbroken chain of elephants, attached trunk to tail. You don't have to go to Africa to bag this. It is an impressive gift for your favorite girl. The price is $4.95. Madison House, Dept. TR-4, 122 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N.Y.

ELECTRIC ENGRAVER writes like a pencil, makes engraving easy. Solid carbide point permanently marks any material, lets you etch and decorate glass, personalize jewelry, mark identifying names and numbers on tools, dies, and sporting goods. In storage case. $14.95. You can get one by writing to Country Club Prod., Dept. T, 210 W. 8 St., Kansas City, Mo.



COMPUTER GAME WORKS ON LOGIC, not chance. Challenging fun for adults and children watching the computer memorize, count and perform logical operations. Works on the same principles that control giant electronic computers. Watch how computer game remembers patterns you make and returns to them. $3.98. Greenland Studios, Dept. T-4, Miami, Fla. 33147.

PI PEER SLIM-MASTER takes years off your figure. Pulls stomach up and in. Wide, no-roll abdominal panel. Flat, foam rubber pad supports back. Unique design prevents riding or slipping. Cool mesh detachable pouch. Price is $5.98. Be sure to send waist size. Add 25¢ postage. Order from Piper Brace, Department T-46A, 811 Wyandotte, Kansas City, Mo. 64105.

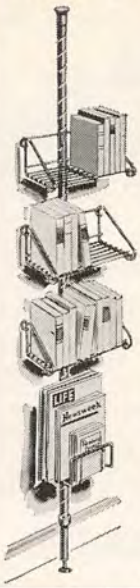


INSTANT BONDING ELECTRIC GLUE GUN with 14 sticks of special composition glue, enough for hundreds of household jobs. Insert glue stick into gun, pull trigger. Heat provides instant bonding in less than 60 seconds. For furniture, metal, plastic, china or caulking. Will never pull loose. $7.98 per set (refills available). Hobi, Dept. TE-5, Flushing, N. Y. 11352.

LANG'S EXCLUSIVES

Adds Enjoyment to your reading

BOOK and Magazine POLE



Now you can keep your many books and magazines neatly arranged, using a minimum of floor space. 3 — 12" wide book shelves hold dozens of books in 1 foot of space!
1 Mag-Rak for all sizes of magazines.
For bedroom, living room, den, student rooms, office.
9'3" Brass "Jack Action" Swirled Pole extends from 3'3" to 9'3". Best by test.

$9.95

Add $1.25 postage & handling

RECORDS, RECORDS EVERYWHERE?
New, Neat Idea!

THE PLATTER POLE
HOLDS 60-70 ALBUMS

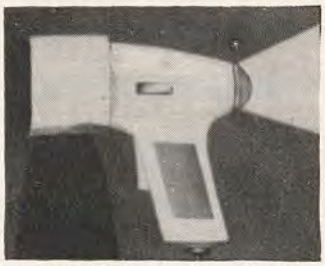
Saves Valuable Floor Space!

No more worries about storing your record albums. This gleaming all-brass Platter Pole with racks that can be positioned at any height does the trick. Pole fits ceilings up to 8'3" high. Racks are shaped for easy "browsing" selection of your albums. Order Today.

☐ Set of 3 Extra Racks $2.95. Add 25¢ postage & handling

$6.98

Add 95¢ postage & handling



This really keeps your Car's interior neat and clean—and there's a Bright light too!

AUTO VACUUM BRUSH

AUTO VACUUM BRUSH keeps your car clean like nothing else will! Miniature vacuum cleaner runs powerfully, continuously—just plug into your dashboard lighter receptacle! No batteries needed! 10-foot cord lets you get to every corner of your car. You can pick up dropped ashes, crumbs, dirt and dust right now—not on some distant clean-up day. Vacuum bag empties easily. Bulb in back makes it a handy flashlight, too! Great for locating lost articles on the floor, in seat corners. Practical! Every car needs one. Wonderful gift.

Add 50¢ postage and handling **$4.98**

LANG'S Dept. TM
28 MAGEE AVENUE
STAMFORD, CONN. 06902

Your Own TROPIC ISLAND PARADISE

IN THE WARM BAHAMAS

Leave worries and tensions behind and enjoy vacations, retirement and a wonderful investment in ISLAND HARBOUR BEACH on beautiful Exuma, one of the Bahamas most popular out island resorts. Become an ISLANDER and balance island gaiety and night life with tranquility and the healthy relaxation of fishing, sailing, skindiving and exploring in the bracing salt air, crystal clear water and on dazzling white sandy beaches. Each homesite 10,000 sq. ft. minimum. Invest NOW for fun and profit.

$15 Down Month **$995** Total Price

NO TAXES—NO INTEREST—NO HIDDEN CHARGES

Mail coupon now for color Brochure

ISLAND HARBOUR BEACH
% Ford R. Carter, Inc., Agents
P. O. Box C, Dept. T-9
Delray Beach, Florida

Reference:
1st National Bank,
Delray Beach, Fla.

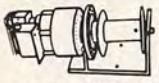
Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

AD 63LS109 (S-2)

GOVT. SURPLUS AND OTHER BARGAINS SAVE UP TO 90%



HEAVY DUTY BATTERY WINCH Rugged, deluxe winch with ball bearing construction throughout motor & gear train. High gear reduction. Rated cap 3000 lb. pull. Contains reversing switch. Rugged 3/8" plate steel mounting base with outrigger support. 22" L x 9" W x 8" H. Handles 250' of 1/4" cable. Built for 12 V battery operation: also operates on 6 V. at reduced cap. & speed. A must for Scouts, Jeeps, Trucks, Boat loading trailers, etc. Shpg. wt. 80 lbs. Approx. GOV'T COST $490. NEW. 90-day guarantee. Model E-D **$79.50**

ELECTRIC PUMP WITH CONTROL SWITCH For boats, campers & trailers. Output 200 GPH. Can be used in fuel or water. 1/2" pipe bronze inlet. 12 or 24 V.D.C. Explosion proof motor. Shpg. wt. 9 lbs. Complete with wiring diagram. Approx. GOV'T COST $200. NEW **$10.95**

HEAVY DUTY MAGNET Fantastic power, will pull 125 lbs. on steel block. Excellent as underwater retriever. Picks up all ferrous metals. 4 1/8" L x 1 3/8" W x 4" H. Shpg. Wt. 3 lbs. **$7.95**

NEW! BIG! 1966 CATALOG

Send 25c for amazing catalog with 1000's of bargains in hydraulics; electrical, marine, automotive items, etc. Order from ad. Prices FOB. 50% deposit for COD. Pls. include your zip code number. Satisfying mail order customers thru-out the world since 1945.

AIRBORNE SALES CO. Dept. T466
8501 Stellar Dr., Box 2727 • Culver City, Calif. 90230

MEN! 60 STYLES FOR

W-I-D-E FEET!

E to EEEEE Only
Sizes 5 to 13

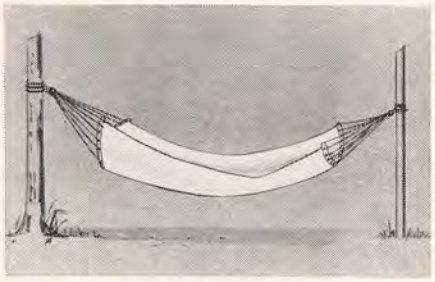
Men only. Casual, dress, work shoes that really fit. Top quality, popular prices. Money Back Guarantee.

Not sold in stores

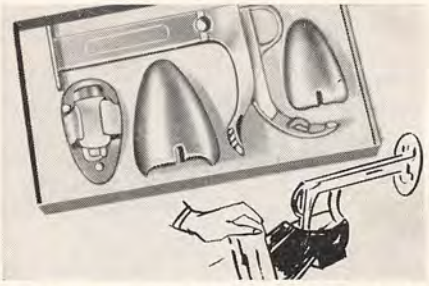
Write Today for FREE CATALOG

HITCHCOCK SHOES INC., Hingham 7-C, Mass.

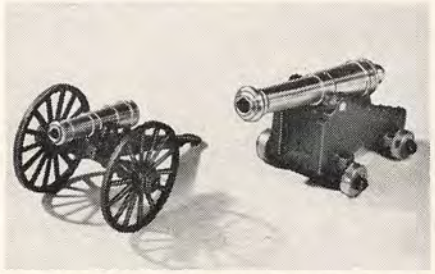
TRUE goes shopping



WHITE NAVY HAMMOCK. Old salts that remember these heavy white canvas hammocks, know they are sturdy and hold up well. Brand new; a full 36x74"; brass grommets; complete with all ropes and clues. A real buy (and a fine gift for Dad) for a relaxed afternoon, $9.95. Day Co., Dept. TR-4, Box 311, 229 East 85th St., New York 28, N. Y.

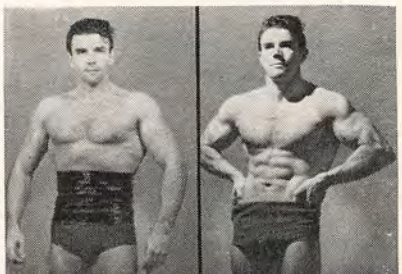


HOME SHOE SHINE STAND—Mount brackets of this aluminum shoe holder to any surface and you'll be able to give your own brogans a quick, neat, professional shine. Complete with 2 interchangeable toe pieces, it'll take any shoe made, save you money. Each $3.95. 2 sets only $6.95. Charles Company, Department TR-4, 10 East 81st Street, New York 28, N. Y.

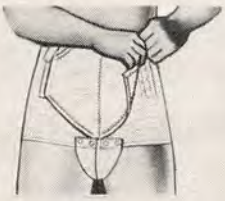


FAMOUS AMERICAN CANNONS are in exact scale, solid iron with heavy brass barrels complete to touch holes, re-enforcing rings, etc. Left: Revolutionary War howitzer, 5". Right: Civil War naval cannon on brass-wheeled "broadside" carriage, 5 1/4". Each $4.95; pair $7.95. Order from ADF Company, Department TR-4, 125 East 41st Street, New York 17, N. Y.

BE A GOV'T HUNTER, GAME WARDEN, FORESTER: 3 free guides which reveal plans to prepare men ages 17 and up for careers in Wildlife-Forestry Conservation. You'll find adventure, thrills, public service, plus good pay, low living cost, security. Write for free guides. North American Conservation, University Plaza, Dept. TR-4, Campus Drive, Newport, Calif. 92660.



TRIM THAT WAISTLINE—NEW! NEW! Great new heat belt! Fits snugly around waist to create heat with the slightest exertion. Ruggedly built to give with any type of movement without slipping down or up. Wear it to work or a workout! Send waist size. $2.95. **House of Health, 310 East 1st St., Dept. T-2, Dayton, Ohio 45402**



WEST POINT BELT gives slim look and solves the problem of a bulging waistline. Also relieves aching back. Adjustable Power Panel flattens abdomen. Has detachable fly front pouch, no roll top. Waist size 26-50 (specify). $3.98 + 25¢ pp.; 2 for $7.59 + 25¢ pp. Extra pouches (detachable) 75¢; 3 for $2. Magic Mold, Dept. T-4, 1270 Broadway, New York, N. Y. 10001.

FREE 72 ROUNDS OF BLANK CARTRIDGES

ITALIAN **SNUB NOSE** AUTOMATIC **$4.98**

Postpaid Send cash, check or M.O. No COD's please.

Identical duplicate in styling of automatic detective revolver. Fires 12—4.5 cal. blank cartridges in 10 seconds. Not a CO_2 or Pellet gun.

FREE—72 rounds of blank cartridges included. Perfect for sports, stage, etc. Illustrated gift carton.

Request FREE Catalog

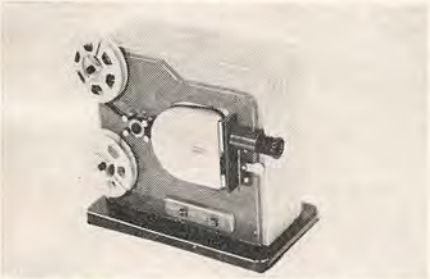
FEDERAL 6652 N. Western/Chicago, Ill. 60645
Dept. GT4

HOME IMPORT BUSINESS. New Drop-Ship Plan helps you make profit at home. Deal direct with overseas gate source at low import prices: Jeweled calendar watch $2.33, binoculars $1.20. Free book, **How to Import and Export,** shows beginners how to start full or spare time without investment. Mellinger Co., Dept. X-324F, 1554 S. Sepulveda, Los Angeles 25, Calif.

TRUE

LEARN TO PLAY GUITAR IN 7 DAYS. Famous Guitarist, Ed Sale, teaches you how to play a song the first day, and any song by ear or note in 7 days. You get Instruction Book, 110 Songs (Words and Music), Chord Finder of all chords used in popular music, and Special Guitarist's Book of knowledge for $2.98. Order from Ed Sale, Studio T-4, Avon-By-The-Sea, N. J.

A BRILLIANT IDEA. Man made Titania jewels are said to sparkle like real diamonds, yet cost just $12 per carat. In distinctive 14K gold Blue Isle setting, as shown $32; matching 14K gold wedding band $11. Titania jewels can be cut to fit any of your jewelry. Write for free ring size chart and color catalog. Regent Lapidary, Dept. 120, 511 East 12 St., New York 9, N. Y.



8 MM MOTION PICTURE PROJECTOR. Fully Electric Projector shows home and standard commercial 8 mm movies, black and white or color. Use it anywhere. Runs on flashlight batteries and gives surprisingly good performance. Complete with carrying case, screen. It's a sturdy affair which you'll use for years. $9.97. Honor House, Dept. T-4, 35 Wilbur St., Lynbrook, N. Y.

HALF FRAME READING GLASSES let you read the tiniest print. Fashionable tortoise-frame "Ben Franklin" glasses are a perfect aid in reading fine print. Wear these look-over glasses and still have normal distance vision without removing them. Black or Brown. Specify men's or women's. Carrying case incl. $5.95. Joy Optical Co., Dept. T, 84 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N. Y.

$18.95

DARLING PET MONKEY

FREE cage, FREE leather collar and leash, FREE toy and instructions included with each monkey. Loads of fun and amusement.

This Squirrel Monkey makes an adorable pet and companion. Almost human with its warm eyes, your family will love it. These YOUNG monkeys grow about 12 inches high. Eats same food as you, even likes lollipops; simple to care for and train. Live delivery guaranteed. Only $18.95 express collect. Mail check or money order for $18.95 to:
ANIMAL FARM
Dept. TR-62, Box 1042
Miami Beach 39, Fla.

PUMP 6 GALLONS per MINUTE with your Electric Drill!

ALL YOU NEED IS A 1/4" DRILL!

Quick, easy liquid transfer for auto, industry, marine, home and farm. Change engine oil, gear box oil. Self-priming. Complete with 4 sizes of suction hose and all accessories.

If you have a drill, you have a pump. $14.95 ppd.

MEREDITH DRILL PUMP
622 W. 67th St. Kansas City 13K, Mo.

Tiger HORN

Like the blood-curdling roar-snarl of a powerful tiger. A high quality horn for any car 6 or 12 volt (specify).

New electronic development. For the driver who wants something really different. Satisfaction guaranteed.

$16.95 ppd.

MEREDITH/COUNTRY CLUB CO.
622 W. 67th St. Kansas City 13K, Mo.

FUN FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY

NOW! The sensational S-63 Goldmaster Mineral-Metal Detector.

A Space age instrument ingeniously and electronically designed, for both Prospecting and Treasurehunting.

Locates gold, copper, silver, coins, rings, hidden Treasures, lost metals, also has mineral setting!

Comes with small natural gold nugget, which it will detect!

★ Fully Guaranteed! Complete $169.50. 5% Cash Discount. $29.50 down—$10.57 per month for 15 months.

WHITE'S ELECTRONICS, Room 191
1011 Pleasant Valley Road
Sweet Home, Oregon 97386

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG

53 VARGAS GIRLS

Playing Cards
In Full Color!

Your private collection by **Playboy's** favorite creator of luscious lovelies. No two alike. Finest quality, plastic coated. Adds fun, zest to every card game.

52 AMERICAN BEAUTIES (shown above): All-time favorite Calendar Girls by famous artist, Elvgren. Each deck just $2 ppd. or both decks in Gift-Pak, $3.95.
Vargas-Vanities, P.O. Box 622-F, St. Louis 88, Mo.

a new and better way to shave!

Barbatone

Gives smoother shaves without soap, foam or cream.

The Space Age shaving development for quicker, easier, smoother shaves. No messy soap, foam or cream. Just wash face, apply a few drops of Barbatone to razor's edge and shave. A clean, smooth shave without razor pull.

3 or 4 months of shaves from one bottle

GOES ON YOUR RAZOR—NOT YOUR FACE.

BARBATONE COMPANY, INC. P. O. Box 645 San Antonio, Texas
I enclose $1.49 for BARBATONE. Postage paid.
NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE

For Tall or Big Men Only!

We specialize in large sizes only. Sleeves up to 38" . . . Bodies cut 4" longer. Large selection of McGregor Jackets, Sweaters, Sport and Dress Shirts, Slacks, Robes, etc. All proportioned for big and tall men only. PLUS 70 SHOE STYLES 10-16 AAA-EEE. Sold by mail only. 100% guarantee. **Send for FREE Color Catalog. King-Size, Inc., 4346 Forest St., Brockton, Mass.**

HUNTERS WON'T BELIEVE ME..

'til they try my new calling sounds!

Use my new calls and deer will almost run over you, crows will circle within a few feet of your head, coyotes, bobcats, wolves, coons and all kinds of animals will come running to you day or night, all year-round!

SEND NO MONEY!

I'll show you how it's done, FREE! I'll mail you a folder filled with calling photos—thrilling stories about game calling! Send me your name NOW! A card or letter will do.

JOHNNY STEWART
DEPT. T46, Box 7765 WACO, TEXAS 76710

Sailaway - in a KLEPPER Foldaway

- Escape from care & tension—enjoy years of sea adventure
- Lowest upkeep; no trailer, no dockage, no overhaul
- Precise, easy assembly; pack-bags fit into car; smallest home storage area
- Guaranteed sinkproof; ideal family boat. Many models.

Sail/Motor Paddle

Send for FREE Catalog TR 16

KLEPPER, 35 Union Sq. West • N.Y. City 10003

WHAT CAN YOU LOSE? Items shown in True Goes Shopping are sold on a moneyback guarantee. If you are not satisfied with what you get, send it back, pal.

Fantastic Savings on NEW ACCORDIONS ½ OFF

SAVE UP TO ½ OFF PRICES OF COMPARABLE ACCORDIONS

40 New Models—Easy Terms

Just arrived! More than 40 exciting new models! Many new electronic accordions—amplifiers! Packed with *new* ideas, *new* styling, *new* features! Buy *direct* from world's largest exclusive accordion dealer! Importer-To-You Prices! Easy Terms: LOW DOWN PAYMENT. FREE BONUS GIFTS for promptness in ordering. Trade-ins welcomed—FREE Color Catalogs!

5 DAY HOME TRIAL

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

FREE New Color Catalogs—Discount Prices

Accordion Corporation of America, Dept. T-46
5535 W. Belmont Ave., Chicago 41, Ill.
Send *Free Catalogs—Big Discount Price List.*
NAME
ADDRESS
CITY ZONE STATE
☐ Check here if you have a Trade-in.

[*Continued from page* 110]
board to choke it, the dorado put on a great show. It made six spectacular jumps, and time and again tore line off the reel.

Against such tackle and determined men it was truly a remarkable performance for a fish of its size.

But the fishermen involved weren't too proud. It's stupid to work that hard merely to kill a dorado. Other than for the hope of winning a cup and being a hero, I don't know why they try. They must know that they can't kill all the dorados. These fish inhabit the entire Plate River system, which includes not only northern Argentina, but Uruguay, Paraguay and southern Brazil. Much of the dorado's habitat is still inaccessible wilderness.

This is not written to disparage anyone. The many South Americans I have hunted and fished with have all the fine qualities of sportsmanship of my own companions here in the States. It is simply that certain creatures seem to affect some men in this unfortunate fashion.

There are South American sportsmen who appreciate the river for what it is, like my friends who enjoyed equally all the fancy fish it harbors. And there is the rare one who even recognizes the dorado for its great sporting potential. Laddy Buchanan is such a man. Not even knowing that I had come equipped with a fly rod, he volunteered that in season he had fly-fished for dorados along some rocks down the shore. This was music to my ears. Casting is my game.

Although our trip to Laddy's particular rocks was unsuccessful, I immediately picked up interest in dorado fishing. One thing that he told me struck my fancy especially: he said that a dorado always lies in the fast water *ahead* of a rock, not in the eddy behind it. That's a game fish.

The following day our party stopped on an island to fish with bait in the big hole below it for come-what-may. While they rigged up with bits of orange, dough balls and other delicacies, I slipped around to the head of the island which I had noticed was quite rocky and which split a strong current. By now I knew that several of the fish of the Parana had at least a touch of gold on them, so I chose a brass-plated casting spoon and soon caught my first three dorados. Man! Each one did everything I would ever ask of a fish: it hit viciously, ran strongly and jumped a number of times.

Later, fishing around some rocks on the Paraguayan shore, I caught more, all on a bright-yellow four-inch streamer fly with a touch of red at the head—on the order of a Colonel Fuller. But perhaps they would have hit any big streamer as readily. Although they were baby dorados weighing only four to eight pounds, they put on a great battle on a fly rod. It was late afternoon with the sun at my back, so each jump of a gleaming, golden fish was spotlighted by the rich rays of the sinking sun. A remarkable show.

This was all spot casting, and I never failed to be rewarded by at least a hit if my cast were true. Even where the river is so wide, a man could obviously get a great deal of action on light tackle and big dorados if he were free to choose his place and similarly spot cast to feeding or rolling fish. On other sections of the river, too rocky for trolling, he would have it all to himself. As it was, I caught five times as many dorados as any of the others did trolling and bait fishing. . . .

Now for a look at the dorado's habits. Laddy Buchanan told me that the dorado is migratory to some extent at least. This was discovered when a dam was erected on a branch of the Parana. Trapped dorados gathered in great numbers below the dam and died by the hundreds. Beyond this, all is surmise. No one knows if all dorados travel, nor whether they move in pursuit of food or to spawn. No one knows when or where they spawn. One of the big ones we cut open was a female with large sacs of roe, but the individual eggs were no larger than No. 9 bird shot. Of course, as with shad, the eggs may never get any larger. Again, no one seems to know.

Laddy further informed me that for all its savageness a dorado can be a temperamental feeder, at least as far as striking a trolled spoon is concerned. It strikes on falling water, refuses to strike on rising water. This is true even at the height of the season when they are normally on a rampage. Such a rise in water can be caused by a rain which took place several days earlier hundreds of miles upriver and therefore is often predictable. The only hope of catching dorados under such conditions, he says, is to drift with bait on the bottom.

Migratory habits may have something to do with the seasonal aspect of dorado fishing, but river height seems to be the most important factor. Due to the tropical rainy season, the river is too high for success most places in summer and autumn (December through May south of the equator). We fished at Paso de la Patria the end of May and first of June, and we likely caught the first fish of the season there. The height of the season at this location is when the river is lowest, which is August.

Dorados are primarily fast-water fish, although they are caught at times in slow water; thus small ones are caught in summer by pier fishermen in the River Plate at Buenos Aires, where the river is an enormous salty estuary. Otherwise, the productive and frequented fishing spots are the places where the big Parana River picks up speed, either because of shallows or constriction. The popular spots are where there is such a current, but not so rapid a current as to preclude trolling.

Working north along the river from Buenos Aires, the Argentine spots where a fisherman can find both accommodations and fishing are:

The River Plate itself, in summer (our winter), with accommodations in Buenos Aires.

Esquina, 500 miles upriver, with comfortable old hotels. The fishing here is in many small channels formed by the delta of the Corrientes River where it enters the Parana, and it is considered to be a year-round spot (depending, of course, on the momentary factor of rising or falling water), excluding the two midsummer months merely because it is then too uncomfortably hot.

Corrientes, a lovely old city whose name means "currents." It lies 625 miles north of Buenos Aires by road and has two outstanding fishing grounds: *Valencia,* 20 miles to the south, and *El Riacho,* 30 miles south of the city.

Paso de la Patria, where I spent a week, is strictly a fishing camp and lies less than 15 miles north of Corrientes. It is one of the most popular because of the size of its fish. The best Laddy boated, weighed about 35 pounds. The dorado season here and at Corrientes is from the first of July to mid-September.

Eldorado, where there is a small hotel, with the best season from mid-August to the 1st of October.

Pasados, with a large hotel and the river broken by islands and fast water, making it ideal for shore casting. It lies about 175 miles upriver from Corrientes, and the best season is from mid-August to October.

Pirai, with small hotel and same season.

Iguassu Falls, one of the beauty spots of the world, the falls being two miles wide and 200 feet high. A fine tourist hotel here, and the best dorado season again being from mid-August to October.

Off the main stem of the Parana on the Rio Salado, some 600 miles from Buenos Aires and with hotels at Banos, is *Rio Hondo* where the dam was erected. The season is April and May, and although the dorados are small, with a maximum of about 15 pounds, as many as 300 have been taken in one day by one fisherman. This is where the fish are trapped and where they die by the hundreds toward the end of May anyway.

There is also excellent dorado fishing here and there throughout the drainage in most of Uruguay, Paraguay and southern Brazil. The most popular spot in Uruguay is *Salto Grande,* reputed to have year-round fishing.

The first few thousand miles *to* dorado fishing are the easiest. It is an unbelievably short trip via Panagra to South America. Travel up the Parana River can be accomplished by a scenic riverboat trip, by bus, by plane or by car. The accommodations are good, the people are hospitable (almost everywhere there is someone who speaks English) and, entirely aside from dorados, the result of a hook lowered in the Parana is enough to make anyone's hair stand on end. **—Dan Holland**

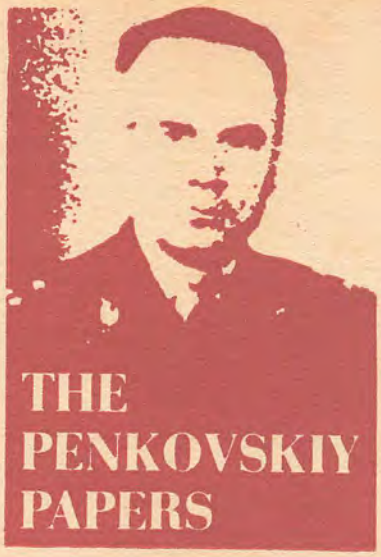
COMING . . .

His private life makes his TV role cry, "U.N.C.L.E."

TRUE'S WHO: ROBERT VAUGHN

He dabbles in health foods, politics, astrology, strange philosophies and high education with one hand and battles Birchers with the other

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE



THE PENKOVSKIY PAPERS

[*Continued from page* 61]

British contact, Greville Wynne, began in Moscow on May 7, 1963, and lasted four days. It was carefully organized by the Soviet authorities. Penkovskiy and Wynne had been under interrogation in Lubianka prison for six months preceding it. Both prisoners admitted their "guilt." Penkovskiy apparently did so in an effort to secure decent treatment for his family. Wynne was sentenced to a long prison term, but later released, in 1964, in exchange for a Soviet spy, who had been arrested by the British. Penkovskiy was sentenced to death. Soviet authorities said he was shot on May 16.

Until now Penkovskiy's remarkable feat has been a secret, locked in the intelligence files of three countries. The Penkovskiy Papers were smuggled out to the West a little over two years ago and translated by Peter Deriabin, himself an escaped Soviet State Security officer. The Penkovskiy Papers comprise a strange, arresting document—partly a day-by-day account of Penkovskiy's personal struggle against the Soviet regime, partly a running fever chart of Khrushchev's drive for aggression in Berlin and Cuba. They were written at intense personal risk while Penkovskiy was living his double life as a secret agent for the West.

An odd combination of angry protest, exhortation and dispassionate exposition, a highly personal comment may be followed by an almost technical observation on tactics or weapons. The Papers represent the political opinions, warnings and observations of a man who, to say the least, had no one in whom he could confide. But they comprise a conscious last testament. He obviously had no time for revision or polishing; the last entries were written when he knew he was under "observation" by the State Security, with little chance to escape.

Their authenticity is beyond question. Penkovskiy microfilmed many pages of his notes and the handwriting is definitely his. And the wealth of personal documentation which accompanied the Papers—family pictures, Communist Party membership cards, copies of official orders—could have only one source: Penkovskiy himself. He wanted the ordinary people of the West, not just intelligence officers, to hear his story and his reasons for breaking with a lifetime of service to the Soviet regime.

Although disclosure of the Papers has brought angry denunciations from the Kremlin, their publication is not any effort to worsen relations with the Soviet Union or to minimize the real changes for the better going on in Soviet society. The Papers were published as a warning to the West that the secret police hold is still heavy in the Soviet Union and must be broken if she is to become a really stable member of international society.

In a real sense of the word, Oleg Penkovskiy was our man in the Kremlin for 16 months. Only by reading Penkovskiy can Americans finally understand the pressures and tensions which were driving Soviet leadership to risk war and almost make the Cold War hot. Because the Papers at times are fragmentary and are also intermingled with documents, I have introduced the sections which follow with explanatory prefaces. My comments appear in color, apart from the epilogue, Penkovskiy's material in black type.

"My Revolt"

My name is Oleg Vladimirovich Penkovskiy. I was born on 23 April, 1919, in the Caucasus, in the city of Ordzhonikidze (formerly Vladikavkaz), in the family of a salaried worker; Russian by nationality, by profession an officer of military intelligence, with the rank of colonel. I have received higher education. I have been a member of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union since March, 1940. I am married; as my dependents I have my wife, one daughter and my mother. I have never been on trial for criminal or political offense. I have been awarded 13 government decorations (five orders and eight medals); I am a resident of the city of Moscow and live on Maxim Gorkiy Embankment, House No. 36, Apartment 59.

I am beginning the notes that follow to explain my thoughts about the system in which I live and my revolt against this system. I am fully aware of what I am setting out to do—I ask that you believe in my sincerity, in my dedication to the real struggle for peace.

I must write hurriedly, hoping that I will some day have the time to elaborate or explain. I am unable to do this all at once—or to write all I know and feel—for the simple physical lack of time and space. When I write at home I disturb my family's sleep (our apartment is only two rooms) and typing is very noisy. During working hours I am always busy—running like a madman between the visiting (foreign) delegations and Military Intelligence headquarters and the offices of my Committee.

My evenings are generally occupied—it is part of my job. When I visit my friends in the country it is worse. Someone may always ask what I am doing. Here at home at least I have a hiding place in my desk. My family could not find it, even if they knew. And they know nothing.

It is a lonely struggle. As I sit here in Moscow in my apartment, and write down my thoughts and observations, I can only hope that the persons in whose hands they eventually fall will find them of interest and use them for the truth they say.

I was born in the thick of the Civil War, during which my father was lost. Mother told me that my father saw me for the first and last time when I was only four months old.

My father was a lieutenant in the White Army. I learned this only recently. My father fought against the Soviets. I still do not think they know the whole truth about him. If the State Security forces had known all along that he was in the White Army (although I was only a few months old at the time) every

door would have been closed to me: for an officer's career, for membership in the Party, and especially for the intelligence service.

Yet I began my life as a believer in the Soviet system. I was brought up in a Soviet environment and from the very first, when I went at 18 to the Second Kiev Artillery School, I wanted to be a commander in the Soviet Army. During the war I commanded a battalion. By the end of the war I was already a lieutenant colonel. After one action, Marshal Konev had recommended me for the Military Staff College. In 1945 I began the three-year course at the Frunze Military Academy and in 1948 I pinned on my chest the diamond-shaped insignia of a Frunze graduate.

At the end of 1949 I was transferred to the Military Diplomatic Academy, the training school for the military intelligence service. I learned how to conduct military espionage and completed a three-year course in the English language, which I mastered, I believed, fairly well. In September, 1958, after serving as assistant military attaché in Turkey, I was sent to the Dzerzhinsky Military Engineering Academy to attend a nine-month academic course for the study of missile weapons.

It was first during the struggles of World War II that I became convinced that it was not the Communist Party which moved and inspired us all to walk the fighting road from Stalingrad to Berlin. There was something else behind us: Russia.

Even more than the war itself, my eyes were opened by my work with the higher authorities and general officers of the Soviet Army. I happened to marry a general's daughter and quickly found myself in a society of the Soviet upper classes. I was one of the privileged.

But I soon realized that their praise of the Party and communism was only in words. In their private lives they lie, deceive, scheme against each other, intrigue, inform, cut each other's throats. In pursuit of more money and advancement for themselves they become informants for the State Security on their friends and fellow workers. Their children despise everything Soviet, watch only foreign movie films and look down on ordinary people.

Our communism, which we have been building for 45 years, is a fraud. I myself am a part of this fraud. Some disease or infection is gnawing and eating at our country from within.

The ideals which so many of our fathers and brothers died for have turned out to be nothing more than a bluff and a deceit. I know the army and there are many in the officer corps who feel the same way. But they are afraid to unite for action. So we all work separately. Each man here is alone.

I associate with highly placed, important people—ministers and marshals, general and senior officers, members of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. I praise our leaders, but inside me I wish them death. Khrushchev's is a government of adventurers, covering themselves with the banner of the struggle for peace. But Khrushchev has not renounced war. He is quite prepared to begin a war, if circumstances turn favorable to him. This he must not be permitted to do.

In the past our general staff and our foreign representatives condemned the concept of surprise attack, such as Hitler used. Now they have come around to the viewpoint that there is great advantage to the side which makes a sudden massive attack first.

From what I have learned and what I have heard, I know now that the leaders of our Soviet state are the willing provocateurs of an atomic war. At one time or another they may lose their heads entirely and start an atomic war. See what Khrushchev is doing over Berlin.

In Moscow I have lived in a nuclear nightmare. I know the extent of their preparations. I know the poison of the new military doctrine, as outlined in the top-secret Special Collection —the plan to strike first, at any cost. I know the design of the new missiles and their warheads. I am describing them to my friends in the West. Imagine the horror of a 50-megaton bomb with an explosive force almost twice what one expects. The people in Moscow congratulated themselves on this.

The Soviet leaders know exactly that the Western world, and especially the Americans, do not wish an atomic war. They try to use this Western desire for peace to their own advantage.

It is necessary somehow to drain the energy and to divert the great material and living strength of the Soviet Union to peaceful purposes—not to bring about a great world conflict. I think it is necessary to have meetings, secretly conducted. Not summit meetings. Those Khrushchev welcomes. He will use the decisions reached at summit meetings to increase his own prestige.

This you must understand. That is why I write these observations of mine to the people of the United States and Great Britain. I ask only that you believe the sincerity of my thoughts. Henceforth I am your soldier, pledged to carry out everything which is entrusted to me.

I want to say that I have not begun work for my new cause with empty hands. I understand perfectly well that to correct words and thoughts one must add concrete proof confirming these words. I have had and do have now a definite capability for doing this.

By mid-April, 1961, Greville Wynne, the British businessman in whom Colonel Penkovskiy confided, had taken Penkovskiy's letter to British and American intelligence officers in London. In it the Soviet General Staff officer described in detail his position in Moscow, together with his motives for volunteering to spy against the Soviet regime. He promised to arrive in London later that month, in charge of a visiting Soviet delegation of technical and industrial experts. Many of these were in fact intelligence specialists from Penkovskiy's own committee, the State Committee for Coordination of Scientific Research.

Penkovskiy's own record and position were quickly checked out in London and Washington—and if the West had dreamed up the perfect man to penetrate the Kremlin's secrets, it could hardly have done better. Penkovskiy was then 43 years old, an artilleryman who had switched to Soviet intelligence.

In almost every respect he was wired into the Soviet hierarchy. His great-uncle, Valentin Penkovskiy, was a lieutenant general; his wife was a general's daughter. Penkovskiy was on the friendliest of terms with his boss, Gen. Ivan Serov, Khrushchev's secret police expert, who now commanded Military Intelligence. Through Serov and Marshal Varentsov, the missile chief who was his former boss, Penkovskiy had pipelines to the highest levels of the Soviet regime and almost unlimited access to secret files and documents.

Other Soviet officers had defected to the West, over the years, but never anyone this high up in the Kremlin's operating command structure.

As a professional soldier and General Staff officer, also, Penkovskiy was increasingly appalled by the network of spies and informers he found throughout his own government—fully eight years after the widely-publicized "de-Stalinization" had supposedly thawed Soviet society.

"We Are All Spies"

The Soviet government goes in for espionage on such a gigantic scale that an outsider has difficulty in fully comprehending it. Daily we expand our already swollen spy apparatus. That is what Khrushchev's "peaceful coexistence" and "struggle for peace" really mean. We are all spies.

Any Soviet citizen who has anything at all to do with the work of foreign countries or who is connected with foreigners in the course of his work, is perforce engaged in intelligence work. There is no institution in the U.S.S.R. that does not have in it an intelligence officer or agent. Here are some of the Soviet ministries and committees through which we conduct intelligence: Intourist and the International Book Association (almost 100 percent State Security); Ministry of Foreign Trade; Council for the Affairs of the Rusisan Orthodox Church; The Academy of Sciences; Union of the Red Cross; State Committee for Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries. . . . The list is almost endless.

State Security officers and agents are everywhere, literally everywhere. I saw fewer of them under Stalin than now. They control our whole Army and Military Intelligence, too. These Security police scoundrels even forced my aunt to be an informer. She worked for them the whole time she was a housekeeper in the Afghan and the Italian embassies in Moscow. My poor aunt often came to my mother, crying and complaining about the degrading and dishonest things she had to do. She eavesdropped, stole documents, cleaned out wastebaskets,

wrote reports on diplomats, helped with provocations against them. Many times she complained to me. But this was before I began working for Military Intelligence. I could give her no advice, only sympathy.

Khrushchev himself directly supervises the work of the State Security. In this matter he trusts no one else; he controls the State Security as First Secretary of the Communist Party. It is said that Shelepin, the State Security boss, spends more time in Khrushchev's office than in his own headquarters on Dzerzhinsky Square. If it were not for the State Security police and General Serov, Khrushchev could never have become the "supreme commander in chief."

The majority of the personnel in Soviet embassies abroad are Military Intelligence or State Security employees. The Ministry of Foreign Affairs and the Ministry of Foreign Trade exist as such only in Moscow. Abroad everything is controlled by us. Three out of five Soviet embassy officers are either from State Security or Military Intelligence. Thus, it can be stated without error that 60 percent of Soviet embassy personnel are serving officers in intelligence. In Soviet consulates the figure is almost 100 percent.

In an embassy the State Security spies on everyone, including us in Military Intelligence. Security police watch absolutely everything that goes on: the purchases people make, how they live and whether it accords with their salary, where they go, which doctors they visit, how much drinking they do, their morals. Meanwhile we in Military Intelligence watch the Security police in return. We want to establish which of our own men are connected with them or work as their informants.

A Soviet ambassador is first of all an employee of the Central Committee of the Party, only secondly of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Often he is himself part of the Military Intelligence or the State Security police. A great many of the Soviet ambassadors in foreign countries are intelligence officers.

To process people traveling abroad, there is a special commission for trips abroad under the Central Committee. It consists *entirely* of State Security officers. Any person, even a tourist, going overseas comes for a conference to the Central Committee.

When I was leaving, this scoundrel Daluda from the State Security poked through my file for two hours. What was he looking for? He questioned me about all my relatives, living and dead, about my family life, whether I drink, quarrel with my wife, etc. He also asked me about international problems. This was done to me, an officer of the General Staff and the Military Intelligence!

We are engaged in espionage against every country in the world. And this includes our friends, the countries of the Peoples Democracies. Who knows, some fine day they may become our enemies. Look what happened with China. Months before the break with China became clear, instructions came direct from the Central Committee to begin intensive intelligence activity against China. Quietly, the Chinese section was transferred from the directorate dealing with Peoples Democracies to that for neutral or enemy countries in the Far East.

Col. Pavel Demetriyevich Yerzin was formerly the State Security resident in Turkey, where I knew him. Later he was promoted to the rank of brigadier general and appointed prorector of the Patrice Lumumba Friendship University in Moscow.

The entire faculty of this Lumumba Friendship University is made up of State Security police—even the people in charge of dormitories! Only a few professors are there as "co-optees," i.e., people who have agreed to work with the State Security. The basic task of the Friendship University is to prepare a fifth column for the African countries. Many of the African students there have already been recruited. They are now working for the Soviet intelligence. They are studying Marxism and Leninism, preparing to become the future leaders of the African countries. As a first step, after their return from Moscow, they are directed to organize strikes, demonstrations to overthrow governments, etc. At the university they live better than the average Soviet student. Almost everything is paid for.

The Soviet strategic intelligence service alone has special "residencies" (i.e., self-contained operative units) on the territory of the United States. One is in Washington D.C.—"residency" personnel include individual Soviet Embassy secretaries, commercial representatives and other employees. There are two "residencies" in New York, one under the cover of the UN. (The other, the "illegal residency," has direct independent contact with Moscow.) The Washington "residency" has a great many Soviet operations officers and an insignificant number of agents; these are basically "old-timers" who were recruited a long time ago.

The New York "residencies" are of greater strength. They have new agents from whose ranks they build up the "illegal residency." Among the agents are many foreigners who reside and work in the United States.

Intelligence officers of legal "residencies" (i.e., officers who have legally entered the U.S. with an official "cover" position) always use their cover, such as: *Tass* correspondent, Aeroflot representative, merchant marine, member of a trade mission.

Sometimes, in order to evade FBI surveillance, Soviet intelligence officers stay in the embassy overnight, sleeping on desks, then leave the embassy unnoticed before dawn.

After the Powers affair (the U-2 incident of May, 1960) Khrushchev issued an order to all units of the intelligence services, especially those in the United States, to cease their active work temporarily—in order to take no chance of putting into enemy hands any evidence pointing to Soviet espionage against the U.S. and other countries. In November, 1960, this order was rescinded. Intelligence activities began again in full swing. Recent directives have ordered establishment of social contacts with as many Americans as possible.

Ivan Yakovkavich Melekh is a Soviet intelligence officer with the military rank of lieutenant colonel. He knows English very well. At one time he was an instructor of English at the Military Diplomatic Academy, which trains officers for Military Intelligence. After special training, Melekh was sent under the cover of the United Nations secretariat in New York to carry out his intelligence missions. That was in 1955. On October 27, 1960, he was arrested by the Federal Bureau of Investigation on charges of espionage. In April, 1961, the U.S. government dropped its charges on condition that Melekh leave the U.S. before April 17. This should help to judge the value of Soviet protests and declarations at the U.N.

The present chief of Military Intelligence, Gen. Ivan A. Serov, is not the most brilliant of men. He knows how to interrogate people, imprison them and shoot them. In sophisticated intelligence matters he is not so skillful.

Before coming to Military Intelligence, Serov was chairman of the State Security. After his appointment to Military Intelligence, he remembered my name from an assignment I had in our embassy in Turkey and became personally interested in my work. Eventually a certain degree of friendship developed between us and I visited him several times at his apartment and his country house. My personal relationship with Serov placed me in the forefront of Military Intelligence officers.

Serov lives on Granovsky Street. Many ministers, members of the Central Committee and marshals live there. Rudenko, the Chief Prosecutor of the U.S.S.R., lives on the same floor as Serov. When Serov was Chairman of the State Security, he arrested people and Rudenko signed the death sentence. One would drop into the other's place in the evening for a drink and they together would decide who should be put in jail and who should be shot. Very convenient.

One of the most significant documents which Col. Oleg Penkovskiy managed to smuggle out of Moscow to the West was the top-secret lecture given by Lt. Col. I. E. Prikhodko to a select audience of Soviet intelligence officers in Moscow, in 1961. Titled "Characteristics of Agent Communications and Agent Handling in the U.S.A.," the lecture is nothing less than a detailed instruction manual for spying in America.

The following section gives Colonel Prikhodko's directions to Soviet intelligence spies in the United States, noting the signals Soviet officers use, the places they like to meet their agents and the methods they use to avoid detection.

An Official Soviet Guide: How To Spy in the U.S.

Under modern conditions, when the U.S.A., as the principal imperialist power, is preparing to unleash a surprise war with the mass employment of nuclear/missile weapons, the basic

task of our strategic agent intelligence is to give early warning of U.S. preparations for an armed attack against the U.S.S.R. and other socialist countries.

In view of the probable nature of a future war, an important task is the systematic collection of the most complete data on the following questions:

1) The locations of U.S. missile bases, depots for nuclear weapons, plants producing atomic weapons and missiles of various designations, scientific research institutes, and laboratories developing and perfecting weapons of mass destruction.

2) Information as to the nature and results of scientific research work in the field of creating new models of nuclear and missile weapons and improving existing ones.

3) The status of antiaircraft defense, including the entire radar detection and warning system.

4) The plans of U.S. military commanders on the use of nuclear/missile weapons.

5) U.S. military preparations in the various theaters of operations.

If the imperialists unleash a war, the U.S.A. will be the target of a crushing retaliatory strike causing damage to all the most important political and economic centers of that country. The most important task of intelligence is the prompt reporting of objectives in the U.S. against which we plan to carry out the first strikes.

Soviet intelligence, therefore, should adopt timely measures to guarantee the security of its intelligence net. To achieve this it is necessary to disperse our operating "residencies" and to move some valuable single agents some distance outside the limits of large cities. As for agent nets engaged in collecting intelligence on atomic and missile bases, they should preferably consist of individual sources equipped with radio having direct communications with the "Center" on Moscow.

A meeting between intelligence officer and agent is one of the most vulnerable means of communications. Therefore, in organizing meetings, our intelligence officers must anticipate everything in order to guarantee security.

In the U.S.A. where the counterintelligence effort of the Federal Bureau of Investigation is highly developed, planning and preparation for a meeting are of the greatest importance. In planning a meeting one should give the greatest consideration to the characteristics of the American people and of the country, the working and family situation of the agent, his capabilities, etc.

Meetings should be varied as to time of day, days of the week, and dates of the month. For example, meetings should not be held on the fifth day of each month, on Wednesday of every week, or consistently at 8 p.m., because such consistency in the activities of an intelligence officer makes the work of American counterintelligence easier.

Under present working conditions in the U.S.A., one should start for a meeting not later than two to three hours before the scheduled time, and establish a good "cover" story for the meeting.

For example: An intelligence officer in the U.S.A. had a Sunday meeting scheduled for the latter part of the day. After breakfast he took his family for a walk in the park. He usually took such a walk every Sunday. On the way he invited a friend. The two families chose some benches in the park and seated themselves in the sun. The adults talked and glanced through newspapers and magazines, which they had bought at a stand, while the children played nearby. They all visited the zoo together, and they also looked at some monuments. While passing a movie theater, they looked at the advertising display and decided to see the new film. They all went inside. The intelligence officer, who had a meeting scheduled with an agent, quickly departed through a side door and left for the meeting site along a previously selected route. The meeting was successful. Toward evening the intelligence officer and his family returned home after a restful Sunday.

Most meetings are held in the evening, however. As a rule, the agent does not work in the evening and does not have to ask permission of his boss to leave. In addition, evenings provide the greatest security. It is not recommended, however, to hold meetings in a park, because, unlike Europeans, Americans visit parks only during the day. At the approach of darkness nobody uses the parks. At that time of the day only criminal elements and persons who are mentally ill can be found in the parks. In the press one can find special warnings concerning the danger in going to parks in the evening. It is not unusual for the newspapers to publish detailed accounts of rapes and murders which were committed in the parks during the night.

In choosing a meeting place, it is necessary of course to consider the characteristics of the country as a whole and, above all, the characteristics of the area. As a whole, conditions in the cities of New York and Washington, for example, are favorable for the organization of agent communications.

The existence of a subway in New York helps in locating different places in the city. It should be borne in mind, however, that the subway system there is quite complicated and it should be studied carefully before planning to use it for operational purposes.

In New York it is easy to establish a cover story for going downtown either during the day or at night, because New York has many public places. Skillful use of transportation facilities makes it possible to make a good check for the detection of surveillance. Finally, an intelligence officer who speaks with an accent in New York is quite acceptable since a large segment of the city's population speaks with an accent.

On the other hand, the organization and utilization of agent communications in Washington are full of difficulties because of the city's small size, its limited number of public places, no subways, and an inadequate public transportation system, especially in the suburbs.

Differences exist not only among the sections and cities of the United States, but also among different sections of cities, often within the very same borough or area. For example, let us take Manhattan, which is the business area of New York. We do not recommend that meetings be held in the area between 42nd and 34th Streets. This is the busiest part of midtown and therefore has the widest coverage by the police and by counterintelligence.

Likewise, it is inadvisable to hold meetings in the vicinity of the UN Building (along the shore of the East River, between 42nd and 48th Streets), near buildings of the permanent representations of various countries to the UN and, above all, the delegations to the UN of representations of socialist countries (the representation of the U.S.S.R. to the United Nations is located at 680 Park Avenue), nor in the vicinity of large banks, jewelry stores, etc.

In Washington, meetings should not be held in the central part of the city, where Congressional buildings, the White House, departmental buildings and other governmental offices, large banks, stores and restaurants are located. Neither should they be held on the main streets of the city, or in areas where foreign embassies and, especially, the embassies of the U.S.S.R. and other countries of the socialist camp are located. Meetings should also not be held in areas near military objectives or in the Negro district.

Generally, an operation can be compromised through the improper selection of a meeting site. For example, an intelligence officer, who did not know New York well, once selected a meeting place with an agent on a street corner in the evening. A large bank stood on this corner. The intelligence officer arrived for the meeting exactly at the appointed time. The agent was late. The intelligence officer was there for less than two minutes when a policeman approached, asked him what he was doing there, and requested him to move along. The intelligence officer had to leave quickly. In addition, two plainclothesmen followed him until he entered a subway station. The meeting was not held.

New York and Washington have numerous restaurants, many of them representing different nationalities. Each restaurant has its own distinctive characteristics. One may specialize in steaks (the most expensive steaks are sirloin and T-bone steak), another is seafood; some restaurants have orchestras, others have not. Before selecting a certain restaurant as a meeting site, one should learn everything about that restaurant; the system of service, the type of customers, whether it has a bad reputation with the police, etc.

It is the practice in all restaurants to tip the waitress 10 percent of the amount shown on the check.

Depending on the nature of the agent operation, the officer and agent may sit at the same table and hold the meeting during

dinner. Or they may sit at separate tables, keeping only visual contact for the purpose of exchanging prearranged signals.

American stores periodically hold sales of their merchandise at lowered prices. At the beginning of the sale a large number of people usually gather at the store. In their efforts to advertise the sale, the proprietors invite newspaper photographers to the opening of the sale. To avoid being caught by the photographer's lens, our intelligence officers and members of their families should not visit the store during the beginning of the sale.

In New York there are no ticket collectors on the subway. The ticket office does not sell tickets but only metal tokens which cost 15 cents. In passing through the revolving gate at the entrance, the passenger inserts the token in a special slot.

An intelligence officer should always have several tokens with him, especially on the day of a meeting, so as not to waste any time in buying them at the subway entrance.

Buses also operate without conductors. The driver allows the entrance and departure of passengers, makes change, and hands out transfers (at the request of the passenger). He gives change for bills but only up to five dollars. Thus the intelligence officer must always be certain that he has small change or one dollar bills.

A taxi can be stopped anywhere; this is done merely by waving the hand or by loudly shouting, "Taxi!" when an empty one passes.

The driver writes in his log the place a fare entered the taxi, the place he got out, and the time. Therefore an intelligence officer must never take a taxi directly to the meeting place.

There are many companies in the U.S.A. which rent cars. Use of rented cars in the organization of agent communications is recommended, because this has a number of advantages. For instance, an intelligence officer can drive to the city in his own car, check for surveillance, and then leave it in a suitable area or in a parking lot. He can then complete his job in a rented car. This makes the work of the American counterintelligence service more difficult.

"Dead drops" (i.e., hiding places where material can be left for prearranged pickups) are extensively used for communication within agent nets, or with individual agents.

Stationary "dead drops" are selected or specially prepared in parks and squares, in trees, in the ground, in fences, in benches, in monuments, in public buildings, and beyond populated places such as forests, fields, seashores, riverbanks, etc.

In selecting and preparing a "dead drop" in a park, one must bear in mind that a number of American parks (for example, Central Park in New York) have many squirrels which can destroy the "dead drop" (especially in hollow trees) and carry off our material.

The U.S.A. has up to 2,000 daily newspapers with a circulation of about 57 million, and more than 7,000 magazines. Both newspapers and magazines give considerable space to advertisements and all kinds of announcements. Newspaper companies receive sizeable profits from advertisements and announcements and therefore accept them very readily.

Advertisements published in American newspapers differ greatly in content and in length. The most common ones deal with the sale and rental of living quarters, the sale of personal effects, employment opportunities, announcements of weddings, divorces, births, and deaths, the loss of valuables and pets, etc. One can see that many advertisements can be adapted quite easily to the transmittal of information. Among the code words which can be used are: the names or description of a lost article; a description of the circumstances; the place and time it was lost; the size of the reward for returning the valuable or pet, etc.

Illegal "residencies" have a greater opportunity to make use of the press in arranging agent communications. Residencies under cover may use the press on a lesser scale, primarily to transmit information or signals from agent to intelligence officer. On the whole, the U.S.A. presents favorable conditions for the use of the press for intelligence work.

A sum of money is paid to place an advertisement or some kind of announcement in the press. The text of these advertisements will contain a prearranged coded secret message.

A thorough study of the specific features of the country enables one to select the most natural signals. For example one of our intelligence officers called an agent for an introductory meeting by sending the newspaper, *Washington Daily News*, to his apartment. The intelligence officer went to the city, made a careful check, and then called the newspaper office from a public telephone and asked them to start delivery on the next day to the address he gave them (the agent's address). A week after delivery started, the agent appeared at the prearranged meeting place.

Radio communications provide the most rapid means for transmitting orders and instructions from the Center.

Because of our distance from the U.S.A., we can set up radio relay stations should the need arise on ships, submarines and aircraft. We also must not exclude the possibility that in the not-too-distant future we can install a radio station on an earth satellite.

In certain special situations, we might consider the possibility of getting a courier to the American mainland by submarine. It must be remembered, however, that the U.S.A.'s shore defenses are stronger than those of other countries of the American continent. Therefore one should not always attempt to land an agent directly in the U.S.A. At times it is possible to send mail to a third country (for example, Mexico) and then deliver it overland to the U.S.A.

On the night of April 20, 1961, at 11 p.m., a trimly dressed foreign gentleman, handsome, red-haired and of medium height, walked without notice through the lobby of the Mount Royal Hotel in London and made his way to an inconspicuous suite upstairs where the door was quickly opened. Inside the room Col. Oleg Penkovskiy had his first face-to-face meeting with British and American intelligence officers, the "interested parties" in the West whom he had been trying to contact for almost a year.

For hours Penkovskiy talked. He had brought with him from Moscow two packets of handwritten notes and documents, materials taken from Soviet top-secret files. The range of his information was almost encyclopedic—the design of new missiles, names of Soviet undercover intelligence agents in Europe, troop deployments in East Germany. As the intelligence officers talked with him, they began to grasp not only the breadth of his knowledge about Soviet plans, but the intensity of his conviction that Moscow's dangerous "brinkmanship" in 1961 could well lead to war.

A lonely idealist, Penkovskiy wanted neither money nor immediate asylum. Of the intelligence officers in London he asked only that he be given either British or American citizenship and some employment commensurate with his experience, if circumstances ever compelled him to flee the Soviet Union.

On another floor of the Mount Royal Hotel, Penkovskiy had housed members of the 45-man Soviet delegation he headed. The delegation had been sent to London ostensibly to discuss trade prospects, but actually to gather intelligence, of an industrial and military nature. It was a sign of the Communist regime's trust in Penkovskiy that he was assigned to lead it.

Throughout this first two-week visit to London, Penkovskiy continued to hold night meetings with the British and American intelligence officers, whom he knew only by their code names, the British intelligence officers called "Grille" and "Miles" and the Americans, "Alexander" and "Oslav."

Since the U-2 surveillance flights had been abandoned in 1960, the West badly needed fresh information on Soviet work in missilery and new rocket technology. As a missile specialist himself, Penkovskiy had a wealth of technical background on the state of Soviet missile readiness and—most importantly, plans for missile production and deployment. The configuration of missile sites, the types of troops used, warheads, performance details—all this information Penkovskiy possessed. In that London hotel room Penkovskiy began the vital flow of information which, barely a year later, enabled the West to understand the seriousness of Khrushchev's threat in Cuba, as well as recognize the exact nature of his missile weapons there.

In the following excerpt from the Papers, Penkovskiy outlines the real facts behind the Soviet missile effort. Millions breathed a sigh of relief over President Kennedy's face-down of Khrushchev's Cuban threat in October, 1962. But until now only a small group of intelligence experts knew the great contribution made by Colonel Penkovskiy to this U.S. victory.

Khrushchev's Missile "Kindergartens"

Khrushchev is blabbing that we are ready, we have everything. That is so much idle talk. He talks about the Soviet Union's capability to send missiles to every corner of the world, but he has not done anything about it, because he knows that we are actually not ready.

Of course we can send our big missiles in different directions, as far as the United States or Cuba. But we are not yet capable of launching a planned missile attack to destroy definite targets long-range. As Marshal Varentsov, who commands the ground missile forces, tells me: "We still have a long way to go before we actually achieve the things about which Khrushchev keeps talking and boasting.

Of course, there have been fine achievements in developing tactical and operational short-range missiles. But it is too early to speak of our strategic missiles as perfected. Many of the big ones are still on the drawing boards, in the prototype stage or undergoing tests. There are altogether not more than a few dozen of these—not the "shower" of missiles with which Khrushchev has been threatening the West.

Only the smaller (IRBM) missiles are in production. The R-12 missile, now being mass produced, has a range of 2,500 kilometers (1,550 miles). Our "cruise" missile has been adopted for use by the submarine fleet, as well as ground troops. But our big R-14 missile is only in the development stage. The range of the R-14 with a nuclear warhead is 4,500 kilometers (2,800 miles).

Often a new model missile is still only in the testing stage—in fact the tests may have proved unsuccessful. But there is Khrushchev, already screaming to the entire world about his "achievements" in new types of Soviet weapons.

All the money made available from the military reorganization is put into missile production and sputniks. The launching of the first sputnik required the combined efforts of all available Soviet scientists and technical personnel, with the entire technological capacity of the country at their disposal.

Marshal Varentsov warns in private conversations that we do not have enough qualified people in the missile and sputnik programs, that training is inadequate, the quality of production poor. Quantity is inadequate, also. Accidents and all sorts of trouble are daily occurrences. In this connection, there is much talk about shortcomings in the field of electronics.

There have been many cases during the test launchings of missiles when they have hit inhabited areas, railroad tracks, etc., instead of the designated targets, after deviating several hundred kilometers from their prescribed course.

Sometimes Khrushchev's pushing for premature achievment in missiles and sputniks has disastrous results.

Several sputniks were launched into the stratosphere and never heard from again. They took the lives of several specially trained cosmonauts.

The sudden death of Marshal Nedelin, former chief of our missile forces, was another case in point.

Khrushchev had been demanding that his specialists create a missile engine powered by nuclear energy. The laboratory work for such an engine had even been completed prior to the 43d Anniversary of the October Revolution in 1960 and the people involved wanted to give Khrushchev a "present" on this anniversary—a missile powered by nuclear energy.

Present during the tests on this new engine were Marshal Nedelin, many specialists on nuclear equipment and representatives of several government committees. When the countdown was completed, the missile failed to leave the launching pad. After 15 to 20 minutes had passed, Nedelin came out of the shelter, followed by the others. Suddenly there was an explosion caused by the mixture of the nuclear substance and other components. Over 300 people were killed.

A few people miraculously survived, but all of them were in deep shock. Some of them died soon afterward. What was brought to Moscow were not Nedelin's and other victims' remains, but urns filled with dirt. Yet we all had read in the "truthful" official government statements printed in the newspapers *Pravda* and *Izvestia* only that Nedelin died, ". . . in the line of duty—in an air accident," and we also read about how these bodies were cremated and other details of the funeral.

This is not the first time that a missile accident took place. There had been others before this, but the government keeps silent about them. When Khrushchev announced at the beginning of 1960 that the Soviet Union possessed a completely new and terrifying type of ballistic missile, he actually had in mind the order he had issued to invent or prepare this new type of propellant based on nuclear energy. Some of the work in this direction proved quite successful, even after Nedelin's accident, but it is still far from what Khrushchev had in mind. There is a big lag in electronics.

There were more accidents during tests. In this respect my sympathies are with the Americans. If they have an accident, it is all in the papers; everyone knows about it. But in our country everything is kept secret.

For example: There were several unsuccessful launchings of sputniks with men killed prior to Gagarin's flight. Either the missile would explode on the launching pad, or it would go up and never return.

When Gagarin made his flight, it was said officially that there was not a single camera in his sputnik. This was a big lie. There was a whole system of cameras with different lenses for taking pictures and for intersection. The photographic equipment was turned on and off during the flight by the astronaut. But Khrushchev tells everybody that nothing was photographed. Photographic equipment has been installed on all sputniks, but this has been denied in order to prevent the Americans from launching espionage sputniks, or as we call them: "spies in the sky."

Right now we have a certain number of missiles with nuclear warheads capable of reaching the United States or South America; but these are single missiles, not in mass production, and they are far from perfect. Every possible measure is taken to improve the missiles and their production.

Money is saved everywhere and allocated to the building of "kindergartens." That is the slang expression we use for missile production. Many different towns have been specially built for these scientists and the technical and engineering personnel. Scientists and engineers not only have been awarded decorations and medals, but some have been awarded the title of Hero of Socialist Labor three or four times.

They have received the Lenin Prize and other prizes. The work of these people is not publicized and their pictures do not appear in the newspapers.

The vigilance of the Western powers must not be weakened by the shortcomings mentioned above. If at the present time the Soviet ballistic missiles are still far from being perfect, in two or three years—perhaps even sooner—Khrushchev will have achieved his goal.

In 1961 a firm directive was issued to equip the satellite countries with missile weapons. This was by a special decision of the Central Committee CPSU. Marshal Varentsov made the following comment: "They say we must give our brother Slavs missile weapons. So we give them missiles now, and later they will stick a knife in our back."

In my opinion as a General Staff officer, it will take a year or a year and a half for us to be able to equip all the Eastern European countries with missiles. In order to stop this armament of Khrushchev's and his attempts to launch an attack, the Western countries must triple their efforts at unity and increase their armaments. Only then will Khrushchev realize that he is dealing with a strong adversary.

Col. Oleg Penkovskiy was almost the exact opposite of the drab, mousy professional spy, as celebrated in current "realistic" espionage novels. A sociable man who liked good food and good conversation, he had a ready wit and was prone to parlor card tricks. He was consciously setting out to play an incredibly dangerous game of espionage against his own regime. But he managed to enjoy his London stay, at least ostensibly, as thoroughly as any tourist.

The colonel took long walks through the city, visited department stores, restaurants and theaters, generally in the company of Greville Wynne, his British businessman friend. The obvious freedom of the British people delighted him. (Soviet intelligence circles in London assumed that Penkovskiy, a trusted officer, was attempting to "recruit" Wynne as a Soviet

agent. So his association with Wynne was not under suspicion.)

Penkovskiy also performed a social chore which considerably helped his standing in Soviet Military Intelligence. Shortly before Penkovskiy left Moscow, General Serov asked him to look after Serov's wife and daughter who were flying to London for an unofficial tourist visit. Accordingly, the colonel helped Mrs. Serov and her attractive daughter Svetlana make their purchases (with money drawn from local Soviet intelligence funds). He even managed to take Svetlana on a tour of the better London night spots, without arousing undue attention.

Beneath this facade of socializing, however, Penkovskiy's new work continued in earnest. On the basis of the information he had submitted, the British and American intelligence officers were now convinced that his desire to work with them was genuine. In their nocturnal meetings, they gave the Soviet colonel a complete short course in clandestine radio communications, as well as a small Minox camera for photographing documents. It was arranged to make contact with him through Wynne or another Western emissary, if he found it impossible to return to Western Europe in the near future. If necessary, instructions would be transmitted to him by radio.

When he finally left London on May 6, Penkovskiy carried with him presents for his highly placed Soviet friends, including General Serov, a full report of the trade and technical mission (which Moscow judged a great success) and a complete set of instructions and equipment for getting further espionage information out to his "new friends" in the West.

In the following excerpt from the Papers, Penkovskiy has some more to say about the real nature of his own Soviet delegation—and the stern ground rules still laid down to cover all Soviet contacts with foreigners.

A Secret Ministry for Espionage

The State Committee for Coordination of Scientific Research Work is like a ministry. Our chairman, Rudnev, enjoys all the privileges of a minister in the U.S.S.R. The Committee is in charge of all scientific and technical exchanges with foreigners, both in the Soviet Union and abroad. In fact, it is a large espionage apparatus, which not only collects scientific and technical information, but tries to recruit Western technical specialists.

When I began my work in the Committee, I was myself astounded by the number of intelligence officers working there. Eighty or 90 senior intelligence officers work in the foreign relations sections alone. When one walks down the halls in our offices, one can see some of them saluting each other in the military manner. They have conspicuous difficulty getting away from military habits, even getting used to their civilian clothes.

The friendly contacts and "services" we provide visiting foreign delegations we might beter call "friendly deceit." Often we Military Intelligence officers cannot understand ourselves why the foreigners believe us. Do they not understand that we show them in the U.S.S.R. only those things which are well known to everybody? If there is something new at a plant which foreigners are about to visit, we simply give orders to its director: "Show them everything, but have Shops I and 5 closed for repairs."

On my desk I have a list of pretexts and alternate proposals which we use to keep foreigners out of certain areas of the U.S.S.R.

1) The plant is under repair.
2) A bridge is closed.
3) There is no airport and the railroad tracks have been damaged by recent frost; therefore, for the time being there are no trains.
4) The local hotel is not ready for guests.
5) All hotels are completely filled with tourists.

Sometimes we take foreign delegations through museums and parks in Moscow until the members are so tired they themselves call off the trip to a factory, preferring to rest. Or, instead of taking the delegation by plane, we put them on a train. As a result, the delegation has enough time to see only one or two installations in which they are interested, instead of five or six. Their visas expire and they have to leave after having seen nothing but vodka and caviar.

In Moscow our main task as intelligence officers inside the Committee is to recruit agents among the foreigners visiting the U.S.S.R. Of course, this does not often happen. But we collect information by personal conversations, eavesdropping, examining baggage, literally stealing secrets from the visitors' pockets.

I have been assigned to British delegations visiting Moscow. My job is to establish friendly relations with these men, assess their intelligence possibilities, then write a report on each to our intelligence people in London. It will be up to them to collect enough compromising information on these men—family problems, amorous adventures, personal finances, etc.—to secure their recruitment.

We are also to obtain as much scientific and technical information as possible, of value to our Soviet industry—everything from cheaper methods of getting fresh water from sea water to the manufacture of artificial fur. Thanks to visits to our country by foreign delegations, we obtain vast quantities of extremely valuable information.

By contrast all members of Soviet delegations traveling abroad are carefully instructed how to answer questions that might be put to them. I can honestly say that there is nothing new that Western scientists and specialists could learn from the Soviet specialists—or Soviet exhibitions abroad. For example, the exhibits to be shown at our London exhibition in 1961 were first carefully checked by intelligence technicians to make sure there was nothing new which foreign scientists could see or steal. Some exhibits were purposely put together in a distorted way; the cone of the sputnik on display was not built that way, the spheres were of another type.

Trips of Soviet delegations to foreign countries require special preparation. The departure of any delegation requires a *separate decree* from the Communist Party Central Committee. And no delegation ever goes abroad without some form of State Security involvement.

After a Soviet delegation has been formed, we select certain scientists, engineers or other suitable members and instruct them individually on the type of information we need. Take my own 45-man delegation to London. Five of its members were employees of the Communist Central Committee. Ten Military Intelligence officers left for London at the same time in the guise of delegation members or tourists. There were also three other Military Intelligence colonels in the delegation, besides myself.

As a rule Soviet scientists and technicians in missile production work are not allowed to go abroad. But lately, because these scientists must learn something about missile work in the U.S., a few have been given permission to travel—provided they have not participated in any missile production work for the last two years. Thus, if they defected to the West, their knowledge would not be so fresh.

Our intelligence instructions to traveling Soviet delegates are very specific. How many forms and autobiographies must be filled out before a trip abroad is processed!

Instructions we give to Soviet travelers stipulate that when traveling by train, you should always be seated with your own sex. Do not drink, do not talk too much and report any incidents on the trip to the consul or Soviet Embassy representatives. Do not carry any confidential materials with you, do not make any notes, but if this is unavoidable, keep them on your person.

I remember early in 1961 we sent a delegation to the Federal Republic of Germany. An engineer from Leningrad went with this delegation. He was co-opted, i.e., forcibly recruited by Military Intelligence. He had a notebook for making notes on the information he gathered. He left the notebook in a raincoat, then it disappeared. A search was conducted. We found nothing. The engineer became so upset that when his comrades went out shopping, he hung himself in his hotel room. He used the cord of an electric iron which he found attached to the light fixture in the ceiling. (The delegation had taken the electric iron with them to save money on pressing.)

The engineer's body was sent to Leningrad by plane. Later, at the enterprise where he worked, it was announced that he was not normal and suffered from constant headaches. That is how things are done in our country.

Penkovskiy returned to Moscow on May 6, 1961, from his first visit to London and set about in earnest to gather more information for Western intelligence. He stored his new camera,

film, radio receiver and frequency instructions in a secret desk drawer in his apartment, keeping all knowledge of his new espionage role from his family.

Greville Wynne flew back into Moscow on May 27, to resume business negotiations with Penkovskiy's committee on behalf of the British firms he represented. Penkovskiy met him with a car at Sheremetevo Airport. On the way into the city, "Alex," as Wynne called him, handed the Englishman a packet of some 20 exposed films and other documents, including his own reports, for delivery to British and American intelligence.

That evening, in his hotel room, Wynne gave Penkovskiy a package containing 30 fresh rolls of film and further instructions from the Anglo-American intelligence team in London.

Far from suspecting anything strange in Penkovskiy's meetings with Wynne, his superiors in Soviet Military Intelligence continued to think that he was "developing" a promising British contact. Penkovskiy's work with the Soviet delegation in London was so highly regarded, in fact, that his pleased superiors arranged to send him there again in July, to attend the opening of a Soviet Industrial Exhibition. This time he was to travel alone, without any delegation. American and British intelligence could hardly have wished for such a nice arrangement.

One presumes that Western intelligence found intensely valuable not only Penkovskiy's estimates of future Soviet plans, but his reconstruction of recent events in Soviet-American relations—including this first accurate account of two troubling incidents on the Soviet-American policy frontiers: the downing of the U-2 reconnaissance plane in 1960 and the later Soviet attack on another American aircraft off the coast of Siberia.

Fourteen Missiles for One U-2

The American U-2 pilot Gary Powers was shot down on 1 May, 1960. Prior to the Powers flight, other U-2 flights had been made over the Kiev and Kharkov, but Khrushchev kept his mouth shut, because at that time we had no missiles that could be effective at the altitudes where the U-2 aircraft were flying.

When Powers was shot down over Sverdlovsk, it was not a direct hit but rather the shock wave that did it. The aircraft simply fell apart from it. During his descent Powers lost consciousness several times. He was unconscious when they picked him up from the ground; therefore, he was helpless to do anything and did not put up any resistance. When this incident happened, I was duty officer at GRU (Military Intelligence) headquarters. I was the first one to report it to the GRU officials.

At that moment the KGB (State Security) did not have an English interpreter. I was supposed to talk to Powers because I was the only one around who had some understanding of English. If a KGB interpreter had not been located at the last minute, I would have been the first one to interview Powers.

The military had knocked Powers down and Powers was considered to be a military prisoner. He should have been turned over to the General Staff. Nonetheless the KGB seized him, took him to Dzerzhinskiy Square and made their own report. The KGB chief, this young fellow Shelepin, wanted to make the report to Khrushchev personally. Powers needed medical treatment because he was still in shock.

Earlier, when a U-2 flight came over in the direction of Kiev-Kharkov, there had been nothing to shoot with. As soon as the new rockets appeared, Khrushchev gave the order to use them. So they fired at Powers. Of course, we had antiaircraft defenses before, but not in quantity, and they were not able to go into action so quickly.

Marshal Biryuzov (then commander-in-chief of missile forces) was reprimanded because he had not correctly estimated the probable direction of the U-2 flights—he misgauged the importance of the targets. His forces wanted to fire when the aircraft from Turkey flew over Kiev, but there was nothing to fire with and the aircraft escaped. Powers would have escaped if he had flown one or one and a half kilometers to the right of his flight path.

On the fifth of May, Khrushchev ordered the suspension of [secret] agent operations to avoid the risk of anyone being caught, thereby furnishing material for Western counterpropaganda during the period we were going to capitalize on the Powers incident.

The resident in Pakistan decided on his own to pick up material from a drop which was already loaded, in order to avoid possible compromise to the agent. For this he was severely reprimanded by his superior at the GRU even though he did the right thing.

Khrushchev followed Powers' investigation and trial with great interest. He personally conducted the propaganda activity connected with the case. He was the first who began to shout about the direct hit, although actually there had been no such thing. Khrushchev wanted to brag about his missiles.

Khrushchev lied when he said that Powers was shot down by the first missile fired. Actually, 14 missiles were fired at his plane. The shock wave produced by the bursts caused his plane to disintegrate. The examination of Powers' plane produced no evidence of a direct hit, nor were there any missile fragments found on it. One of the 14 missiles fired at Powers' plane shot down a Soviet MIG-19 which went up to pursue Powers. Its pilot, a junior lieutenant, perished.

As for the RB-47 incident, the U.S. aircraft RB-47 shot down on Khrushchev's order (in July, 1960) was not flying over Soviet territory; it was flying over neutral waters. Pinpointed by radar, it was shot down by Khrushchev's personal order. When the true facts were reported to Khrushchev, he said: "Well done, boys, keep them from even flying close."

Such is our way of observing international law. Yet Khrushchev was afraid to admit what had actually happened. Lies and deceit are all around us. There is no truth anywhere. I know for a fact that our military leaders had a note prepared with apologies for the incident, but Khrushchev said: "No, let them know that we are strong."

Between July 15 and August 10, 1961, Penkovskiy played out the second round of his harrowing espionage game in London. He spent part of each day at the trade exhibition or running through plans for Soviet espionage work in Britain with other Russian intelligence officers in the sound-proofed basement room used by the intelligence "resident" of the Soviet embassy at 48 Kensington Palace Gardens.

At night, or during other off-hours he would meet with the four American and British intelligence officers assigned to him for his real intelligence mission—explaining the documents he had obtained from the secret files in Moscow, exposing further Soviet intelligence missions in the West, elaborating on technical aspects of the Soviet missile program as well as information on Khrushchev's political and diplomatic strategy.

Some of Penkovskiy's sessions with the Anglo-American team lasted as long as 10 hours at a stretch. Now that he had switched his allegiance, his dedication to the West was as single-minded as his youthful allegiance to communism. As a literal sign that he was now "your colonel," he asked his contacts to provide him with both a British and an American colonel's uniform. They did so. Pleased as punch, he had his picture taken in both.

All the while new assignments for Penkovskiy came from Washington. It was a tense summer in Europe. The continent still shook from Khrushchev's threats to sign a treaty with East Germany and force the Western allies out of Berlin. If anything, the Vienna meeting of Khrushchev and President Kennedy had increased the political electricity. It was absolutely vital that the White House and Whitehall have every available piece of information on the extent of Khrushchev's military preparations and his political planning. Above all, they needed to know how far Khrushchev was prepared to go, in pursuit of his German "objective."

Penkovskiy provided a fact-based assessment and some reassurance to the West.

Red "Brinkmanship" in Berlin

In my considered opinion, as an officer of the General Staff, I do not believe Khrushchev is too anxious for a general war at the present time. But he is preparing earnestly. If the situation is ripe for war, he will start it first in order to catch the probable enemy, i.e., the U.S.A. and the Western states, unawares. He would, of course, like to reach the level of producing missiles by the tens of thousands, launch them like a rainstorm against the West, and, as he calls it, "bury capitalism." In this

respect even our marshals and our generals consider the man to be a provocateur of danger, the one who incites war.

The Western powers must do something to stop him. Today he will not start a war. Today the Soviet Union is not ready for war. Today he is playing with missiles, but this is playing with fire, and one of these days he will start a real slaughter.

Look what happened during the Hungarian events and the Suez crisis in 1956. We in Moscow felt as if we were sitting on a powder keg. Everyone in the General Staff was against the "Khrushchev adventure." It was better to lose Hungary, as they said, than to lose everything.

But what did the West do? Nothing. It was asleep. This gave Khrushchev confidence and after Hungary he began to scream: "I was right!" After the Hungarian incident he dismissed many generals who had spoken out against him. If the West had slapped Khrushchev down hard then, he would not be in power today and all of Eastern Europe could be free.

Kennedy must carry out a firm and consistent policy in regard to Khrushchev. There is nothing to fear. Khrushchev is not ready for war. He has to be slapped down again and again every time he gets ready to set off on one of his adventures.

Kennedy has just as much right to help the patriots of Cuba as we had when we "helped" the Hungarians.

This is not just my opinion. Everyone at the General Staff said this. It was said in Marshal Varentsov's home, even on the streetcars in Moscow. If the West does not maintain a firm policy, then Khrushchev's position will become stronger, he will think even more about his might and right, and in this case he might strike.

The people are very unhappy with Khrushchev's militant speeches. One can hear this everywhere, listening to conversations. Now, at least, one can breathe a little easier than in Beria's time. So one can hear and say a few things.

On the other hand, the world can be thankful to Khrushchev for his militant words. They forced Kennedy, Macmillan and De Gaulle to double or triple their military budgets and defense preparedness. If Stalin were alive he would have done all this quietly, but this fool Khrushchev is loudmouthed. He himself forces the Western powers to strengthen their defense weapons and military potential.

The generals on the General Staff have no love for Khrushchev. They say that he is working to his own detriment. Why is this bald devil allowed to do as he pleases? He blabs too much about Soviet military successes in order to frighten the West, but the West is not stupid, they are also getting ready. What else can they do?

I believe Marshal Varentsov and Khrushchev's assistant Churayev; it was they who claimed that Khrushchev said, "I will drop a hail of missiles on them."

At the Soviet embassy in London I saw a short comment on Mr. Kennedy's recent [preparedness] speech. The speech was called "the militant speech of the President of the United States." That is all we say officially.

But when we speak privately, it is a different story. At our embassy, I heard many good comments on Kennedy's speech. It was excellent. Everyone criticized Khrushchev, including the Military Intelligence and the security police "residents": "There is no reason to be surprised." They all said, "Kennedy's speech is the answer to Khrushchev's saber rattling."

The West must be ready. They must be prepared to retaliate with tank and antitank forces, in the event of trouble over Berlin. The troops must be trained as well as possible. The Soviet plan to create a conflict in Berlin is simply a bid to win without a fight, but to be ready for a fight if it comes. When the time for a showdown comes, it is planned to use tanks to close all the roads and thus cut off all routes to East Germany and to Berlin.

The first echelon will consist of East German troops, the second of Soviet troops. As a whole, the plan provides for combined operations by Soviet and East German troops. If the first echelon is defeated, the second echelon advances, and so on. Khrushchev hopes that before events have reached the phase of the second echelon, the West will start negotiations in which East Germany will also participate. This will result in recognition of East Germany.

The Soviet and German troops will participate jointly in this operation because the Germans cannot be trusted to act independently. In the first place, the East German Army is poorly equipped and insufficiently prepared because we are afraid to supply them with everything. The Germans have no love of us, and there is always a chance that in the future they may turn against us, as it happened with the Hungarians.

Volodya Khoroshilov came home on leave. He is chief of the artillery staff of the tank army in Dresden under General Kupin. He was called back to duty, however, two weeks ahead of time. Before his departure, we went to a restaurant for dinner and he spelled it out for me:

"As soon as the treaty with Germany is signed, an alert will be declared immediately, and the troops in East Germany will occupy all the control points and will take over their defense and support. Our troops will stand by on alert, but they will not occupy these routes immediately because this might be considered a provocation. We will simply say, 'Please, Americans, British, and French, go to Berlin, but you must request permission from East Germany.'

"If the Americans, British and French do not want to confer with the East Germans and try to use force, the Germans will open fire. Of course, the Germans do not have enough strength, and then our tanks will move directly into Berlin."

I heard this from many officers, specifically from General Pozovny, and also from Fedorov and Marshal Varentsov. Varentsov, however, added, "We are taking a risk, a big risk."

In 1961, when Khrushchev decided to resolve the Berlin question, a tank echelon was brought to combat readiness on the border in the U.S.S.R., as well as in Czechoslovakia and Poland. That is the truth.

The NATO countries should give particular attention to antitank weapons. Why? Because East Germany has two tank armies in full readiness, this is in addition to the tank armies which are part of the second echelon located on the territories of the U.S.S.R., Czechoslovakia, and Poland.

Khrushchev personally attached a great deal of importance to tank troops, especially in the fight for Berlin. So much importance is attached to tanks, in connection with the Berlin crisis, that controversies have already broken out in the General Staff regarding finances. They are afraid that too much money has been allotted for the tank troops and that there will not be enough for missiles, electronics and other types of equipment.

Khrushchev has lately become confused on the Berlin matter, particularly because he has realized that the West is firm there. He would like to pursue a hard policy and rattle his saber, but our country suffers from a great many shortages and difficulties which must be eliminated before the West is to be frightened further.

Late in the afternoon, one bright September day in 1961, a smiling Russian gentleman stopped to watch three English children playing by a sandbox along Tsvetnoy Boulevard in Moscow. He handed them a small box of candy, which the children brought obediently to their mother, who was sitting nearby. The Russian gentleman was Col. Oleg Penkovskiy, the English mother, Mrs. Janet Anne Chisholm, wife of a British Embassy attaché. Concealed in the innocent-looking candy box was a package of exposed film, which Penkovskiy urgently wanted to put in the hands of British and American intelligence.

The bizarre meeting with the children was, of course, carefully planned. Penkovskiy had met Mrs. Chisholm during his second trip to London and he had been drilled in this procedure by his Western intelligence contacts. The meeting with Mrs. Chisholm was risky in a city where foreigners are as closely watched as they are in Moscow. Wynne, however, and Penkovskiy continued to meet with impunity, because of Penkovskiy's official dealings with him. When Penkovskiy saw Wynne a few weeks earlier, he told him that he was about to take a trip to Paris with another Soviet trade delegation, for the purpose of attending the Soviet industrial fair there.

As Wynne later recalled, Penkovskiy seemed cool, self-possessed and happy in their conversation at that time. He was cheered by the way his intelligence information was registering with London and Washington and buoyed up against the hazards of his lonely espionage mission by the thought that he was materially damaging the Moscow regime which he hated so

bitterly. In the following excerpt from The Papers, he emphasizes his disgust at the immorality of the Kremlin hierarchy.

Sex and the Soviets

It is interesting to observe our prominent Soviet personages in the privacy of their own intimates. What a difference there is between them when they are on the speaker's platform and when they are in their family circles with a glass of vodka in their hands. They become entirely different types.

In writing these notes, I have intentionally omitted the subject of moral degradation and drunkenness among the top military personnel—because there are already too many dirty stories on this subject. I know one thing for sure, though: all our generals have mistresses and some have two or more. Family fights and divorces are a usual occurrence and nobody tries to keep them secret. Every month at our Party meetings in the GRU we examine three or four cases of so-called immoral behavior and lack of discipline among our officers.

The Party committee and the Chief Political Directorate of the GRU examine the cases involving generals and colonels, while those cases involving marshals are examined by the Central Committee CPSU. The Central Committee naturally discusses such matters behind closed doors in order to conceal from the general public and the rank and file officers the dirt in which our high command personnel is involved. Besides, marshals are not punished so severely as others. In most cases they are just given a warning. The explanation for this given by the Central Committee is the same simple answer once given by Stalin: "A marshal and his services are more valuable than a female sex organ."

Khrushchev has shown special favor to our Minister of Culture, the lady Furtseva. In the anti-Party fight against Bulganin and the others in 1957 Furtseva helped him a great deal; she worked day and night dispatching planes, and some say that she herself made some of the flights campaigning for support for Khrushchev. She is power-mad. Everybody in Moscow calls her "Catherine the Third."

Later Furtseva fell from favor. After the Party congress in 1960, Furtseva was ousted from the Presidium of the Central Committee CPSU. As a result of this, her husband Firyubin was unable to go to the U.S.A. as the Soviet ambassador.

The entire Army was happy about the news of Furtseva's ouster from the Presidium. At one of the Presidium meetings, she had proposed that the additional pay the Soviet Army officers get for their respective ranks be discontinued. The answer to her was: "What is the matter with you? You want to leave them without pants?" What a fool! And yet there she was, occupying the post of Minister of Culture. How can such a person carry culture to the masses.

Take my friend Brig. Gen. Ivan Vladimirovich Kupin. He is Marshal Varentsov's protege and a distant relative of his; Varentsov's daughter Yelena is married to Kupin's nephew.

I have absolutely no intention of defaming the marshals and generals whom I have known. Many of them are fine old soldiers and Russian patriots. I did not wish to go into their biographic data or to describe all their exploits and heroic deeds. But the best of them are surrounded by dirty examples of our "communist morality" in high levels.

Kupin is the commander of Artillery and Missile Troops of the Moscow Military District. Prior to this post, Kupin served in the German Democratic Republic as commander of Artillery of the 1st Tank Army. He was in a lot of trouble due to his amorous escapades. While in Germany, he lived with his cipher clerk Zaytseva. After Kupin's departure from Germany, she hung herself because Kupin had left her pregnant. During the investigation, a photograph of Kupin had been found among her belongings. Kupin confessed that he had lived with Zaytseva while concealing this fact from his wife; he admitted that he promised Zaytseva to marry her. When Kupin arrived in Moscow, General Krylov, commander of the Moscow Military District, refused to see him, but, because the decision concerning Kupin's assignment had already been approved by the Central Committee CPSU, the case was hushed up. Varentsov persuaded Krylov to forget the whole thing.

This is the way it goes in our country. As long as the Central Committee approves, as long as one has connections, one can get away with anything, even crimes; but if a similar incident happens to an ordinary officer without any connections, he is punished immediately—either his rank is reduced, or he is discharged from the Army entirely.

Look at Krupchinskiy, head of the School for Nurses and a friend of General Smolikov. They drink together and indulge in sexual orgies with girls attending the school. Krupchinskiy also provides girls for other generals of the General Staff.

Khrushchev's son-in-law Adzhubey got himself so deeply involved with some actress that it almost led to divorce. He was given a warning by Khrushchev himself to be more careful in his adventures. Adzhubey is the chief editor of the newspaper *Izvestia,* and every day he writes articles about communist morality. Yet, look at his own behavior. All the other journalists hate him. Adzhubey received a Lenin prize for his so-called "work" about Khrushchev's trip to the United States. This "work" was compiled and written by the Central Committee. All Adzhubey did was put his signature to it as its editor.

In our own committee in Moscow, Yevgeniy Ilich Levin, secret police (KGB) worker and Gvishiani's deputy, is a drunkard and dissolute man. The stories he tells about the cheap dives he frequents are hardly consonant with what the Party tells us about "socialist morality." After his nightly drunken escapades and amorous adventures, Levin invariably sleeps until noon. Almost every morning Gvishiani looks for him: "Where is my deputy?" Someone says: "He has not arrived yet. Probably he is at his other office (that is, KGB)." Gvishiani is afraid of Levin. He knows very well that Levin is at home sleeping off his rough night, but he will do nothing.

The relatives of the highly placed do very well in our socialist society. Almost all of the marshals' sons have finished the Military Diplomatic Academy. All of them would like to be sent abroad to work, but the government will not let them. There is a special decree of the Central Committee CPSU forbidding the sons of marshals to go abroad. Many of them tried, but to no avail.

Marshal Sokolovskiy's son was given a 25-year prison term. He belonged to a large group of sons of marshals and ministers —some of our so-called "Golden Youth"—who had organized drunken orgies at their country houses outside Moscow. At one of these orgies, a girl who had just come to Moscow from Leningrad was raped by the gang. She happened to be the niece of some minister.

After she was raped, the girl was placed in a car and taken somewhere behind the Belorussian Railroad Station, where they dumped her. Because the whole gang was drunk, the driver of the car was driving very poorly. A militiaman noticed this and blocked the car. One of the boys in the car grabbed a pistol and fired a blank shot. The car was stopped.

This happened under Stalin, and he said, "I respect Sokolovskiy very much, but there will be a trial just the same." And so a trial was held, and Sokolovskiy's son was given a 25-year prison term. He stayed in jail only three years, however, and then he "became ill," allegedly suffering from an ulcer or something of that sort. He was released.

Marshal Konev's son, Geliy Ivanovich Konev, is a womanchaser and a drunkard. He also is a member of that same group of sons of marshals and other high officials. He is a motorcycle enthusiast and he loves to play the horses.

I studied with Geliy at the Military Academy. During that time Geliy had an accident while riding his motorcycle. He hit a man who later died. Papa, however, took care of everything and Geliy was not jailed. He was graduated from the academy in 1953, and is now working in the Information Directorate of the GRU, on the American Desk. He knows English well.

Gorkin, chairman of the Supreme Court, has a son-in-law named Lieutenant Commander Ivanov, a GRU Military Intelligence employee. (This is the same Ivanov who was connected with the Profumo scandal in England.) He and I studied together at the Military Diplomatic Academy. At present he is the Assistant Naval Attaché in Great Britain. His wife is one of Gorkin's daughters.

As one can well see, all the sons and relatives of our Soviet leaders and high level personnel are well taken care of. I have told only about those who work in the GRU. But the same thing may be said about those who are in the Central Committee, the Council of Ministers, the KGB and various other ministries. The sons, daughters, sons-in-law, etc., of all our important Party and government officials finish higher educational institutions and have good jobs even though some of them

are quite stupid. All roads are open for them. They are the first ones who get promoted to higher ranks and better jobs. Everything is done by pull, through friends and family connections. The newspapers scream that a struggle must be waged against such practices. But what happens? They punish some factory director for giving a job to his niece and he is criticized for it in the newspapers. But we must look higher and see what is going on at the top level. That is where all the big crimes are committed. It is they who set the example for the others to follow.

Colonel Penkovskiy arrived at Le Bourget Airport, near Paris, on Sept. 20, 1961. The brilliant Soviet volunteer spy had brought a huge quantity of exposed film out with him—photographs of secret intelligence documents, technical processes, order of battle information on Soviet disposition in Germany and—most important of all—more top-secret details of the Kremlin's missile production and deployment.

As usual, Penkovskiy checked in promptly with the Paris "resident" of the Soviet Military Intelligence and went over details of the Soviet intelligence assignment given him in Moscow as well as his cover job of looking after the Soviet Exhibition in Paris.

Three days after his arrival, however, the colonel began the real business of his trip. Wynne drove him to one of the Seine River bridges, where he met the members of the British and American intelligence team who had worked with him in London. Through the next month, he continued his secret conferences with them at various "safe" apartments in the city. As before in London, Penkovskiy gave them a vast store of military and political information.

In Paris, he faced what he must have suspected was a final decision: to go back or remain in the West. The American and British intelligence officers were perfectly willing to have Penkovskiy remain then and there, to receive asylum and a job suitable to his talents in Europe or the United States. The information he had already given was so important that they were concerned about his future personal security.

For days before his departure Oleg Penkovskiy debated with himself, as he walked the streets of Paris. He had pressing family considerations at home—a pregnant wife, a mother, a teenage daughter. Could he cut them from his life forever? And to leave the familiar world of Russia, much as he hated the Soviet regime, meant a cruel wrench. Yet everything in his immediate surroundings argued that he stay.

He almost did. The plane for Moscow was delayed by fog and the omen did not escape him. For hours he paced the floor of the waiting room at Orly airport, virtually arguing out loud with himself, as Wynne patiently listened. Penkovskiy hesitated, literally at the customs barrier, but finally he said goodby to Wynne and marched back into a world from which he had long since emigrated in spirit.

Penkovskiy explained his decision later in the Papers, when he wrote shortly after his return to Moscow: "I feel that for another year or two I must continue in the General Staff of the U.S.S.R., in order to reveal all the villainous plans and plottings of our common enemy. . . . God grant only that my modest efforts be useful in the fight for our high ideals for mankind."

The following excerpt from the Papers suggests how powerful some of his immediate efforts were. It is now clear that Penkovskiy exposed most of the Soviet spy network in Western Europe to U.S. and British intelligence, during the same month when he was a temporary member of Soviet Military Intelligence in Paris.

"We Bought France Easily"

During my trips to England and France during 1961, I was given the mission, just as other Military Intelligence officers, of collecting information of a military and scientific nature. As I was in charge of the delegation, I did not participate in "active operational work," as we call it. I established contacts, made acquaintances, collected literature which would be of interest to Soviet intelligence.

In France and England people talked to me freely, invited me to their homes, restaurants and offices. I was astonished by this because at intelligence staff school in Moscow I was taught entirely different things about the French and British "secret police." After spending some time in those two countries I saw how natural and unaffected the people behaved, as though there was no such thing as the secret police. Even our Military Intelligence officer in London, Shapovalov, loves England—"Mother England," as he calls it.

While I was in London, I asked about the Cosmonaut Yuri Gagarin's visit to England. Gagarin does not speak English, but he had some excellent translators. Everyone assigned to him was selected from our "neighbors," the secret police. Shapovalov told me that it was uncomfortable to see so many State Security police surrounding Gagarin. While he was in London, he lived in House No. 13, on the second floor (Kensington Palace Gardens). People by the hundreds stood in the streets in order to see him, and one British girl waited 18 hours to catch a glimpse of him. When Gagarin was told about this, he said, "What a fool! It would have been better if she had shared my bed for a couple of hours." Here is the new historical personality for you.

During my second trip to London in July, 1961, there were a few representatives of the Central Committee CPSU in my delegation. They had a lengthy conference with Ambassador Soldatov. Later I was told by our deputy resident Pavlov and by Shapovalov that the CPSU men had brought money and special instructions for the British Communist Party. Khrushchev had personally ordered Soldatov to meet with certain leaders of the British Communist Party in the expectation of obtaining information on the Berlin situation and on the probable reaction of the British government in case of a Berlin crisis.

Pavlov and Shapovalov also said that a directive had been received from the Central Committee and Military Intelligence to employ all agents and friendly contacts with England in order to collect information. The ambassador had a conference with the intelligence residents and gave them instructions from the Center. Shortly after this all the officers in the embassy took off in various directions all over England to gather the needed information. The entire force of operational, strategic, and political intelligence services were mobilized for this.

I cannot understand at all why the communists are permitted to operate so freely in England and France. Why are they not shown who is boss? Where are the counterintelligence services of the Western countries? What are they doing?

Ananyev, our officer in Paris, told me that Soviet intelligence has very close working relations with communists, especially those who work in the government, Army and NATO. Ananyev and Prokhorov had both told me that it was very easy to carry on illegal operations in France, especially in Paris.

It is true that if we approach an ordinary Frenchman and he learns that he is speaking with Russians, he will immediately run and report the contact to the police. But French communists, generally speaking, readily agree to work for us, asking only directions on how and what to do. They act as spotters and obtain military information. According to Prokhorov, we could not work so well in France without communist help. He actually made the statement that we bought France easily, and for a cheap price. "We bought the harlot cheap"—those were the words he used.

Military Intelligence has levied a requirement on all residencies, especially those in France, to obtain information on the new models of NATO weapons. They are to use all possible contacts, including all the representatives of the countries of the People's Democracies, acquaintances and communists.

Other assignments made by the GRU were to obtain a model of the NATO American rifle, equipped with a NATO cartridge; to obtain samples of some kind of new, improved American and British gas masks. The Soviets are very interested in charcoal which absorbs poisonous substances in these gas masks. Also they want to get information on the anticorrosive coatings used for submarines and ships.

There were many other requirements regarding the collection of information of various sorts, including approximately 20 to 25 items directly concerned with electronics, especially electronic technology as used by missile troops of the American and British armies. We were also directed to obtain information about certain kinds of small American missiles launched from aircraft, which create various forms of interference in the air and disrupt

radar scanning. All operational intelligence officers were assigned the task of visiting chemical enterprises in France, America and England in order to learn the process and ingredients of solid fuel for missiles.

Information was desired on heat-resisting steel; there seemed to be some reason to believe that the U.S.A. had done some very good work in this field. The GRU considers that the French have an excellent solid fuel for missiles and have made great progress in this direction.

I told the resident in Paris that I would be traveling through France and could select suitable sites for dead drops. The resident replied that they had all the dead drop sites needed. He told me not to waste my time on this.

The resident also said that it was very easy to arrange agent meetings in France, to transmit and receive materials, etc. He even indicated that dead drops were seldom used because it was simple to arrange direct meetings with agents. These are not set up very frequently, however, only when necessary.

At the embassies in Paris and London, *Tass* prints [various news] communications which do not find their way into the Soviet press. This is done for the ambassadors, ministers and deputy ministers. In Military Intelligence they are read by everyone down to and including the chief of a directorate. This is how they learn about everything that goes on in the world but does not get into their own press.

Penkovskiy's Paris visit was his last to the West. Although his superiors in Military Intelligence later made several proposals to send him on foreign assignments, it became clear that the State Security police were watching him for some reason. Penkovskiy himself believed that the State Security's surveillance arose from the belated discovery that his father had been a White officer in the Revolution. He correctly believed that they did not yet suspect the real truth: that he had volunteered to do espionage for the West.

Back in Moscow, he coolly continued to deliver information to his American and British contacts. He used three standard intelligence methods: 1) carefully arranged "chance encounters;" 2) meetings at the homes of British or Americans he might normally be expected to visit; 3) the device of the "dead drop," the inconspicuous hiding place where a package can be left for a later pickup, without the need for either party to the transaction to meet face-to-face.

On October 21, just two weeks after his return from Paris, Penkovskiy had his first meeting with one of his contacts. Exchanging prearranged signals, Penkovskiy slipped him a package wrapped in white paper.

"Alex," for such was his code name, kept on collecting and transmitting information, without skimping on his normal daily rounds. More than ever, he maintained contacts with his friends in the Army. He exuded confidence. In mid-November, 1961, he took his wife off for a month-long vacation, first to the quiet spa at Kislovodsk in the Caucasus, where most of the Soviet ministries have rest houses, then south, to the Black Sea beach resort of Sochi. They returned to Moscow on December 18.

In December Penkovskiy resumed meetings with his Western contacts, but the risks involved grew ever more apparent. On January 5, after he had passed some more film to Mrs. Janet Anne Chisholm, wife of a British embassy attaché, in an elaborately casual encounter, he noticed a small car, violating traffic regulations, had swung around to observe them. Later that month the same car appeared again at one of his meetings, a small brown sedan with the license plate SHA 61-45, driven by a man in a black overcoat. Penkovskiy wrote a letter to a prearranged address in London, advising that no further meetings with Mrs. Chisholm be attempted.

From that time on, Penkovskiy relied on the two remaining methods of communication. He either handed over material in the houses of Westerners, to which he was invited in the course of his duties, or relied on the relative anonymity of dead-drops. Through it all, Penkovskiy continued to jot down his observations and his own warning to the West, including revelations about one of the most chilling aspects of Soviet war preparation: unrestricted chemical warfare.

Soviet Plans for Chemical Warfare

It is not enough for Krushchev to prepare for atomic and hydrogen warfare. He is also preparing for chemical warfare. A special 7th Directorate in the General Staff is involved in working out methods of chemical and bacteriological warfare. The Chief Chemical Directorate of the Ministry of Defense is also concerned with the problems of chemical and bacteriological warfare. We also have the Voroshilov Military Academy of Chemical Defense, several military-chemical schools and scientific-research institutes and laboratories in the fields of chemistry and bacteriology, all working on these military projects.

Near Moscow there is a special proving ground for chemical defense. I know a new gas has been invented which is colorless, tasteless and without odor. The gas is avowed to be very effective and highly toxic. The secret of the gas is not known to me. It has been named "American." Why this name was chosen, I can only guess.

Many places in the country have experimental centers for testing various chemical and bacteriological devices. One such base is in Kaluga. The commanding officer of this base is Nikolay Varentsov, the brother of Marshal Varentsov.

Near the city of Kalinin, on a small island in the Volga, there is a special bacteriological storage place. Here they keep large containers with bacilli of plagues and contagious diseases. The island is surrounded by barbed wire and is securely guarded. This is not the only place where there are such containers.

Soviet artillery units all are regularly equipped with chemical warfare shells. They are at the gun sights, and our artillery is routinely trained in their use. And let there be no doubt: If hostilities should erupt, the Soviet Army would use chemical weapons against its opponents. The political decision has already been made and our strategic military planners have developed a doctrine which permits the commander in the field to decide whether to use chemical weapons, and when and where.

I recently read an article entitled "Principles of the Employment of Chemical Missiles" in a confidential military publication that is put out to explain the latest in tactical and operational doctrine to the highest ranking officers, i.e., major general and above. The article wastes no time and minces no words. It opens with the statement that under modern conditions, highly toxic chemical agents are one of the most powerful means of destroying the enemy.

Then the article describes the characteristics of chemical weapons, and the principles of using them effectively in combat. There is no mention made of waiting until the enemy uses chemical weapons; there is no reference to the need for a high-level political decision for the use of such weapons. From the start to finish the article makes it clear that this decision has been made, that chemical shells and missiles may be considered just ordinary weapons available to the military commander, to be used routinely by him when the situation calls for it. The article specifically states, "The commander of the army [front] makes the decision to use chemical weapons. . . ."

The authors add that one of the most important uses for chemical missiles will be the destruction of the enemy's nuclear strike capability. Specific mention is made of the "Little John," "Honest John," "Lacrosse," "Corporal," "Redstone" and "Sergeant" units, the width and depth of their dispersed formations under tactical conditions, and their vulnerabilities to the chemical attack. Also American cruise missile and atomic artillery units. The article contains the usual precautions about the necessity to prevent damage to friendly troops, and discusses the operational situations in which chemical weapons could be used to greatest advantage. This is how it concludes:

"The purpose of this article is to present the main fundamental principles of using chemical missiles. Those principles should not, under any circumstances, be considered as firmly established, because they can be defined with greater precision as practical experience is accumulated."

Soviet officers generally consider Americans to be extremely lax in matters of training and discipline for defense against chemical attack. I have heard that American soldiers even boast of throwing away their gas masks and other protective equipment, claiming they have lost them. I can hardly believe this, but even if it is only partly true, it is a training deficiency which must be corrected immediately. Such crucial flaws in an enemy's defensive armor are not overlooked by Soviet planners.

"I am under observation," Colonel Penkovskiy said when his British businessman contact, Greville Wynne, arrived in Moscow for what proved to be his last visit before Penkovskiy's arrest. It was July, 1962.

Wynne brought Penkovskiy letters from his contacts in the West, which improved his spirits. Western intelligence officers had forged a new passport for Penkovskiy to use, within the Soviet Union, in case surveillance increased to the danger point. He had previously discussed the possibility of leaving Moscow for Leningrad and somehow making a rendezvous with a submarine in the Baltic. However farfetched the plan seemed, he was also thinking of some way to get his family out, as well.

On July 4, 1962, Penkovskiy attended a reception at the U.S. Embassy in Moscow, where he apparently succeeded in turning over information on the Soviet missile buildup to U.S. officers. On July 5, he and Wynne had a last meeting, at dinner, at the Peking restaurant in Moscow. There they ran into the most obvious kind of surveillance by the State Security.

Penkovskiy decided to show anger rather than fear. On the next day, after seeing Wynne off, he complained bitterly to his superiors that State Security officers by their shadowing "had prevented me from dining with a foreigner whom we respect, have known for a long time, with whom we have relations of mutual trust, with whom I have been working for a long time, etc. . . . My superiors agreed with me that this was a disgrace, and Levin (the State Security representative) was equally indignant about the surveillance."

Penkovskiy's cool-headed bluff bought him time—almost three months' worth. He continued to photograph secret documents in the General Staff library, relying on his good connections in Soviet military circles to hold off further action by the State Security police. And he continued to hobnob with the Kremlin hierarchy.

Will There Be War?

Marshal Varentsov's birthday party was held at his country home. Many guests were invited, including the Minister of Defense, Marshal Malinovsky. My whole family, including even my mother, was invited long in advance. Yekaterina Karpovna, Varentsov's wife, asked me to be *tamdan* (master of ceremonies).

On the evening of September 16, 1961, the guests began to arrive: Marshal Malinovsky with his wife; Churayev, Khrushchev's right-hand man in the Central Committee Bureau for the Russian Republic (R.S.F.S.R.); Lieutenant Ryabchikov; Major General Semenov, and many others. All the military were in civilian clothes with the exception of Malinovsky, who came wearing his uniform. Some of those invited could not come because they were busy, many of them out of town on business trips. The most important guests, of course, were Malinovsky and Churayev. Both arrived in Chaikas (the largest Soviet luxury car).

Malinovsky presented Varentsov with a large (three-liter) bottle of champagne, Churayev gave him a large wooden carved eagle. The best and the most original presents were those from me and my family. They were the things I had bought in London. Varentsov declared loudly: "My boy has really outdone himself this time!" And my presents went from one guest to another. Everyone asked where and how I managed to get such beautiful things. Mrs. Varentsov and my wife quietly explained to the guests about my latest trip to London. The answer was always the same: "Oh, well, that of course explains it."

At some point, while the party was in full swing, my mother approached Malinovsky and out of a clear sky asked him: "Forgive me, an old woman, Comrade Minister, my dear Rodion Yakovlevich, tell me please, will there be a war? This question worries all of us so much!" Marshal Malinovsky answered her in these words: "It is hard to tell, Taisiya Yakovlevna, but I would rather not discuss it now because I think almost all of the time about whether there will be a war or not. But generally speaking, the situation is difficult. Our enemies refuse to yield. It is true that they swallowed one pill (the erection of the Berlin wall); the whole thing was handled very skillfully by us. As for the future, I can tell you only one thing: We are totally prepared for any eventuality. We keep our powder dry."

Soon after this, Malinovsky departed, saying that the next morning at 10 he was flying to Lvov. He was going there to attend a Party conference at which he was to be elected a delegate to the 22d Party Congress.

While Malinovsky was still at the party, I went out to the street several times to see if everything was in order and was surprised to find security men stationed around the country house. Until then I never knew that besides his aides and various orderlies Malinovsky also had a special security force.

There was a great deal of drinking. Churayev, in particular, was drinking heavily. He approached me several times during the party asking me to buy him some Chanel No. 5, Arpege, and other perfumes for his wife if I went on another temporary duty trip abroad. Other guests asked me to buy them razors, batteries. Some of the generals wanted attaché cases. At first I wrote these things down, but later I simply said I would try to get them.

Later Churayev began to brag about having 20,000 roses and other flowers at his country house, as well as having various small structures there. I thought to myself: "What a louse, he has 20,000 roses while ordinary people are starving."

At the same time he told us about the unrest among the people in a small town between the towns of Mineralnaye Vody and Grozny in the northern Caucasus.

Things had gotten so bad there that several militiamen had been killed. A similar incident had occurred in the city of Aleksandrov near Moscow, where the local population had attacked some militiamen and members of the MVD. He also told about the city of Murom, where during a strike the militia had fired on the crowds; several people were killed and many were wounded.

When Varentsov tried to stop Churayev, the latter would not listen to him. Churayev went on to tell us about a large hunger riot that had taken place in Ivanovo, where approximately 400 people attacked the militia. According to him this was a real hunger riot. The people demanded that they be supplied the same food as people in Moscow and asked, "Why is it that they have almost everything in Moscow, while we here have nothing? In Moscow and Leningrad one can fill his stomach somehow, while here we and our families are starving." The militia began to drive the crowd away from the Party *oblast* committee and the *oblast* executive committee. Then the crowd attacked the militia, and the shooting began. The militiamen aimed at the ground near the feet of the crowd in order to scare the people and make them disperse. There was a great scramble and many were arrested.

The *oblast* Party committee secretary came out on a balcony and tried to quiet the crowd. The people booed him and would not listen to him. The militia then once more opened fire on the crowd but were unable to disperse it. At this point troops were called out in support of the militia. They did not fire and just pushed the people with their own bodies and rifles, and finally drove the crowd away.

The food situation in the country remains extremely serious. There is much dissatisfaction. Street holdups, burglaries and murders are frequent. Furthermore, there have been more instances of people attacking the militia. Those who attack the militia are not hooligans; they are ordinary citizens who want to vent their anger on somebody representing the government.

Finally Churayev started telling other guests at the party how the Central Committee employees wrangle with each other, how much drinking and gambling takes place among them, how they chase after women. Sergey Sergeyevich [Varentsov] took him by the arm and led him outside to get some fresh air.

So, there is Churayev, an "authoritative" representative of the Central Committee: 20,000 roses, a Chaika limousine, two maids, a personal chauffeur, an apartment in Moscow, his own country house in the outskirts of Moscow, a gambler, a drunkard and a blabber. But he is on the Central Committee. It is impossible to touch him because he is next to Khrushchev!

I cannot remain indifferent to this. I myself have a fairly comfortable life; my pay is about 10 times that of an ordinary laborer, but what can I do alone? I simply do not know how to help my people.

Perhaps this attitude of mine has already been detected by others. I do not care, I am even glad if this is true. After all, one has to stop and think; today the people are venting their anger on the militia, but tomorrow who knows, they may start doing this to those who are dressed well, who are fed well, to such

persons as Churayev, perhaps to me, because I, too, wear civilian clothes.

On October 22, according to official Soviet record, Col. Oleg Penkovskiy was arrested by representatives of the State Security, in Moscow and taken to Lubianka Prison. On November 2, Greville Wynne was kidnaped by the State Security police in Budapest, where he had gone to make preliminary arrangements for a mobile trade exhibition in Eastern Europe. He was flown to Moscow in an aircraft commanded by a State Security general and thrown into Lubianka for interrogation. The "interrogation" of Penkovskiy and Wynne was to last fully six months.

What finally betrayed Penkovskiy? It was certainly not the result of a long cat-and-mouse game played by an all-seeing State Security. Penkovskiy's high rank and access to the Kremlin's secrets made him far too dangerous an enemy for the Soviet high command to temporize with in an effort to learn more about his contacts and sources. The minute his spying was discovered, it would have to be stopped. So the discovery must have been made just before his arrest.

The State Security's original discovery that Penkovskiy's father was a White officer—a damaging item in any Soviet file—undoubtedly started an investigation. In the course of the investigation, the State Security police noticed Penkovskiy's frequent meetings with foreigners. Even though Penkovskiy's position in intelligence permitted such associations, there must have been a great many dangerous foreign contact reports in his security file. The expensive gifts he brought back from the West, for high Army and Party officials, also aroused some suspicion. Wynne still believes that Penkovskiy was first suspected of black-marketeering—not an unusual crime among Soviet officials.

There was another important factor. Through the spring and summer of 1962, as tension with the West was built up by Khrushchev, the State Security had been ordered to tighten its surveillance on all foreigners—and Russians who associated with them. Ironically, the same "collision course for war" which Penkovskiy warned about was responsible for the intensified surveillance that brought on his arrest.

At some point the State Security searched Penkovskiy's apartment. Once the searchers found the secret drawer with Penkovskiy's espionage apparatus—cameras, radio and instructions for Western contacts—the Colonel's doom was sealed.

But not before he must have delivered invaluable information about the Soviet nuclear menace and Khrushchev's disregard of any test ban in 1961 and 1962. Penkovskiy's general comments on missile arms and tests were among the last he wrote in his Papers.

Tests of Nuclear Missiles

Many of our nuclear explosions (tests) have been conducted in the central part of the U.S.S.R., mostly in Kazakhstan. Some of the smaller tests were not noticed at all and were not recorded by the Western states. The large nuclear explosions are reported by *Tass* and the Soviet press, but nothing is ever said about the smaller ones. At the General Staff we sometimes know of tests being conducted on a certain type of nuclear weapon, and we wait to see what *Tass* will say about this. If *Tass* keeps silent, then we keep silent, too.

Tests of various new types of nuclear weapons are conducted daily. Nuclear test explosions take place more often than reported by *Tass* or the Soviet press. All this talk about the Soviet Union advocating the prohibition of nuclear tests is nothing but lies. Khrushchev will fire anyone who mentions complete suspension of nuclear tests. He is not ready for it. He will sign an agreement prohibiting nuclear tests only after he becomes convinced that the U.S.S.R. is ahead of the U.S. in the use of nuclear energy for military purposes.

There is a shortage of atomic raw materials needed for the atomic bombs and missiles with nuclear warheads. Almost all the ore containing uranium comes to the Soviet Union from Czechoslovakia. Recently some uranium ore deposits have been found in China, but they are very insignificant. Soviet monazite sands and ore deposits are not particularly rich, either, in elements necessary for atomic energy.

In view of this shortage of atomic raw materials, it is small wonder that our government is so interested in establishing Soviet control in the Congo. The largest uranium ore deposits are in the Congo. When Lumumba was temporarily in power in the Congo, the Soviets sent 23 planeloads of officers (including generals) there via Egypt and Sudan. The aircraft were of the IL-14 and IL-18 types; heavier types could not land on the Sudanese airfield, and other countries would not give permission for the Soviet aircraft to land for refueling.

A good friend of mine, Maj. Aleksey Guryev, was the first one to fly to the Congo with the Soviet generals. The primary task of this mission was to establish Soviet control over the uranium ore in the Congo.

On 8 September 1961, there was a regular experimental atomic explosion of a 16-megaton bomb. This was the first test explosion of a bomb of such force in the Soviet Union. An R-12 missile was used in this test. The missile was launched from the base at Kapustin Yar. Varentsov was present when the missile was launched.

Later, when a 50-megaton bomb was tested, to everybody's surprise the explosion's actual force equaled that of 80 megatons. Such great force was not expected. It was believed that some unforeseen chemical changes in the charge must have taken place after it was prepared. It is now thought that such a bomb with a calculated force of 100 megatons may actually produce an explosion equaling that of 150 or 160 megatons.

Why did Khrushchev unexpectedly begin to conduct new nuclear tests? All nuclear tests have had and some still have two phases. The first phase deals with the explosive force in TNT equivalents. In these tests the bombs were dropped from aircraft or from special masts. The second phase tests nuclear payloads lifted by missiles.

The present tests are almost exclusively of the second phase type. Almost all of them are conducted with missiles.

Why is Khrushchev pushing these nuclear tests? Why is he unwilling to sign the agreement forbidding nuclear weapons' tests? Because most of our missiles have not even passed the necessary production or quality tests. There have been many instances of missiles and satellites exploding in the air or disappearing completely. But Khrushchev persistently does everything possible to improve missile weapons. He wants to seize the initiative and to show the West that he is ahead in the field of missile production, as regards quality as well as quantity. Khrushchev and our scientists are still quite far from being able to prove such a superiority; but they are working hard to improve all types of missile weapons.

General Kupin says there are insufficient defense facilities in case of war, particularly as regards defense against radioactive substances. Although we tell our people working in defense plants that everything is under control and that there is no danger of contamination, they are still afraid. Many become ill, after working for six months or a year. Even our nuclear-powered icebreaker *Lenin* is a floating deathtrap because of its badly designed valves which allow radioactive leakage.

[*On August 25, 1962, Colonel Penkovskiy added the following personal note to the Papers. It was one of the few entries with a date affixed. It was the last thing ever received from him.*]

I have already grown used to the fact that I note periodically some degree of surveillance and control over my movements. The "neighbors" continue to study me. There is some reason for this KGB activity. I confuse and lose myself in guesses and suppositions. I am very far from exaggerating the dangers. Still, I am an optimist and I try to evaluate the situation objectively.

I am not disappointed in my life or my work. The most important thing is that I remain full of strength and desire to continue this work. To tell the truth about the Soviet system—it is the goal of my life. And if I succeed in contributing my little bricks to this cause, there can be no greater satisfaction.

Epilogue: The Trial of Colonel Penkovskiy

"On May 7, 1963, in Moscow in the Court Session Hall of the Supreme Court of the U.S.S.R., there began an open trial in the criminal case of the agent of the British and American intelligence services and citizen of the U.S.S.R., O.V. Penkovskiy and the subject of Britain and spy go-between, Greville Wynne."

—Information release, Military Collegium of the Soviet Supreme Court.

The trial of Colonel Penkovskiy and Greville Wynne lasted all of four days, and one of these days was occupied by a closed session. The verdict was never in doubt. Penkovskiy was sentenced to death, Wynne to 16 years' imprisonment.

Both defendants confessed their guilt, as agreed on during the long months of brutal State Security interrogation.

Penkovskiy had agreed to the humiliation of a Soviet "show" trial for only one reason: to safeguard the lives of his family. As Wynne later said, it was clear that Penkovskiy had made a bargain with his Soviet interrogators. If he played the game, as they ordered it, his wife and children would be spared the imprisonment they might ordinarily have expected, as close relatives of an "enemy of the state."

He was probably safe in assuming the bargain would be kept. The Stalinist terror has left such a bad taste in the mouth of all Russians that reprisals against a political prisoner's family became generally unpopular. Penkovskiy's wife and children never suspected the dangerous crusade to which he had committed himself. He naturally wanted to spare them the worst of its consequences.

Wynne was released in 1964, in exchange for the Soviet spy Konon Melody, who, under the name of Gordon Lonsdale, had been passing information to Moscow from London. Thanks to the exchange, Greville Wynne has been able to tell the West what really went on at their trial and the interrogations that preceded it.

The very fact that a trial had to be held must have been embarrassing to the Kremlin. But Penkovskiy *had* to have a public trial. Eight British and U.S. diplomats in Moscow had been declared *persona non grata* for their connections with him. A foreign national, Wynne, was directly implicated. But Penkovskiy himself was too big a fish to dismiss with the minimal notice reserved for most such offenses. The wave of transfers and demotions in the Soviet intelligence service and the Army, following Penkovskiy's arrest, was too large to avoid explaining. Finally Penkovskiy's associates in the Army were too highly placed to avoid the most public sort of warning. Deep down, the trial of Colonel Penkovskiy may have represented the Communist Party's warning to the Soviet military that seditious thoughts about the regime's leadership would not be tolerated.

For six months the prosecution had worked out the details of those four days in court.

The two defense attorneys assigned to Wynne and Penkovskiy went through the motions of talking to their "clients," but only after the interrogators had finished. (Wynne's attorney, who spent most of his time in court agreeing with the prosecution, later presented him with a capitalist-sized bill.)

In the pretrial interrogations Penkovskiy, who had obviously had a rough time of it, made no attempt to disguise his motives and his actions. He told his interrogators that he had acted not primarily to help the West, but in the best interests of his own people, the Russian people. This was hardly a defense which a Soviet court would permit him to repeat in public. It is of interest that the final statements of *both* defendants were made in a closed court session.

When the trial was finally staged, both defendants had been rehearsed thoroughly, even to the point of visiting the courtroom in advance. The military court, presided over by Lt. Gen. V. V. Borisoglebskiy, called four witnesses, two of them acquaintances of Penkovskiy's, and produced nine experts to certify the equipment found in Penkovskiy's apartment, the security nature of the information which he gave, etc.

In an orderly process of question and answer the whole story of Penkovskiy's espionage against the Soviet Union was repeated, from the first meeting with Wynne in Moscow and the confrontation with the British and American intelligence officers in London.

Lt. Gen. A. G. Gornyy, the chief military prosecutor, summarized it at the outset: ". . . the accused Penkovskiy is an opportunist, a careerist and a morally decayed person who took the road of treason and betrayal of his country and was employed by imperialist intelligence services. . . ."

There was no doubt that Colonel Penkovskiy had engaged in the most serious sort of espionage. The catalogue of material confiscated in his apartment as read off at the Soviet trial would in itself offer ample grounds for an espionage conviction:

"During the search at Penkovskiy's apartment, in addition to the already-mentioned records with the telephone numbers of the foreign intelligence officers, six message postcards with instructions for them, the report and the exposed rolls of film, the following articles were discovered in a secret hiding place installed in his desk, and were attached to the file as tangible evidence: a forged passport, six cipher pads, three Minox cameras and a description of them, two sheets of specially treated paper for writing secret text, a memorandum with an indication of the frequencies on which Penkovskiy received instructional radio transmission from the foreign intelligence services, the draft of a report from Penkovskiy to the intelligence headquarters, an article which Penkovskiy had received from the foreign intelligence services and which he intended to publish in the Soviet Union, 15 unexposed rolls of film for the Minox camera, and various instruction manuals provided by the foreign intellignce services . . . the Soniya (Sony) radio receiver which he had received from the foreign intelligence services and which he used to receive enciphered radio messages from the intelligence headquarters, and the typewriter on which Penkovskiy typed his reports."

There was no doubt, either, whom Penkovskiy had been dealing with. Witness the prosecutor's angry tirade:

"A leading role in this belongs to the Central Intelligence Agency of the U.S. Like a giant octopus it extends its tentacles into all corners of the earth, supports a tremendous number of spies and secret informants, continually organizes plots and murders, provocations and diversions. Modern techniques are put to the service of espionage: from the miniature Minox cameras which you see before you up to space satellites, 'spies in the sky.' "

But what the Soviet prosecutors could not do was admit the two most important facts in the whole case: 1) Penkovskiy's real identity as a colonel in Military Intelligence and the real extent of his contacts with the Soviet hierarchy; and 2) Penkovskiy's real motive in betraying the Soviet regime. In the Soviet record, he could be a drunkard, a philanderer, greedy and a girl-chaser—all these motives the prosecution clumsily attempted to adduce. But the communist system is too brittle and insubstantial to admit that such a highly placed official could revolt against it because he thought the system was bad and wrong.

As a result, the trial showed up as a farce. (Even witnesses from Military Intelligence had to be disguised as officers from the "educational branch" of the Ministry of Defense.) The Soviet prosecutors left only an agonizing question mark, when they tried to show how such a brilliant and promising officer had gone wrong.

Time and time again Penkovskiy's past credentials were certified: a war hero, a brilliant officer (and even more brilliant if one included his real record in Intelligence) and a responsible Soviet official. Then suddenly came The Fall in 1960. Despite all the prosecutors' attempts to trace the beginning of "careerism," it was, as they depicted it, a fall as abrupt as original sin and about as rationally explainable. An extraordinary gap yawned between the able, hard-working, trusted Soviet official and the cringing specimen of "moral depravity" which Gen. Gornyy presented, in a summation titled "Penkovskiy's path from careerism and moral degradation to treachery."

"Penkovskiy is dead," the prosecutor, General Gornyy, told *Izvestia,* and the world, a few days after the trial ended. "The sentence was carried out on 16 May, in the second half of the day. . . . When it was announced to him that the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R. had denied his petition for mercy and he was to be executed, there was not a trace of the poseur's manner which he had maintained in court. He met death like a despicable coward. . . ."

So ended the career of the most extraordinary volunteer spy of this century. In 16 months Col. Oleg Penkovskiy had alerted the West to the motives and the resources of a Soviet regime bent on a collision course of aggression which almost led to world war. Without Penkovskiy's opportune, top-secret disclosures, the story of the Berlin crisis of 1961 and the Cuban missile crisis of 1962 might have been a sad one for the United States, and the world.

The free world is forever in his debt.

Ironically, in the same month of May, 1963, in which his execution was announced, negotiations were finished for the Nuclear Test Ban agreement—a sign that Khrushchev had abandoned his policy of an aggressive breakthrough against the West.

THIS FUNNY LIFE

When I took my wife to the doctor's recently for a checkup, we had to wait for a while until he was ready to see her. We were sitting in the waiting room when he emerged from his office, accompanied by a very angry patient, who was complaining in a hoarse voice about the doctor's bill:

"You have the nerve to charge me $25.00, when all you did was paint my throat!"

"What did you want?" the doctor asked, patiently. "Wallpaper?"

Leonel F. Guzman
New Mexico

The doctor was examining the girl who wanted to become a hostess for a major airline. The examination was a thorough one.

"Heart's all right," said the doctor. "Lungs are all right, too." Finally, he said, "Now show me that little thing that gets all you girls into trouble."

The girl hesitated.

"Hurry up," said the doctor. "Open your mouth and stick out your tongue."

Morris Bender
L.A., Calif.

A woman visited a marriage counselor and told him she was contemplating divorce. "It's all over," she said. "Three times now I've found my husband with another woman."

"Remember, my dear," the counselor told her, "no marriage can work unless both parties are willing to forgive and forget."

"That's the trouble," the woman said. "Every time he promises never to look at another woman, I forgive—and he forgets."

Robert Brault
Hartford, Conn.

A Colorado ranch owner met the Civil Rights Law's nondiscrimination between men and women job applicants by placing the following ad in his local paper: "Cow Person Wanted. Applicant must be proficient in profanity to avoid inferiority complex in presence of experts and must share a bunkhouse with three cowboys who seldom bathe."

W. J. Thomas
N.Y., N.Y.

A lady seated next to me on a California-bound jet, struck up a conversation, and soon she was telling me all about her forthcoming vacation.

"I'm going to visit my sister and her family in San Jose," she said.

"You pronounced that wrong," I pointed out. "In California we pronounce all j's like h's."

Later I asked her how long she planned to stay with her sister.

She thought for a moment than replied, "Through Hune and Huly."

Ron Greer
Hollywood, Calif.

At a certain Army post the competition among major units was exceedingly keen. This competition reached its peak during the many annual fund and donation drives, with each battalion commander trying to measure the esprit of his unit by the yardstick of contributions.

I happened to be in my company commander's office when he received a call from the Battalion CO directing that he immediately contribute $49.51 personally, because his unit had failed to achieve its "fair share" goal.

My CO slammed down the phone and handed me a check to take to battalion headquarters. Then he groaned and held his head in his hands.

"Don't worry, sir, it's only money," I said, trying to cheer him up.

"Yes, I know it's only money this week," he said. "But next week the annual Red Cross Blood Drive begins!"

Name withheld at writer's request
San Francisco, Calif.

Cape May County, New Jersey, has a very large retirement colony and the oldsters love to sit and gossip in the boardwalk pavilions and on benches along the business streets. I overheard one oldtimer telling a young veteran from Viet Nam: "When I was in the service, I used to tell the generals and colonels where to get off!"

"What was your position?" asked the Viet Nam veteran.

"Elevator operator in the Pentagon," answered the old man.

Charles V. Mathis
Wildwood-by-the-Sea, N.J.

It had been an unusually quiet evening at our Fire Alarm Center when suddenly a distraught female voice came in over the emergency phone line.

"My poor Persian cat," the caller cried, "has been up in my walnut tree all day and can't get down. Please send a fire truck and ladder right away."

The operator on duty patiently explained that the policy of rescuing cats from trees had been discontinued 30 years ago because cats had proved their ability to get down from trees by themselves.

The woman insisted, pointing out that she paid taxes for our salaries, and wound up telling us how her pet would starve to death in the tree if we didn't come immediately and rescue him.

The operator's classic answer came over the loudspeaker in every firehouse in our city:

"Look, lady—did you ever see the skeleton of a cat in a tree?"

Milton Van Sant
Oakland, Calif.

$100 will be paid on acceptance for each original, not previously published, true anecdote (preferably from your own experience). Contributions, which must be typewritten, cannot be acknowledged or returned; and if your submission is not accepted within six weeks, consider it rejected. Address: TRUE Magazine Fun Editor, 67 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y. 10036.

APRIL—TRUE—W.G.1

YOUR SUBSCRIPTION IS EXPIRING!

UNLESS YOU HAVE ALREADY RENEWED

PLEASE RENEW MY SUBSCRIPTION TO

TRUE

THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

☐ 3 YEARS $12.00 ☐ 2 YEARS $9.00 ☐ 1 YEAR $5.00

☐ (Special) 5 Years $16.00

The above rates apply to the U.S., Possessions and Canada.
All other countries $7.00 a year.

☐ I enclose $..... ☐ Bill me later.

PLEASE PASTE OR TAPE your mailing label here or fill in your address below.

Name (please print)

Address

City State Zip Code

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL

No Postage Stamp Necessary if Mailed in the United States

FIRST CLASS
PERMIT No. 80
Greenwich, Conn.

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY

TRUE
THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

FAWCETT BUILDING
GREENWICH, CONN. 06830

MAIL CARD for FREE BOOK

Get the full story of

NEW $100-A-WEEK Extra Money Plan

that says **YOU GET PAID EVEN** if you **STAY WELL!**

Sick or well, *you must collect* on this new hospital extra-money plan. Send for FREE Gold Book—see how little it costs to add this "money-back" protection. See how you get $100-a-week extra in the hospital—all your annualized premiums back at 65 if you stay well.

Bankers Life & Casualty Company
Chicago, Illinois 60630

BANKERS LIFE & CASUALTY CO.

FREE BOOK CERTIFICATE

Send for

FREE GOLD BOOK

on

Health Insurance

that

PAYS YOU CASH

for

STAYING WELL!

To: Bankers Life & Casualty Company
4444 W. Lawrence Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please see that I get the free "Gold Book" with the story of Policy GR-779—the $100-a-week extra-money hospital plan that also *pays money back for staying well.* No obligation.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Dept. 5401 09-0046

New kind of EXTRA MONEY PLAN ALSO PAYS YOU FOR STAYING WELL!

...and with Bankers you get the money **FAST!**

MAIL this CARD for FREE GOLD BOOK

FACT: Bankers paid out more than $105,000,000 last year to policy-owners!

FACT: 98% of these claims were serviced within 4 days after claim information was received.

FACT: With Bankers, you decide the method of claim payment—cash direct-to-you—or to your doctor or hospital if you wish.

FIRST CLASS
PERMIT
NO. 12735
CHICAGO, ILL.

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL

No Postage Stamp Necessary If Mailed in the United States

Postage Will Be Paid By

Bankers Life & Casualty Company
4444 West Lawrence Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60630

VIA AIR MAIL

Ford's Quiet Man visits Switzerland:

"Amazing! Your factory-built Ford is quieter than my custom-built car!" said Herman Graber, the great Swiss coach-builder.

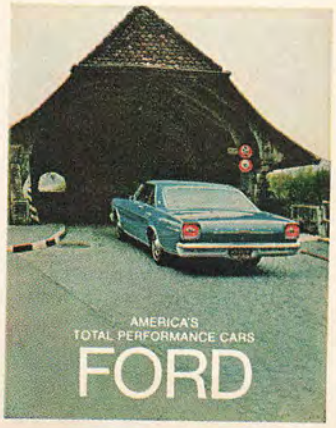
Ford's Quiet Man had long been curious to compare the quiet quality of the Ford XL against the famous hand-crafted Alvis Graber. Herman Graber himself was curious. Our Quiet Man sniffed a real challenge here. Would Herr Graber go for a ride? **Jawohl!** Herman Graber drove the Alvis Graber, then drove the Ford XL, and made his judgment. **"It is unique** to see such a car come out of a factory and be so quiet...quieter than the car I custom build!"

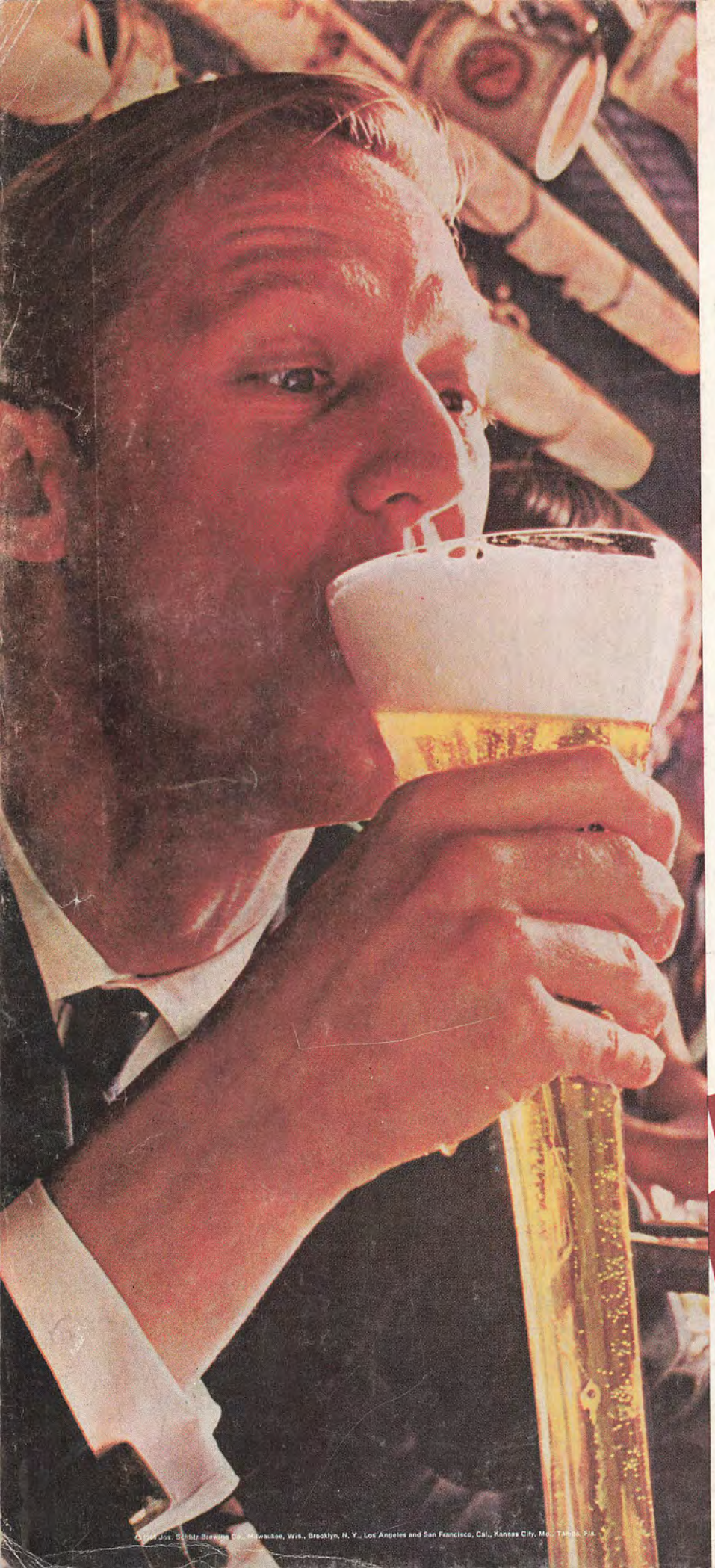
Ford's Quiet Man explained that every angle of Ford engineering has been worked out to its logical conclusion: Quiet Quality. The front wheels "give" a little horizontally, to absorb jolts. A new-concept frame erases vibrations. Bumps get swallowed up in Ford's ultra-soft suspension system. Result: an amazingly refined ride.

Ford's optional Stereo-Tape System caught Herr Graber's eye. Our Quiet Man played him a selection from his beloved Beethoven. "Wunderbar!" whispered Herr Graber. "I have never heard music so real in an automobile. Never!"

It takes a lot of car to generate enthusiasm in a master coach-builder like Herman Graber. Quiet-test the '66 Ford at your Dealer's and listen to the sound of quality yourself.

Ford





Schlitz®

The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous
...simply because it tastes so good.

real gusto
in a great light beer

Let's get to
the bottom of this.

©1967 Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis., Brooklyn, N. Y., Los Angeles and San Francisco, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Tampa, Fla.